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Biographies

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By

C. T. Corbett

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World

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SOLDIER OF THE CROSS

The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

(1871-1939)

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DEDICATION

To Sidney, Irene, Dorothy, and Beverly, the son and three daughters of Dr. J. G. Morrison, this book is lovingly dedicated. We share with you in the great heritage of the man who so nobly proclaimed: Holiness, Achieving Faith, and Stewardship.

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PREFACE

Dr. J. G. Morrison and this writer first met in the spring of 1924 at North St. Paul, Minnesota. I had just "gotten into the fountain" at the First Church of the Nazarene in Minneapolis and was casting my lot with the people called Nazarenes.

Dr. Morrison was our district superintendent. The first message that I heard him preach was on "Achieving Faith" with Luke 11: 8 for his text. He presented a graphic sermon on faith's procedure in securing the "three loaves" of bread. This message, through the years, has come to be a veritable synonym with the name Morrison. Coming from a formal church, I had never heard such preaching. His message and mannerisms stuck to me like burs in sheep's wool. Some time later he was president at Northwest Nazarene College while I was a student there.

I followed Dr. Morrison closely in his ministerial activities from 1924 to 1939, when he went to heaven. He was the speaker at our first Wisconsin District Preachers' Convention while I was superintendent there. Later that year (1938) he presided as general superintendent at our District Assembly. He stood in the front row of "men of great inspiration" to me. We were close friends.

There have been several groups of people in mind in my writing, the people Dr. Morrison labored with so faithfully in the prairie states and elsewhere, his former students at N.N.C., the missionaries for whom he so often and earnestly pleaded. Who can forget the pathos in his voice and the holy earnestness injected into every word when, as foreign missionary secretary, he challenged worshipers with, "Can't you do just a little bit more?" Other groups who come before me are the thousands who have heard him preach on "Holiness," "Achieving Faith," and "Stewardship," and the many who have followed his writings in periodicals such as the Holiness Layman, the Other Sheep, and the Herald of Holiness. Then there are the preachers whom he licensed and ordained, and the host of second- and third-generation Nazarenes who have not had the privilege of knowing the early leaders of our movement. These pioneers in the Church of the Nazarene, by their spirit of sacrifice and quenchless zeal, have transmitted to those who have followed a legacy that attends our ministry and affords us our very place of service.

In September of 1954, I was awakened early one morning. Like a new sermon "out of the blue" came the deep impression of the outline which I have followed in writing. There have been research materials in quantity. All to whom I have talked in preparation for writing, some who have known Dr. Morrison as far back as 1907, have been most co-operative and have urged me to continue. Space would not permit the listing of all their names.

Recently I took my wife and son on a trip. We visited such important places in the early life of J. G. Morrison as Oskaloosa, Iowa (birthplace on the farm south of town): Sioux Falls, South Dakota

(site of the prairie farm and early childhood home); Vermillion, South Dakota university . Next were Webster, Hitchcock , and Faulkton, South Dakota (first three pastorates, the last one where he was sanctified); Aberdeen, South Dakota (ordination); DeSmet, South Dakota (newspaper office and burial spot); White Rock South Dakota (where the first camp meeting was held); Fergus Falls, Minnesota (another pastorate). All of these are redolent with Morrison history. At other times I have visited most of the places mentioned, including the living room where Dr. Morrison was suddenly called to heaven from Kansas City, Kansas.

I trust this book will be a blessing to the readers as it has been to the writer in its preparation, while busy in the field of evangelism.

Acknowledgments are most certainly due the following: Rev. Ira Hammer, Rev. E. Coryell, and Mrs. Nellie Hoffman, all of Idaho, who knew Dr. Morrison so well in his "Dakota days." Then to the management of the Nazarene Publishing House with many headquarters officials and department assistants, along with the librarians at Northwest Nazarene College and Olivet Nazarene College, who aided in providing research materials. But especially to Mrs. J. G. Morrison, of White Bear Lake, Minnesota, who gave generously of data and kindly encouragement, without which it would have been impossible to write this biography of her husband. Also, to the prolific pen of Dr. Morrison himself; to have access to his writings has pulled many a thread together.

My thanks to Dr. J. F. Leist and Dr. C. S. McClain, my helpful critics of Olivet Nazarene College; and to my faithful wife, Mrs. C. T. Corbett, who assisted in correcting and typing the manuscript. God bless them all.

C. T. CORBETT
Kankakee, Illinois
September, 1955

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INTRODUCTION

Joseph Grant Morrison was a man of strong and holy character. His alert, studious mind, deep convictions, firm grasp of Christian truth, facile pen, and fluent speech made him a writer, administrator, and leader of wide and ever-increasing effectiveness.

He was a charming and colorful person. His gracious courtesy and vivacious radiance, expressed by disarming smile and contagious, rippling laughter, made him a friend of all.

In this biography we have an accurate factual account of the life and leadership of J. G. Morrison, D.D., "Soldier of the Cross." Furthermore, the author, Evangelist C. T. Corbett, has demonstrated an insight and an understanding of the man which makes possible an excellent delineation of his mind and character. To youthful admiration and long acquaintance, he has added careful and thorough research. He has given a faithful account free of either tedium or exaggeration, an excellent portrait of a good and a great man.

To all who read, this book will bring valuable information and abiding inspiration. It is my hope and prayer that it will have wide circulation and careful perusal. May the result be an extension of the influence of its subject in a more steadfast purpose to "know their God. . . be strong, and do exploits."

G. B. WILLIAMSON

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"Where there's a will there are twenty ways." — J. G. Morrison

ONE
PRAIRIE PRODUCT

"Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades. Shoemakers hang out a gigantic shoe; jewelers, a monster watch; even the dentist hangs out a gold tooth; but up in the Franconia Mountains God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that in New Hampshire He makes men." Such were the feelings expressed about New England by one of America's best-known statesmen and orators, Daniel Webster, when he quoted "The Great Stone Face."

Daniel Webster was born on a farm in the heart of picturesque New Hampshire. In a nearby village lived a family of Scotch-Irish extraction by the name of Morrison; among their children was a son named James. Adjacent to the Webster homestead was the Shaw farm, near Shaw's Corners; here lived the English-born Shaw family with their alert, witty daughter, Amanda. The people of this area were of hard-working, pioneer stock, wresting a living from the soil and knit together by many a common bond.

Amanda Shaw had few educational advantages, never being able to attend more than the primitive country school of the neighborhood. In her teens even this was abandoned and she was taken from school to aid in supporting the family. She often spent her winters working in the nearby cotton spinning mill.

It was no matter of surprise when it was noticed that James Morrison was a frequent caller over at Shaw's Corners, with the young Amanda the specific reason for the call. In the 1850's, at nineteen, Amanda was married to James Morrison because he thought her to be the "prettiest, smartest girl in the region."

The young couple felt an urgency to leave their childhood surroundings, beckoned on by the opportunities of the frontier, prairie state of Iowa. Aware of this desire, Grandfather Morrison advanced the newlyweds the amount of their transportation expenses for the long, arduous journey and soon they were on their way to enter the raw pioneering that went along with that area in the fifties.

Young Morrison took his bride to a location near Oskaloosa, where he quickly constructed a shack for living quarters and then proceeded on a business venture in a soft-coal mine nearby. Because earnings from the mine were small and competition keen, the young wife was subjected to the strictest economy in caring for the increasing group of small children and in creating a home from the humble, prairie shack.

In the early sixties the nation was astir with war hysteria. Abe Lincoln was in the White House and a call was made for young men to fight to preserve the Union. Morrison was so stirred as he listened to the news about town that, in a moment of high patriotic fervor, he enlisted. His wife and six children were told of the enlistment later and they watched as the husband and father hurried off to fight for his country.

Amanda Morrison, aggressive and alert soul that she was, bought an eighty-acre farm on time; included in the farm were several cows and some chickens. With this she went into the milk and egg business to make a living while her husband fought for his country. When he returned from battle, she had most of the farm paid for and was carrying on a successful business.

In the late sixties Methodism was reaching out to the frontiers of the West with the flaming gospel of the redeeming Christ. Revivals were the order of the day. Mother Morrison with her group of children found her way to one of these revival meetings. There she found the place of prayer at the altar and received a definite experience in her heart. Following her conversion, she worked incessantly on her war-hardened husband, and he too "prayed through" to a positive experience of salvation.

Together they set up their family altar of daily Bible reading and prayers with their children and any who might come under their roof. They never "took it down 'til they went to heaven" at the beginning of the twentieth century.

On March 27, 1871, the tenth Morrison child arrived in the home. This little boy, final of the brood" was named Joseph Grant. It is presumed that the mother gave him Joseph as a Bible name, while the father insisted on Grant, under whose leadership he had fought in the war and who then occupied the White House. This lad was destined to become one of the foremost religious leaders of his generation.

On this same March twenty-seventh another lad was born near North Ridgeville, Ohio. He was named Ernest J. Fleming. Fifty years later these boys were to serve together in the same denomination for the promotion of holiness. Also, about forty miles north of Oskaloosa, Iowa, a Methodist family from New York state were getting their roots down in the new state of Iowa. They had a preacher son who was in the beginning of his ministry. His name was Phineas F. Bresee. Near Ames, Iowa, another Methodist family, "family altar people," were raising a lad. His name was Billy Sunday.

Each of these young fellows in years to come was to play a very important part in revivals of old-time religion. Sunday's contribution was his famous sawdust trail campaigns. Bresee launched his organized holiness movement of the West. Morrison headed the Laymen's Holiness Association in the prairie states of the central Northwest. Through these men Iowa joined with Methodism in playing an important part in the "grass-roots" beginnings of great movements in soul winning.

The year 1873 brought disaster to the Morrisons in Iowa. Flood waters filled the coal mine; in an attempt to save it, the resources of the farm were invested, but all was lost in the venture. This circumstance may have been used providentially to direct them toward their future field of usefulness

in God's kingdom. A new territory was being opened in the Dakotas. Stories were circulating freely about the lush, rich soil and its wonderful opportunities. Thrilling events of the frontier fired the pioneer spirit. "Homesteads" were being offered free to settlers who would live on the land and develop a farm.

In the early summer the Morrisons built a "prairie schooner" and started the 400-mile trek to Sioux Falls, Dakota Territory. Each morning and evening they read from the Bible and had family prayers around the campfire. Years later, Joe looked back to those campfire prayers as the first memorable event of his childhood days. Early in September they arrived in Sioux Falls. It was hardly a town, just a motley assortment of newly built shacks for the residents plus the army barracks occupied by the United States soldiers guarding the settlers from marauding Indians of the frontier. The whole community boasted less than five hundred inhabitants.

Some miles west of town the Morrisons located on their claim. Like their neighbors, they built a sod house, using white cloth for windowpanes and a horse blanket for a door. The interior was, likewise, primitively appointed. Heat was provided by a big, cracked cookstove; light, by one kerosene lamp with the addition of homemade tallow candles. Young Joe retained vivid memories of the broad shelf, reached by a wooden-pegged ladder, which was the sleeping place for him and his brothers. A lean-to was built for the stock. A small root cellar provided storage for food as well as shelter in case of a sudden cyclone or tornado. As the early snow fell, the father and the older boys completed the task of home building, while the older girls went to town to school, staying with neighbors for their "keep." When preparations for the winter were completed, Father Morrison walked four hundred miles back to Iowa to work in the mines for the winter at a salary of fifty cents a day to replenish the larder for his family in their new location. Few today know anything of the experiences of these uncomplaining people who went through untold hardships to raise their families and establish our Zion in America.

Soon the family found their way to the Methodist church in the village and became identified with the people of God. Raging winter blizzards, snow that a boy could tunnel through, greeted the settlers as they began to develop a place in the new territory. Never once did they allow the glow of the family altar to cease. They continued to praise God, though their faith was often tried. At one time plagues of grasshoppers ate every blade of their crops. On another occasion they watched the prairie fires burn their haystacks and new barn, killing their best team of horses. Only sheer courage and faith in God enabled them to withstand the rigors of those sod-house days.

After a few years, a new two-story house was built, but a new house did not remove the dangers of the frontier. One day the parents decided to do some trading in Sioux Falls, remaining for the spiritual treat of the evening revival service at the Methodist church. Seven of the older children accompanied the parents, while the three younger ones were given orders about chores, supper, extinguishing lights, etc.

About bedtime, "Ring," the family Collie, did some sharp barking. Peering outside, the youngsters saw a drunken Indian approaching the house. This spoke terror to frontier children. Quickly they bolted the kitchen door, placing furniture for a barricade. In a moment the Indian had broken through the outer shed door and was charging against the kitchen door. Three times he threw his weight

against the door while the screaming, praying children held a barricade against it. In the meantime, Ring was putting on a furious battle in the back shed, spurred on by the frightened children yelling, "Sic 'em, Ring!"

When the family returned home late that night with their team and wagon, excited tales were told of the fight. Next morning the Indian was nowhere to be found but the faithful Collie lay dead in a pool of his own blood. Again it was true, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them" (Ps. 34:7).

Young Joe did his share of the chores and other farm work as well. He was a good horseman and able to herd his father's cattle; he was, also, in demand by nearby ranchers because of his willingness to remain at his post of duty in all kinds of weather. Once when a terrible storm drove the cattle into a stampede and out of control, he fell from his horse, thinking surely his time had come. Providentially, he rolled under an old fallen tree, praying furiously while the cattle jumped over the log. During the crisis, God talked to him, telling him He had work for him to do. Through these varied experiences of frontier life, Joe Morrison was being prepared for his spiritual mission. There were times when the family did not see a potato for three months; some years they didn't have as much as one hundred dollars for their total maintenance. Yet they did not blame the government, have any thought of voting their pastor out, or fail to bring in their "quarterage" tithe for the support of the church.

Early in life Joe felt God wanted him to preach. However, it bothered him continually when his brothers and sisters teased him about it. It made him angry when they called him "mamma's little preacher boy." While reading the life of Daniel Webster, his parents' former New England neighbor, he was seized with a desire to become a lawyer; but while sitting on the hard benches of the little Methodist church, he made his decision with mixed emotions and battle in his heart and mind. Young Joe settled it that, if God wanted him to preach he was ready to do His will.

(At the age of sixteen, Joseph Morrison received a vital experience of salvation, though he had sought the face of the Lord many times before and had been under constant spiritual influence: About this time the family moved to De Smet, Dakota Territory, where Joe enrolled in the local high school. To assist with expenses, he worked for Mr. Carter P. Sherwood in the office of the De Smet News. Editor Sherwood took a fancy to the young man and taught him many aspects of the printer's trade; in fact, he became a favorite of the Sherwood family through two generations.

In the year 1888, at seventeen years of age, Joe was ready to go to college. This was a matter of grave concern to his mother. Father Morrison concluded that "more practice on the plow handle and pitchfork' about the farm would be more practical in life. In this conflict the young man listened to his mother as she reasoned with him that preachers facing frontier life needed college training. The issue was settled by his enrollment as a freshman in the new, struggling university at Vermillion; Dakota Territory. When Joe's savings were counted and carefully appropriated to cover the various entrance needs, he discovered he did not have the means to cover his railroad fare to Vermillion. This was quickly overcome by buying a ticket part way and walking the last fifteen miles to the campus.

While at the university, Morrison diligently applied himself to study; he did almost every kind of job one could imagine to maintain himself. At one time he gave the lady who managed the dining hall his total reserve for his meals for the rest of the semester, thinking he would not have to worry about food for several weeks ahead. The next day, with the holiday vacation on, he found the dining hall closed and the lady with whom he had entrusted his money out of town. For two and a half days he searched the town for work. At last he found a lady who wanted some wood cut in her back yard. When he brought in the first load to the kitchen wood box, his mouth began to drool as he found the lady making doughnuts. She offered him a dish and he ate four without stopping. This was his first meal in three days. It never occurred to him to write home for money. He chose rather to fight his battles through, himself with the help of the Lord.

During his second year at the university, the Dakotas entered statehood (November 2, 1889), thus becoming North and South Dakota. This called for celebration among all the settlers, including the students at the university of the "Sunshine State."

During these student days, Morrison met a young lady possessed of remarkable gifts and graces and, best of all, of like precious faith. She was a music teacher and a member of the university faculty. Shortly after his university career, Henrietta R. Roberts and Joseph Morrison were married and then moved to De Smet, South Dakota, where the newspaper office again offered employment. The experiences in the field of journalism during this period were of untold value to Morrison, and left him an understanding in this field that served him the rest of his life.

These, in brief, were some of the essential elements that went into the early life of this distinguished son of the prairies. He grew up with a large family, learning the lessons of co-operation, helpfulness, and understanding that can be learned best from such circumstances. He knew the rigors and hardships of early life that enabled him to face without flinching those of later life. The continual atmosphere of family altar, Bible reading, and daily prayer left its unflinching stamp on his character. His frugal life taught him the value of a dollar and enabled him later to conserve and manage wisely the great missionary enterprises of the Church of the Nazarene. In all these circumstances the hand of the Lord is plainly seen preparing a man for a definite task in His kingdom.

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Entire sanctification is the act of the Holy Ghost whereby the justified soul is made holy.
— Wesleyan Doctrine —

TWO
PIONEER PREACHER

The early 1890's found Mr. Morrison faced with two strong appeals contesting for his attention. What should he do with his life? Should his career be law or journalism? Both fields held much of interest for him, and his natural endowments would have blended with either profession. An attorney or a journalist, the controversy continued relentlessly. While he was fighting the struggle of choices, in constant overtones came the whisper of God reminding him of the call to the ministry back there when he was a teen-age lad. The Lord's cause needed men who could plead and write. Why not do both for Him?

Mrs. Morrison possessed keen spiritual perception and soon became aware that the faraway look and the prolonged periods of silence were indicative of the conflicting forces at war in her husband. In her gentle manner she urged him to be resigned to the will of God and assured him of her allegiance whatever the outcome.

The culmination of the months of indecision came with Mr. Morrison's resolution to be "obedient to the heavenly vision," which in his case meant giving himself to the ministry. He hastened to contact the presiding elder of the area and preliminary arrangements were made at once for active service. The year 1893 found the twenty-two-year-old Morrison beginning his ministry as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Webster, South Dakota.

This pastorate was followed by a circuit of five preaching places with the parsonage at Hitchcock, South Dakota. A third pastorate was at Faulkton, South Dakota.

Incidents in the life of the pioneer preacher were many and varied. At one time Morrison had made an arrangement with his wife to hang a sheet across one corner of their humble parsonage home, thus improvising a study. One day a friend came to this study with the loan of some modernistic books. Being new in the ministry and having only a small supply of sermons as well as available reading materials, Morrison received the new books with fervor; they were full of high-sounding phrases and looked like real sermonic material. While the pastor was deep in thought, a knock came at the door and a lady was ushered into the home. After she had unburdened her heart and asked for spiritual guidance, the pastor reached for his Bible and read portions that aptly pertained to her case. Prayer was offered, promises appropriated, and she arose reclaimed and in triumph of soul again.

When the caller left, the pastor returned to his "study behind the sheet" and resumed reading the modernistic books. The Lord seemed to lean over his shoulder and say: "What are you studying? Will it help other needy souls like the one you just aided in returning to Me?" Like a flash the young man caught the significance of the situation. He laid aside the book and picked up THE BOOK; from then on, with a renewed covenant in his heart, he made the Bible the mainstay of his life and ministry. What a valuable lesson!

On another occasion finances were at a very low ebb; the food supply was depleted and garments were shabby and threadbare. A well-dressed, fine-appearing agent for a leading insurance company called at the parsonage. He readily appraised the situation and sensed the deep gloom of the pastor. Calling attention to his own prosperous state of affairs, the agent offered the pastor a position as sales agent at \$2,500.00 a year salary. On the surface this looked like the way out of the awkward circumstance. The agent produced a contract, filled it out, and pressed his prospect for a decision to sign immediately. Morrison hesitantly refused but invited the agent to return the next day for the signature.

When the man left, all hell seemed to turn loose on the young pastor's soul as he paced the floor, fighting the issue. His wife denounced the agent as "the emissary of Satan" and added that God had called them into the ministry and He would see them through. Of the incident Morrison related:

In the middle of the night as I still paced the floor in deepest gloom, my heart finally softened enough so that I could pray. My wife hastened to join me in this effort. While kneeling and endeavoring to talk to God, I opened the Bible at random and a verse seemed to stare at me in big, black letters: "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord." The Spirit seemed to say: "You are not trusting Me and that is why you are so miserable. You have more faith in the Aetna Insurance Company than you have in Me. You would rather serve the world and have good food to eat and fine clothes to wear and a pretty, comfortable home than you would to serve Me and lead a few immortal souls to God and heaven. A host of people whom I had planned for you to reach will be eternally lost if you accept the insurance man's offer. You haven't starved yet, you haven't actually gone cold yet, you haven't been sick a day, neither has your wife, since you have been in My service. Trust Me now and see what happens."

It was about 2:00 a.m. when the heavens opened and victory came. How the Lord blessed as the pastor promised he would stay by the task as God's messenger and sell Eternal Life Insurance instead! Together husband and wife praised God. That was a great night.

At dawn a farmer delivered a generous supply of foodstuffs at the parsonage. They ate heartily at the minister's home that morning; trials vanished in the blessings that God bestowed. At 9:00 a.m. the insurance agent arrived. Morrison laughed aloud as he entered the house. But let's quote him directly:

"You are going to sign," he cheerfully cried, reaching for the contract "I can see it in your face."

"No," I replied, "last night I hired out to another employer."

"You mean the Prudential man?" he exclaimed.

I laughed loudly with heartiness. "No, I mean the Lord! He hasn't increased my pay, but He said He would look after me." Wife laughed merrily as I said this.

He looked in a puzzled way first at me and then at her. He slowly replaced the contract in his pocket. "You refuse my offer then?" he finally ejaculated. "You are the biggest set of fools in South Dakota."

He stepped outside, pausing a moment to insert his feet into his rubbers. His face was dark and disappointed. We followed him hilariously to the door and watched him as he hurried down the street.

If I had known at that time what the blessing of holiness of heart was, I could have been led instantly into it.

Picture, if you will, a night scene with blinding rain pouring down over the wind-swept prairie. It was Sunday night and in the darkness a young minister was making his uncertain way toward home. This had been the initial round of the circuit and he had preached at three appointments that day. The only light during the cloudburst was from the intermittent flashes of lightning. In a zigzag of light he thought he saw a signpost ahead. Hopeful of direction, he approached the location and, balancing himself on the wheel of the mud-spattered buggy, looked toward the sign. Steadying the horses as best he could, chilled to the bone in the drenching rain, he peered into the darkness. When the next flash of lightning came, he expectantly read the sign; it said, "Kendall's Spavin Cure" (a well-known horse medicine in that day). That young man was J. G. Morrison, the circuit rider.

It was during the Faulkton pastorate that God blessed the Morrison home with the birth of a son, Sidney Lewis, later fondly known as "Sid."

Morrison's continual struggle with carnality was one of the greatest battles of his early ministry. God was good to show him the light of heart holiness early in his calling. But let him tell it in his own way:

My great difficulty was a gunpowdery temper. Under trying circumstances it would explode with a bang, and my eyes would blaze, cheeks burn, and tongue wag with mean, sarcastic, angry, and bitter remarks. Although I had been taught that every case of this was backsliding, and although I faithfully apologized and got reclaimed, nevertheless, I was subjected to this sinful, carnal habit every few months. Now it was the church board, then it was the Sunday School superintendent, again it was the good lady who led the choir, while my heart was in a chronic and almost constant rebellion over the lack of finances, the shabby clothes and the poor food which we constantly faced.

I had in the meantime moved to a circuit with five preaching places. To care for this a team of horses was necessary. An opportunity to secure two unbroken "bronchos" for an astonishingly small price induced me to buy, and the task of breaking them to the harness and buggy was almost fatal

to all the piety I had. They were wild, difficult to control, ready to kick and run at almost anything, or at any time.

One day late in October, not long before the annual conference was to sit, I started on Saturday afternoon to a distant appointment in order to preach there the next morning, and then to preach at another place some less distance away, and finally at home Sunday night. The bronchos were a bit chilly with the nipping October weather, and ready to run, plunge, kick or anything else that struck their fancy. A tumbling piece of newspaper, carried by the wind, whirled beneath them. With a great plunge they both started, wildly kicking.

I sawed on them with the reins, and we raced galloping down the road. At length my temper blew up. "If you are going to run and kick," I shouted, "I'll give you something to run and kick for." With that I held the reins in one hand, caught up the whip with the other, and standing up in the buggy seat, laid the lash to them. They leaped and raced and ran and plunged. The region was reasonably level, and I balanced myself in the swaying, rearing, cavorting buggy. We streaked along like we had been shot out of a huge cannon. At length they tired, and then I had them, for I made them run, and never stopped lashing them till we whirled around the corner of the farm home where I was to spend the night.

But I was so angry that I was completely and hopelessly backslidden. Indeed, but for decency's sake, I could have done those horses great bodily harm, even after we had come to a stop in the farmer's yard. With hatred and disgust for myself, and fury in my heart and brain, I stabled the beasts. I was so ashamed and humiliated and still so angry and furious that in sheer self-abasement, I bent over the feed box in the horses' stall, and wept bitter, scalding tears of hate. I then and there took a deep vow that I would never preach again. I determined that I was through. That I could not stay saved and consequently would not be a hypocrite and menace the ministry of Christ.

Full of this bitter vow, and hating myself with keen desperation, I fed the team, blanketed them, and then slowly walked toward the farm house.

"Come in," called the pleasant voice of the farmer's wife, as I knocked on the door. As soon as I stepped within the room she took one look at me and then solicitously inquired, "What's the matter with you, pastor?" I mumbled a false statement to the effect that there was nothing the matter with me. She promptly replied, "Yes, there is; you don't usually look like a thundercloud. Neither do you usually drive into our yard with your horses on the run, and covered with lather and foam. What is the matter?"

She was a mature woman and a ripened Christian. I was twenty-four. Her solicitous inquiry opened the flood gates of my heart and I poured out a confession of the whole wretched situation. I burst into tears.

"I can't stay saved," I wailed. "About every so often I explode with this awful temper, and then for several hours I hardly know what I am about. I hate myself for it, and I am so bitterly ashamed of it that I have solemnly resolved never to disgrace the pulpit again by appearing in it, and I shall never attempt to preach any more."

"No, no," she replied quickly. "I do not mean that what you need is just to be converted again. Not that, you need something more than that, you need to be sanctified wholly."

"Sanctified wholly?" I queried, in much wonderment. "What in the world is that?"

"Don't you know what entire sanctification is?" she answered. "Have you never read Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection?"

"Yes," I answered. "That's in the Course of Study."

"Didn't you know what he was talking about in that book?" she inquired.

"No, I don't think I did," I made answer. "At least I feel sure that I didn't get out of it what you seem to have found there. What is entire sanctification that you say I need?"

"It's the second work of grace that one obtains after one has been converted. It's what the disciples received at Pentecost"

My next question burst from my lips like the discharge of a rifle. "Will it take the temper out of a fellow?" I almost shouted.

"That's what it did for me," she replied.

"You mean that you have it?" I asked in considerable wonderment.

"The Lord very graciously gave me the experience," she quietly answered.

"But is such an experience taught in the Bible?" I persisted.

For reply she immediately ceased mixing the material for the biscuit, and rubbing the dough from her hands, reached for her Bible. She turned to Isaiah and read, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

I listened in wonderment. This was my first Bible study on the blessing of holiness of heart as a second definite work of grace.

As she looked at me inquiringly, after reading the marvelous statement from Isaiah, I answered rather dumbly, "I never knew that was there before."

She turned familiarly to the New Testament, and read again, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." She again turned an inquiring look toward me.

"I've read that before," I answered, "but I didn't know what it meant."

The farmer's wife again turned the pages of her Bible and read, "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." And with the turning of a few more leaves, she read again, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." And again, "Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness." She paused, looked me over for a minute thoughtfully, and then remarked, "That doesn't sound much like the way you acted this afternoon, coming around the corner looking like a thundercloud and your team all covered with sweat."

I had no answer.

Again she read, "And you, that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblameable and unproveable in his sight." And again, "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Seated there in the kitchen of a South Dakota farm home, I saw as by the illumination of the Spirit the truth of the second work of grace. That there was a gunpowdery, carnal disposition left in my heart after conversion; that it was the purpose of God to cleanse this away. As I saw the truth in the scripture quotations that this Christian woman was reading to me, I recognized immediately why my ministry had been so barren and so irksome. I needed Pentecost just as the disciples did.

She read once more, "Jesus .. that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

I fell on my knees by the kitchen chair and asked her in a humble tone to please pray for me. Then and there I was reclaimed for the last time. Though I did not receive the blessing of a clean heart for many months after that, yet I saw a great hope ahead, and was given divine strength to fight a bit harder and to keep my heart from yielding to the assaults of carnality.

I became a seeker for the second work of grace. And what a seeker I was! At the first holiness meeting that I heard of, I went to the altar three times a day for ten days. The preacher, an uncouth old chap, with a rasping voice, would kneel down in front of me and pray loudly, "O Lord, what this conceited young fellow needs is to be killed. Kill 'im, Lord, kill 'im!" When he had run the gamut on this, he would beckon to a booming voiced farmer and urge him to pray. With a roar he would cry, "What we need is a first class funeral. Back up your hearse, O Lord, and load this young preacher in and haul him off and bury him." This was a regular feature of that holiness meeting three times a day for ten days.

I did not get the blessing but I did learn a lot about these matters. I read everything about this wonderful grace that I could find. We were so hard up financially that we went without meat for nearly a month in order to get enough money to buy Wood's Perfect Love. I read it through and through. I began preaching on the need of the second work of grace. I described its characteristics, confessing frankly that I did not have it, but was hot on the trail of it. Several of my hearers were

under conviction for the blessing before I had received it myself. I consecrated all. I abandoned everything to Jesus, my Lord and Master. I did just what the old preacher and the old farmer prayed should happen, I slowly died.

Finally I reached the place where the great God dared to release His burning Baptism upon my heart. It came one day as I sat praying in my study chair. Like a great spiritual light it slowly rose above the horizon of my soul. It shined and burned and melted away all the feverish, gunpowdery, carnal disposition that I had. It filled my heart and life. It cleansed and sanctified my soul. The Holy Ghost had come!

He transformed my life; He transfigured my ministry. From that moment it was a joy to serve Him; a thrilling pleasure to preach His truth; a glad privilege to suffer for Him; and a deep satisfaction to be in His wonderful service. I shall praise Him forever for His goodness to me.

About this time, the Methodist conference met in Aberdeen, South Dakota. It was here that Rev. J. G. Morrison was ordained to the ministry at the hand of Bishop Isaac W. Joyce on October 13, 1895. In the same month and year, Dr. P. F. Bresee was organizing the First Church of the Nazarene in Los Angeles, California, with 135 charter members; and a movement of holiness was launched that would "girdle the globe with salvation, with holiness unto the Lord." By divine plan, the newly ordained Morrison was to play an important part in this new movement in the years ahead.

Bishop Joyce, a strong preacher of the doctrine of entire sanctification, was Morrison's close friend. He, no doubt, sent him to Litchfield, Minnesota. Morrison was now well established in the ministry, and his pastorate at Litchfield was marked with fruitful results.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

"Truly he was a soldier of the Cross." — Mrs. J. G. Morrison

THREE
PATRIOTIC SOLDIER

In the year 1898, Rev. J. G. Morrison was pastoring the Methodist Episcopal church in Litchfield, Minnesota. For some time the restless, foreboding relationship existing in the Island of Cuba between the Spanish government and the population of that island had been warily observed by the people of the United States. The sultry smoldering suddenly burst into eruption when our battleship, U.S.S. "Maine," was torpedoed and sunk in Havana Harbor. War was declared and President McKinley made a call for 100,000 American volunteers. The patriotic spirit burned intensely in every heart. Young volunteer groups began drilling in the streets of many an American town.

The town of Litchfield, Minnesota, was not exempt from such scenes. A large company of young men, made up to the greater extent from the various churches, met nightly in the park for military drill. Learning that Pastor Morrison had received military training while he was a student at the University of South Dakota, and had also passed examination for admittance to the Military Academy at West Point, New York, a delegation came to his study door imploring him to take charge of the group in the emergency until someone could be sufficiently trained to take over. Since many of the lads were from his own congregation, the young pastor consented and drilled them several nights a week.

The "playing" at soldiering turned into grim reality when a telegram was received from the governor ordering the group with their leader to report to the recruiting officer at St. Paul. This was a surprise turn in events, for Morrison had had no intention of leaving his church or his family, which had recently welcomed the first daughter, Irene. In order to clear his position, he promptly recommended the first lieutenant, suggesting he be placed in command. Disconcerted boys and their parents, some of them with tears in their eyes, begged Morrison to reconsider and accompany the boys to camp. There were only three days in which to decide. The dilemma was intensified by a visit from the district superintendent, who showed open hostility toward Morrison's work and belittled the experience of heart holiness. After much prayer, the Lord seemed to impress Morrison to go with his boys, with the assurance he would not see combat duty.

Arriving at Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, Minnesota, with the Fifteenth Regiment, Morrison was commissioned as captain of his group. Finding that the chaplain had no religious experience and did nothing for the boys relevant to their salvation, Captain Morrison met with an earnest group of young men several times a week for Bible study and prayer. When they broke camp, the group resumed these religious services in the new location. The second training center was at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Here Morrison's regiment joined with some 30,000 men for further training.

Preparing for the "reviewing stand" is familiar language to all GI's. The governor of Pennsylvania sent word that he and his staff would review the entire corps of which Morrison's regiment was a part. Late in the preparation, Captain Morrison received an order to place his regiment under the direction of the first lieutenant and take charge of another group whose leader was absent. This necessitated securing a horse. The need was met by borrowing a great, strapping monster from the quartermaster. It was later learned he owned the horse but had never ridden him!

Fully equipped for riding, Morrison mounted the horse, with the immediate communication from his steed that the animal meant to maintain his freedom. There was no time to change, as the reviewing had already begun. The glittering uniforms, the sound of the drums, added to the unaccustomed burden of rider and bridle, changed the restlessness of the horse to intense fright, and without a moment's warning he rose to his full height in the air. The horse trembled for a second in this upright position and then fell backward to the earth with a sickening thud. Morrison, with instinct derived from farm training, almost quicker than thought, leaped from the horse's back at seemingly the same instant the great black animal hurtled to the ground. Quickly the captain sat on the horse's head, firmly holding it so he could not rise, while the "reviewing" governor and his staff passed by.

Later the colonel galloped over to where Morrison stood with the subdued animal. He saluted and then complimented Morrison on his horsemanship; he added: "I watched your regiment, Captain, while you were taming your mount, and I must congratulate you on the discipline of those men. Though they realized your danger, not a man moved an inch from his place."

It did not take long for word to circulate in the army camp that the captain of the Litchfield, Minnesota, outfit was a minister and had almost one hundred men in his command who did not smoke or drink. Among his officer associates, Morrison became known as "the Fighting Parson"; the enlisted men took a fancy to calling him "holy Joe Morrison." The Christian standards he maintained paid returns in continued spiritual tone among his own men and respect and esteem from army personnel.

The camp had considerable trouble with soldiers when on leave in the nearby city of Harrisburg. Invariably men detailed to take care of drunken and disorderly soldiers succumbed to vice themselves. The lieutenant colonel was beside himself to locate someone who could handle the situation. Hearing about Morrison and his men, he summoned the captain for an interview and then issued an order to go into the city and "mop up the army's delinquent stragglers."

The first Saturday after receiving the new order was payday at the camp. By evening hundreds of soldiers crowded the streets of Harrisburg. It was a busy police detail on duty that night. Midnight found the guardhouse crowded with celebrators in various stages of intoxication. By 2:00 a.m. it was bedlam. A burly giant of a drunk wrenched away from a guard and seized a heavy iron bar, roaring, "I'll kill the captain!" With this ultimatum he charged toward his intended victim. Morrison sprang into action, drawing his gun from its holster in self-defense. Instantly one of the guards rushed the giant in a surprise football tackle, throwing him to the floor. The experience was a severe one and could have been fatal for both men involved. Morrison was profuse in gratitude to the guard who had saved him and for the fact he had not been forced to make use of his gun.

All night long the nightmare of drunken debauchery continued. Morrison described it: "as near hell as anything I had ever experienced"; he added, "Yes, it was hell — all it lacked was eternity!" Toward morning the prisoners were sent under guard to their regiments and the quarters returned to a semblance of order.

That Sunday the captain was off duty for the remainder of the day and night. After freshening his appearance, he sought out the little Methodist church near Harrisburg, which he described thus:

Service had begun as I stepped into the vestibule and looked in at the assembled worshippers. How good they looked; so reverent and worshipful. Tears came to my eyes as I looked at them. I had just been in hell. Now, as it seemed to me, I was standing in the vestibule of heaven. They stood to sing. It was the song, new to me then, "The Comforter Has Come"! When that congregation with full worshipful hearts and swelling voices, swung into the opening verse:

O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes abound;
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
The Comforter has come!

I stood in the vestibule and wept. If one wants to enjoy the fragrance of heaven, let him stay awhile in hell. As I silently stifled my sobs, the minister softly said, "Let us pray."

Two-thirds of that congregation were on their knees. All the others bowed their heads reverently. The preacher knelt, spreading out his hands, face lifted heavenward. He took the name of God upon his lips, so reverently, so softly, so appealingly. He spoke the name of Jesus Christ, and used it with such tender worshipfulness. He lifted the bowed and kneeling group on the wings of such radiant, worshipping reverence that the room was filled with the sighs, stifled sobs, and quiet but wondrously feeling "amens." I knelt at the chair in the vestibule, and cried my heart out. I had spent the last twenty-four hours in an inferno. I had heard the names of "God," "Jesus Christ" and "Holy Ghost," and "heaven" blasphemously blurted forth and coupled with awful obscenity for the past many hours. I had just come from wading in human horror and degradation knee deep. I had been sitting, walking, standing in hell all night. Now I was in heaven. Such singing, such worship, such unctuous quoting of Scripture, such longing, reverent love as these people possessed could be found nowhere else except where God dwelt, and where God dwells is heaven! I was keenly thankful that I, too, had it all in my heart. When the heavenly music burst forth every chord in my being vibrated in exquisite harmony with the thrilling and holy atmosphere.

Captain Morrison had learned some valuable lessons in his army experiences: the awfulness of sin among military men, that Christ can keep a man true and clean anywhere, and the joy of ministering to others, especially the men who were given as his particular charge from Litchfield, Minnesota.

The war had lasted but 114 days and was termed the "Short War." Over 100,000 had been called into service. Fewer than 400 became battle casualties, though 5,000 lost their lives, the remainder representing the dread disease toll.

It was a happy day when Morrison's service was terminated and he was able to put aside his army uniform, returning to family, home, and pastoral duties.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

My father gave his all to the cause; he really practiced what he preached.
— Sidney L. Morrison —

FOUR
PRACTICAL PASTOR

Minnesota is referred to as the "Land of 10,000 Lakes." Some of these lakes in the northern part of the state make up the headwaters of the mighty Mississippi. Along this river in southeastern Minnesota, warehouses, stores, and trading posts mushroomed in the early days, creating the busy city of St. Paul. Directly across the river, modest businesses sprang up and what was to become industrial Minneapolis was born. The Twin Cities spread out larger and larger, like rings on a pool, reaching out along the picturesque bluffs of the Mississippi. Austere, dependable Scandinavians colonized the area but soon, like other American cities, a melting pot of all peoples expanded the population.

Methodism had gained a strong footing in these cities by the year 1900. Red Rock Camp Meeting, located seven miles south of St. Paul on the east banks of the Mississippi, became the spiritual lodestar of the region, drawing people from near and far to enjoy times of spiritual feasting. Many of the leading holiness evangelists preached full salvation at this camp site.

Following his service in the army, Morrison was located in Minneapolis as pastor of the Franklin Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. He had good fellowship with clergymen of like precious faith and God greatly used him as an influence for righteousness in the Minnesota metropolis. After the rigors of army life, he expressed particular pleasure at being with church and family once more. (Later, this famous Franklin Avenue Church was destroyed by fire.)

Into the parsonage home came great happiness with the advent of Baby Dorothy, but it was a joy soon clouded with sorrow. The death angel visited the contented little circle, beckoning away the lovely and talented mother. The shock was so great it seemed that the light of their lives had suddenly been extinguished. The young pastor was left with three small children all under school age, and he less than thirty years of age. His was a happy ministry among the Franklin Avenue people, but because of the disquieting shadow at the loss of his helpmate, he felt that he should leave after three successful years in that pulpit.

Procedures are an interesting indicator of the things of value to the individual minister. Before following to the next location, let us observe some of the pastoral methods advocated and practiced; Morrison relates the following as his general course:

After receiving the blessing of entire sanctification, I continued to serve in the Methodist Church as pastor for twenty years. At the beginning of each new pastorate I cautiously but systematically and

faithfully preached the definite second work of grace. I clearly outlined the doctrine, showed how it belonged to Methodism, and was the central truth proclaimed by John and Charles Wesley: quoted hymns, recited Scripture, and made frequent references to the dictionary. I interspersed this kind of doctrinal discourse by copious references to my own personal experience, and that of other well-known persons professing the blessing. I found an account of Uncle Bud Robinson's experience, and also that of Amanda Smith, the colored saint, and used them freely.

I rarely if ever made an altar call the first six months of a pastorate. I was anxious to lay a firm, intelligent groundwork in the minds of my hearers, so that when an altar call was made they would know clearly what they were seeking. I often, however, pressed an immediate and definite choice upon a few select souls while making pastoral calls upon them, and frequently made an altar call to the entire prayer-meeting group, urging each as he knelt, to seek and obtain, if possible, the blessing.

The latter half of the first year I usually began a revival and it was very seldom that such an effort did not result in many intelligently seeking and finding the wondrous experience that can easily be denominated "the pearl of great price."

When I left each pastorate for a new one there remained a devoted band of sanctified people at each place. These bands later became churches when the Nazarene movement came our way. When once a person really got in, it was astonishing how he was spoiled for cheap things and pined for the good old gospel of full salvation. Hundreds of folks thus led into the second work of grace united with the Church of the Nazarene when it spread over that region.

As a Nazarene District Superintendent I organized Nazarene churches in every town where I served a Methodist pastorate, except one. The revival flame, also carried by other ministers who had gotten sanctified, spread all over that Northwest country, and broke out in new places with gracious results.

It is easily seen that Morrison not only enjoyed the rich experience of heart purity as a clear-cut, definite experience, but he used tact, skill, and good judgment in presenting it against the current trends that prevailed at that time. The value of timing, allowing the message to get hold, and relying on the Holy Spirit, brought happy results. These were practical pastoral methods, indeed.

At the fall conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in 1901, the appointment sheet stated that Rev. J. G. Morrison was to serve as pastor at Fergus Falls, Minnesota. In October, before leaving for his new charge, a union took place that meant gracious companionship for the minister and the warmth of a kindly personality for a motherless home. Before her marriage, Maude Morrison had served capably as organist, pianist, and Sunday-school teacher at the Franklin Avenue Church. She assisted at her husband's side the rest of his days on earth.

In the year 1904, Dr. S. A. Danford was appointed district superintendent of the Fargo District; this district covered the greater part of the southern half of the state of North Dakota. Danford had been sanctified in 1899 under his own preaching while he was serving the Jamestown church. His appointment to the superintendency had been made by Bishop Isaac W. Joyce, who also had ordained J. G. Morrison.

Dr. Danford sponsored holiness revivals in all his churches and was gathering all the men of like persuasion that he could muster. He had heard of the capabilities and convictions of J. G. Morrison and, in process of time with the assistance of Bishop Joyce, placed him in the strongest center of the district, the church where he himself had shepherded, at Jamestown. This meant new horizons for the Morrison family. When they arrived on the field, there was no hint of disappointment, for a survey of the congregation revealed dependability and zeal for the cause quite complementary to the fervor of the new leader himself. A strong group of young people added to the challenge of the situation and gave promise for the future. All in all, the parsonage family entered the new pastorate with hopes high. Daughter Beverly came to complete the family of four children while her father pastored the Jamestown church.

The great Jamestown Holiness Camp Meeting had its beginning in the year 1905 at White Rock, South Dakota; in 1906 this camp moved to Fargo, North Dakota. In 1907 the permanent residence was set up in Jamestown, where it remains to this day. Rev. E. M. Isaac and Dr. Danford were the founders of the camp, with Morrison as a close second and moving factor. Danford was president for about ten years; Morrison was his close collaborator, serving on important committees and having offices through the years as secretary, treasurer, and vice-president.

This camp called and enjoyed the ministry of such leading pulpiteers as Beverly Carradine, Bud Robinson, Will Huff, C. J. Fowler, H. C. Morrison (who was not a relative of J. G. Morrison but a close friend), Charles Babcock, Guy Wilson, G. W. Ridout, Joseph H. Smith, J. L. Brasher, Joseph Owen, and many others. The roster of singers included such names as J. M. and M. J. Harris, Will and Nellie Hoffman, Kenneth and Eunice Wells, and Marie Danielson; some years J. G. Morrison was the song leader. God mightily blessed this camp and people by the hundreds found salvation and entire sanctification at the long altar. This writer first attended the encampment in 1925 and 1926; how the blessing of the Lord refreshed the people in that hallowed spot!

In the spring commencement of 1911, Taylor University, at Upland, Indiana, a holiness college with a distinguished history reaching to its founding in 1846, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. J. G. Morrison. The forty-year-old candidate humbly accepted the honor, and his years of achievement substantiated the wisdom of their choice.

Dr. Danford was transferred to the Bismarck superintendency and soon arranged the appointment of Dr. Morrison to the pastorate of the church at Dickinson, North Dakota. He held this post from 1911 to 1915. About this time a strange, undefined uneasiness could be sensed in Methodist officialdom, and the conference in 1915 proved to be freighted with unprecedented transition. The incoming presiding bishop with swelling oratory first blessed and then banned the doctrine of entire sanctification; added to this, Dr. Danford, who could always be depended on for adherence to principle, was transferred to Oregon. At the close of the conference, Dr. Morrison found himself with a change of assignment from his strong church back to a circuit, the Larimore circuit.

While in that circuit, he had quite an experience with a leading layman. He can tell it better than anyone:

At this conference the bishop took me out of my good "station" appointment, and sent me clear across the state putting me back onto a "circuit." Greatly disappointed, I nevertheless went, and started some holiness fires in that North Dakota village, to which I had been appointed. The leading member of the church, who was chairman of the board of stewards and church treasurer, was a notorious backslider. He frankly admitted that he had no salvation. One day calling on him in his store and finding him alone, I earnestly reminded him that he could not expect to play fast and loose with God and his eternal destiny.

He promptly shot this question at me: "Must I have as much religion as you have, in order to get to heaven?" To this I replied that I could not tell. Maybe it was possible for him to have less than I and still get in, but that I dared not attempt it on any less, for fear of missing the mark.

He then declared that he had a question he had long wanted to ask me. I pressed him to name it. Finally he did so. "How little," said he, "can I have and yet get in? Now," he hurried to add, "don't preach me a sermon, nor quote Scripture to me, and don't give me any of your theology. But just like one man to another tell me, right from the shoulder, how little can I have and yet get in?"

His question and his prohibitions staggered me a bit. I stood and frantically prayed for God to help me. At length this reply came to me: "All right," I said, "I have your answer. If you have what I am about to tell you, you will be all right, if not you will miss the mark completely. What I am about to give you is not theology, but would, I believe, stand a theological test. It is not Scripture, but is, I think, scriptural. It is not a sermon, of that I am sure.

"My brother, you must be enough like Jesus Christ so you will be comfortable with Him when you meet Him. Imagine," I continued, "if you will, a human being filled with sin and crime. Think of him being stricken suddenly out of this world, and just as suddenly ushered into the presence of the glorified Christ. John on Patmos says that he once saw Him. His face, John declares, was as brilliant as the morning sun, His eyes were aflame, His voice reverberated like the billows of the sea, His hair was white, His garments glistening, and His face shone like polished brass.

"Do you think," I exclaimed, "that a sinful, crime-filled man would be comfortable there? Whatever then it needs to change you so that you would be comfortable with Him, that is the necessary amount of salvation that you must have, or be damned."

In 1916 the Morrison family moved to Florida, where Dr. Morrison took up pastoral duties at Fort Lauderdale. This was his tenth and final pastorate, for the year 1917 had a new field of labor awaiting him.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

Dr. Morrison took a bold stand for holiness as a second definite work of grace in the pioneer days when holiness was not popular. — Dr. R. T. Williams —

FIVE
PRESIDENT (L.H.A.)

The Laymen's Holiness Association of America came into existence at the Jamestown Holiness Camp Meeting during the trying war years of 1916 and 1917. World War I was at its bitter height in Europe and its far-reaching effect was felt in every American home. The chaos of the period seemed to infiltrate even across the threshold of the church. There had been a change of ecclesiastical leadership of the Methodist church in the state of North Dakota, and the new administration tended to veer away from Wesleyan theology and passively to attempt to moderate the spiritual aggressiveness for which the conference had become renowned.

Dr. Danford, who had fathered the preaching of holiness in the state for many years, had been transferred to a pastorate of influence in Oregon; and Dr. Morrison had taken up ministerial responsibilities in Florida. Together the two men had laid a sure foundation of scriptural holiness in their labors for the Master in the Dakotas, and laymen by the hundreds had found the "pearl of great price."

These laymen were sons of the soil. They had accepted unreservedly the diverse demands of grueling toil and unseen reverses to settle their prairie farms and establish their businesses. The complicated pattern of living did not cloud their concept of the several parts to make the true whole; thus they took time and made room for the claims of the gospel. They were a courageous, versatile people with a hardy acquaintance with perseverance.

The value of prayer had been given prime emphasis in the training of the laity and, like Jacob of old, they recognized and practiced the possibility of wrestling through problems on their knees. Fighting battles, temporal or spiritual, was part of the warp and woof of their pioneer souls. The family altar was an institution. Thus, while spiritual life was being relegated to the background by incoming pastors, a host of laymen turned their attention toward a panacea to remedy the situation. Two means of soul-sustaining food added much to the fare of these lean days. One was Dr. Morrison's paper, the Methodist, and the other was the annual camp meeting at Jamestown.

Through the length and breadth of the state, laymen were acquainted with Dr. Morrison through association at the camp meeting and by his stimulating editorials in the Methodist. The paper had declared the fiery gospel of full salvation since 1908 and had wide circulation in North Dakota and nearby states.

As truly as the Israelites cried for a Moses in their Egyptian bondage, so in a multitude of prairie homes the people prayed about their family altars and in neighborhood groups that God would raise up a man to lead them. They needed someone whom they could trust, someone who would be sensitive to the threatened dilution of the gospel on one hand and to the great door of opportunity on the other. The man must be adaptable to their hard winters and uncertain summers, the possibility of abundant crops in one season and drought the next. His purpose must be equivalent to all that full salvation stands for. He must have a vital interest in the Jamestown Camp Meeting. All signs and prayers pointed to one man, and that man was J. G. Morrison.

In the year 1917 the Jamestown Camp Meeting convened from June 22 to July 2, with Rev. Will Huff and Rev. G. W. Ridout as the ministering evangelists. Over a thousand laymen gathered in a great tent city on the banks of the James River for the much anticipated spiritual feast. Dr. Morrison guided the services as the new president of the camp meeting.

During the encampment, a question that had been a matter of great concern among the laity for months was placed before Dr. Morrison. That question was, would he put his full time into holiness evangelism in North Dakota and adjacent states? As a tangible evidence of their earnestness in the matter, a fund of upwards of a thousand dollars had been amassed with a promise of continued gathering of finances necessary for his maintenance.

And what of Morrison? He was comfortably located in a promising church in Florida. To accept this call and ask for a "location" might cut off his ecclesiastical head with the officials of his mother church; on the other hand, he felt the gripping of the divine imperative and he dared not fail his Lord or the people of his beloved prairie states.

During the camp, at a meeting of the Department of Evangelism and Publicity (also called the Extension Department), Morrison was elected and given a formal call as its superintendent or field evangelist. Without hesitation, he accepted at once and the Laymen's Holiness Association was launched.

In the August, 1917, issue of the Methodist, Editor Morrison gave a full explanation of the "movement" as "a laymen's uprising against the modernism of the day in defence of the glorious Gospel of Bible holiness." He also gave the report of his beginning as field evangelist, stating that his family was about to leave Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to make their new residence in Jamestown, North Dakota, with the tentative date set as August 16, 1917. This became the final chapter of Dr. Morrison's pastoral ministry.

The seal of divine approval attended the venture from the beginning. Up and down, Dr. Morrison traveled across the breadth and length of the Dakota country, preaching continuously and searching out possibilities everywhere from cities to hamlets. No likely situation escaped his attention as he abandoned himself through the Holy Spirit to the tremendous potential. Many a strange circumstance located a Christian in a "Caesar's household," enlisted his interest and support, and helped him find a band of praying people nearby. The pages of the Methodist from this period glow with accounts of answered prayer.

Progress was so pronounced that the following year, 1918, the Extension Department of the Laymen's Holiness Association deemed it advisable to add two more ministers as evangelists. They were Rev. H. O. Jacobson, whose field was primarily among the Scandinavians of Minnesota, and Rev. J. M. Taylor, who was assigned the same area as Dr. Morrison. The next year Rev. A. M. Wiley, Rev. Ira Hammer, Rev. Wm. Griffith, Rev. W. G. Bennett, and Rev. W. H. Tullis joined forces with the team of soul winners. Rev. W. H. Tullis had been a pastor in North Dakota with Danford, but in 1915 he had moved to Idaho and united with the Church of the Nazarene. In 1918, Dr. J. W. Goodwin had appointed Tullis the first district superintendent for the Church of the Nazarene in South Dakota, at which time he started the church at Mitchell, South Dakota; he also worked with the Laymen's Holiness Association.

In the year 1919, Dr. Morrison was elected president of the Laymen's Holiness Association by an enthusiastic constituency who pledged their loyalty "to promote and preserve the blessed message of full salvation." Other business at the gathering saw the paper that was formerly known as the North Dakota Methodist, the Little Methodist, and finally the Methodist, renamed the Holiness Layman. The subscription list now numbered 1,500, with a mailing exchange that reached from Michigan to the state of Washington, and from Kansas into Canada.

The Association work grew rapidly. Conventions were held annually in the month of January. At these conventions matters of business were taken care of but the high point was the singing, testifying, and staunch "second blessing" preaching. In 1919, Morrison wrote, "In short, the Laymen's Holiness Association is an inspirational movement operating with a minimum of organization and administration, and a maximum of inspiration."

The next years found a force of thirty-five evangelists working in the L.H.A.; among them were Rev. S. C. Taylor, Rev. E. Coryell, and Rev. J. O. Schaap.

When the Committee on Arrangements was making plans for the January, 1921, convention, which was to convene at Jamestown, they deemed it advisable to have a special speaker. But whom should they call? Rev. W. H. Tullis, the lone Nazarene among them, suggested Dr. J. W. Goodwin, general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene. The plan met with approval of all and a call was proffered and later accepted for the first six days of 1921.

That convention proved to be the turning point from an association to the organized Church of the Nazarene. Dr. Goodwin preached seven times. He made no effort to influence the group into church membership; his crystal clear preaching and his tender, mellow spirit so captivated his hearers that the consensus was, "If this is Nazarenism, we want to be part of the organization." Dr. Goodwin's ministry and Christlike attitude planted the seed that developed into full bloom in 1922.

The Laymen's Holiness Association with its three dozen or more evangelists did a heroic work in preserving and propagating the message of holiness in this north country. However, the Association had no church organization, no pastors, no manual; and the people longed for a church home which would give permanency to their religious efforts. Divine providence, as ever, was bringing to pass a way to care for their need.

Rev. N. B. Herrell, general secretary of the Department of Home Missions of the Church of the Nazarene, Kansas City, Missouri, was sent into the Dakotas and Minnesota to consider procedures to better establish the denomination in the area. Upon his return to Kansas City he reported, "The Laymen's Holiness Association has that section sewed down, and Dr. Morrison is their faithful and esteemed leader." Sensing the attitude of the Association toward the Church of the Nazarene and their desire of permanence through organization, he continued, "Take Morrison into the Church of the Nazarene, appoint him superintendent of that area, and he in turn can bring hundreds into our movement." His judgment was that both the L.H.A. and the church needed the help of the other. They both had strength and resources to offer in a complementary and supplementary way. Brother Herrell made these statements to this writer in 1938 as we toured the Wisconsin District together in the interest of home missions.

In the spring of 1921, Dr. Goodwin was called to pioneer a revival in Minneapolis, Minnesota, along with Rev. Ben Mathisen and others. This successful campaign led to the founding of the First Church of the Nazarene in that city. Rev. E. E. Wordsworth, district superintendent of the Ohio District, was called as pastor of the baby church. Pastor Wordsworth launched revivals that proved to be outstanding, with Bud Robinson and a number of other strong evangelists. The heavens opened in unusual blessing during these meetings and people attended from all over the Twin Cities to enjoy the times of soul refreshing.

March and April in 1922 marked a change in the lives of Dr. J. G. Morrison and his family. The account is stated in the March 30, 1922, issue of the Holiness Layman:

The pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene had phoned and asked us to help him for ten days. This is the church that Dr. Goodwin, one of the General Superintendents of the Nazarene Church, founded last winter immediately after he had campaigned with the L.H.A. in Jamestown, North Dakota. The church started with forty members and purchased a fine church property once owned by the German Methodists. They called a pastor from Ohio, Brother E. E. Wordsworth, and began business as the only distinctively holiness church in the city of Minneapolis. Today they have over eighty members and are moving up the road with great zeal and great blessing from on high. They will not take members who are not clearly converted or who belong to oath-bound secret societies and they must be in sympathy with second blessing holiness. They stand very firmly against all worldliness. They seem to be like the old-fashioned Methodists . . . this Holy Ghost blessed congregation.

On the closing day of the revival at First Church of the Nazarene in Minneapolis, Pastor Wordsworth received Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Morrison and daughter, Beverly, into membership. As nearly as could be ascertained, this was the first Sunday of April, 1922. At the altar at the same church two years later, almost to the day, this writer found Christ as his Redeemer.

During the same month, early April of 1922, a band of Laymen's Holiness Association people at New Rockford, North Dakota, who had been blessed with a revival under Dr. Morrison's ministry the previous year, decided to cast their lot with the people called Nazarenes. They were duly organized by Rev. W. L. Brewer, superintendent of the North Dakota District. This was the first of the L.H.A. groups to become affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene.

In a matter of a few months, L.H.A. groups in Jamestown, Ellendale, and Valley City followed their leader and requested membership in the Church of the Nazarene. Superintendent Brewer readily complied with the request, organizing each group into a church. The able assistant on the organizing trip was none other than J. G. Morrison.

The calendar of events held the annual assembly as the next appointment. It was to be the first for Dr. Morrison and his colaborers now in the Nazarene fold. All who could possibly do so laid work aside and with great expectancy made arrangements to attend the red-letter occasion at Velva, North Dakota. What was awaiting at that assembly?

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

Take Dr. Morrison into the Church of the Nazarene, appoint him superintendent of that area, and he in turn can bring hundreds into our movement.

— REV. N. B. HERRELL —

SIX
PRESIDING ELDER

Dr. H. F. Reynolds was the presiding general superintendent at the thirteenth annual assembly of the North Dakota Minnesota District, Church of the Nazarene, July 12 to 16, 1922, convening at Velva, North Dakota. In 1910 the first assembly of the district had been organized by this highly esteemed church administrator. True, the fledgling district was not much more than a promised land to be possessed, but there was a beginning and that largely due to the sacrificial labors of Rev. Lyman Brough.

The few months prior to the Velva assembly had seen Dr. Morrison in revival campaigns that had been directly responsible for bringing four bands into organized churches under the Nazarene banner. They were located at New Rockford, Jamestown, Ellendale, and Valley City, all in southeastern North Dakota. District Superintendent W. L. Brewer readily reported that Morrison assisted him, as these churches were made up largely of "Holiness Laymen people."

When the matter of the district superintendency for the ensuing year was brought before the assembly, the northern half of the district wanted Brewer returned, but the southern half wanted Morrison. The wise general superintendent pondered over the matter and then placed a map of these states on the wall, drawing a line across the section in question. Since the assembly had voted for an appointment, Dr. Reynolds placed Brewer on the northern side and Morrison on the southern, thus satisfying both groups.

The 1922 assembly boasted sixty-six delegates; but, upon the division, the north had twenty-six delegates and the new Minneapolis Jamestown, as the southern section was named, had forty. The numbers were small but business was done that will count for eternity. At this historic gathering Dr. Reynolds recognized the ordination credentials of Dr. Morrison as well as of several incoming elders.

Another momentous action came when Rev. E. E. Wordsworth presented a resolution welcoming the Laymen's Holiness Association into fellowship with the Church of the Nazarene. Feelings ran high as the resolution was read and in a memorable moment, tense with emotion, it was adopted by the entire assembly. Since the Laymen's Holiness Association was not a church organization but rather an association of people from many denominations, it can readily be understood that they could not be received as a body. Rather, these people must be received into Nazarene membership

as individuals or small groups; this called for time and skilled leadership, as the pages of this chapter will reveal.

The well-framed resolution was a declaration of friendship, a covenant of polity, a transparent sincerity that fit the situation like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." It read as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and members of the District Assembly:

Whereas, In the good providence of God many members and leaders of the Laymen's Holiness Association are uniting with the Church of the Nazarene, and, Whereas, It also has equipment that is of great value to the evangelistic spread of the truth for which it and our church both stand. Five great tabernacle tents are in possession of this association for evangelistic use within our District. Also the great campmeeting at Jamestown, officered and led by men and women who are uniting with us, while also remaining independent in its government and operation, will be of very great inspirational value to our cause and District, and,

Whereas, We are assured by the leaders who are uniting with us, that probably a full thousand people are looking toward the Church of the Nazarene for their future church home, and that such a number will, within a year or two become one of us, fully twenty of the ministers who have labored and campaigned with the Laymen's Holiness Association in North Dakota and Minnesota, and,

Whereas, The Holiness Layman, the official organ of the Laymen's Association, with about 1,500 subscribers, and fourteen years of spiritual force throughout this region, standing as it has done all these years for Wesleyan Holiness and the fundamental doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, will still be published by the men who have made it a power for the Laymen's Association in the past, and will be edited by Dr. J. G. Morrison, who is now accepting membership with us. And while this paper is an independent organ, still its inspirational and news value will be of inestimable worth to the cause for which our church stands, and for creating a unity among all the soldiers that fight for our great cause, and,

Whereas, The Laymen's Association has church properties in several of the towns of North Dakota, which if their people unite with us, will come into our church as properties of the Church of the Nazarene, and,

Whereas, From all these sources, the union of the President of the Laymen's Association, Dr. Morrison, and his Spirit-filled colleagues, the organization of the six churches already from the Association people. The organization of the one which has united with the Montana District, and also of the one which has united with the South Dakota District, and the possible union of many more with us, in the near future, thus greatly strengthening and encouraging the work of our church in the northwest, therefore be it,

Resolved, That we, as a District Assembly, do hereby extend to these affiliating brethren, the right hand of fellowship.

Resolved, That we express our appreciation in their union with us for the purpose of spreading the gospel of full salvation through the channels of our church.

Resolved, That we appreciate the inspirational value of such agencies as the great Jamestown Campmeeting, and rejoice that much of that value will go to strengthen our District work.

Resolved, That we appreciate the worth of such a periodical as the Holiness Layman, and are glad that its news features will bring our people on this great District more closely in touch with one another, and that its editorial utterances will go toward advancing the great cause for which our church battles.

Resolved, That we heartily welcome any and all of the Laymen bands who are organizing themselves into Churches of the Nazarene, and will do all that we can to unite in every desire they have to further spread the gospel in their immediate localities, assuring them, that as far as we can learn, both they and we stand for the same standards and experiences in the Christian life.

Respectfully submitted, E. E. Wordsworth. (North Dakota Minnesota, Journal of 1922, page 49)

Dr. Morrison was fifty-one years of age when he assumed the duties as district superintendent of the Minneapolis Jamestown District. The field was composed of the southern half of Minnesota and the southern half of North Dakota, with an east-to-west mileage of some seven hundred miles. In this area were seven churches, two in Minnesota, five in North Dakota; the membership totaled 245; and the salary was set at \$1,200.00 a year, with no parsonage or traveling expense allowance. Keep in mind this was in 1922.

The names of the ministers on the assembly roll make a religious Hall of Fame in themselves. The elders were G. A. Finch, Ira Hammer, R. J. Kirkland, J. G. Morrison, P. J. Smith, and E. E. Wordsworth. The licensed ministers were C. C. Benson, E. Coryell, V. Erickson, Wm. Griffith, Paul Hegstad, W. F. Herbig, John Kock, Nellie Lenton, Ben Mathisen, H. T. Nyhus, J. R. Patrick, A. W. Porter, Magda Ranklev, and J. O. Schaap. Ira Hammer and Nellie Hoffman were appointed as secretaries; Ben Mathisen, as treasurer. E. E. Wordsworth and Ira Hammer were elders on the Advisory Board, with H. A. Westmark and Clay Ward as lay members. The new district was set up for action, and act they did.

Dr. J. W. Goodwin was the presiding officer at the third annual South Dakota District Assembly, which convened at Mitchell, South Dakota, August 23 to 27, 1922. The delegates of this assembly, with the approval of both Dr. Goodwin and Dr. Reynolds, voted to unite with the new Minneapolis Jamestown District. Dr. Morrison was asked to assume this additional responsibility, which meant another state to supervise, with 12 churches and 285 members; also, the South Dakota District affirmed they would add \$1,000.00 to the support of the district superintendent. The territory was renamed the Dakota Minneapolis District. In summary, this made a district of 19 churches and 530 members; the superintendent's salary was \$2,200.00 a year.

The blessing of the Lord was on the new leader as he began his work for organized holiness over the prairies he had known since childhood. A report in the August 31, 1922, issue of the Holiness Layman echoes the challenge:

What a blessed Assembly they were having. They requested that this writer should extend his supervision of the work of the Church of the Nazarene over the South Dakota territory, and arrange for a great evangelistic program to be put on for the spread of holiness over the Northwest. We have seldom met with a more blessed band of holy people than South Dakota possesses. Dr. Goodwin's presidency was characterized by a fervency, deep spirituality and lofty standards of Christian holiness. He proved himself to be a spiritual leader of the forces of God. We are looking for great results to come from the united work of the Church of the Nazarene in the Northwest.

In surveying his vast field, Dr. Morrison knew that one of the major problems would be that of transportation. How would he reach all of the locations for adequate supervision, beside all of the necessary travel incurred by home-mission endeavor? After considerable thought, it was decided he would purchase a Ford car. He borrowed enough money from his insurance policies to purchase a new 1922 "Model T" to take him over the gravel and mud roads so predominant in that day. The Ford was just nicely broken in when it was stolen. There was nothing to do but buy another, financing it in the same way as the first; this Ford he dubbed "Molly." Many interesting trips were made with "Molly"; these events were narrated in editorial correspondence through the paper, which had now become a weekly. Subscribers read the reports with avid appetite, for the articles always appeared in an enlightening style characterized by human interest and spiritual zeal. In fact, no event ever lost color by Dr. Morrison's telling it. These writings gave the constituency a panoramic view of the district and provoked interest in all phases of the field. This in itself created a family atmosphere of mutual concern in promoting the kingdom of God.

An Eastern relative presented Mrs. Morrison with a valuable diamond ring. Being a holiness preacher's wife, she had no use for the ring, so she turned it into cash and bought her husband a fur-lined overcoat. This coat became a veritable lifesaver for Dr. Morrison as he waited for trains in unheated depots and rode in cars in deep sub-zero weather before the day of car heaters.

Revivals were the order of the day for the new superintendent. In this he was right at home and added his full support. Favorite revival songs were "Sweeping This Way," "Redeemed," "Sanctifying Power," "Never Give Up," "It's Just Like Jesus to Roll the Clouds Away." It was soon noticed that Dr. Morrison was a good song leader and, furthermore, enjoyed this participation at times. Many a congregation sang lustily as he led them in the triumphant songs of Zion.

The Nazarene brethren quickly found Morrison to be a leader of men, a clear-cut example of the great doctrine of holiness, and the possessor of a facile pen. On the other hand, Morrison had discovered a movement whose doctrine and freedom in the discharge of duties satisfied him completely. He had faced the paradox of a church not wanting a man because he preached holiness, and the Nazarenes not being able to use a man unless he preached holiness.

From August 7 to 12, 1923, the district assembly met at Jamestown, North Dakota. Dr. H. F. Reynolds, the organizing general superintendent, was again the presiding officer. Rev. G. A. Finch

and his church were the entertaining hosts. Delegates and visitors were there from both the Dakotas and Minnesota; for many it was their first Nazarene assembly. This conclave was noted for its spiritual services in both the business and the evening sessions. Shouts of victory were heard frequently as the people listened to reports of the preachers and workers who labored to plant holiness in the central Northwest.

In giving his report, one pastor stated he was not sure that he was sanctified. Dr. Reynolds called business to a halt immediately. In a kindly but emphatic way he declared that we do not have preachers without the blessing of holiness in our denomination; whereupon he opened the altar for the brother, urging preachers to "pray him through." When said pastor was sure he had the "blessing," he was asked to complete his report, and business was resumed as scheduled.

Dr. Morrison's report revealed a full year's work in his new role as district superintendent. He had visited all the churches, conducted many revival campaigns, and organized 10 new churches. Minnesota claimed 6 of these baby groups while 4 were located in North Dakota. This made 29 churches on the assembly roll with a total membership of 874, or a net gain of 60 per cent. Eleven elders were listed (3 were ordained at the assembly), 44 licensed ministers, with 16 granted evangelists' commissions.

The district superintendent was re-elected unanimously.

The 1923 assembly journal reveals the following information:

On taking an informal ballot Dr. J. G. Morrison was found to be the unanimous choice. On motion the informal ballot was made the official ballot and Dr. Morrison was declared elected to succeed himself. After an informal reception greeting Brother and Sister Morrison, who each addressed the Assembly briefly, business was again resumed.

On motion of J. G. Morrison, it was voted to change the District from the "Dakota Minneapolis District" to the "Minneapolis District."

The district fell \$700 short of paying the Superintendent's salary in full. This he gladly forgave and asked that it be expunged from the treasurer's records. For the new year he was granted \$200 a month, and faithfully paid the same.

A partial report from Dr. Morrison: "We labor here with the greatest band of holy men and women that it has ever been our lot to meet. . . . The outlook for the spread of holiness of heart over the territory that is covered by this district is brighter today than it has been in the history of these states. It is now organized and systematized. We can not only do intense evangelism, but we can conserve under pastors the results of the revival efforts. The pastors again become local evangelists for the further spread of the Faith through the circuit system. We are sure that the tomorrows are to witness a gracious spread of the truth of full salvation, and the establishment of the Church of the Nazarene throughout the States of North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota, until no considerable city or village but will have a congregation of our church, in every county and township that will be acquainted with holy people and familiar with the denomination that produces that kind."

At this assembly three elders and three laymen were elected as delegates to the General Assembly which was to convene that fall in Kansas City, Missouri. The assembly sent a resolution of sympathy to the White House upon the death of President Warren Harding, and a statement of support to the new president, Mr. Calvin Coolidge. Many years before, Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds had conducted meetings in Plymouth, Vermont, and the young Calvin Coolidge had attended the services.

Morrison had found his people and his full place in the promotion of the gospel. The Nazarene brethren had received him gladly and he was right at home in such an atmosphere and program. All in all, his first year in the Church of the Nazarene was a record year both for himself and for the people of the central Northwest.

Many souls were brought into the Kingdom in those years of the 1920's whose lives have counted for Christ; today they are scattered over the earth and a multitude have crossed into the Land Eternal.

In the early fall of 1923 Dr. Morrison and a load of passengers started the Ford "Molly" toward Kansas City and their first General Assembly. A thrilling report appeared in the October 6 issue of the Holiness Layman:

We drove five hundred miles in mud, slop, rain and various other things to attend the great General Assembly. There are almost four hundred delegates present, representing every state in the Union, as well as Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. . . . Just one day at the General Assembly, and we had forgotten all the toils of the way, and the mud through which we had driven. The finest body of people that we have ever seen in connection with the holiness movement is gathered here, and they are as deeply spiritual as one could wish, and as loyal to the cause of full salvation, and second blessing holiness as ever could be . . . Sometimes the gales get to blowing, and the whole gathering is swept like a great body of water under a strong wind. When the General Superintendents read their report, there occurred one of these spells. For nearly thirty minutes there was nothing but singing and shouting, weeping and hand shaking. We have attended political gatherings when the cheering lasted for twenty minutes, but never witnessed anything like the scene we are recording here. We had never supposed that it would be ours to witness such a sight! Delegates and visitors fully six hundred strong, swayed under the impulse of the great spiritual emotion, and expressing this in tears, laughter, shouts and various other demonstrations for almost an hour. We could only stand and weep one minute and shout the next. . . . We have heard some great preaching, and some great singing, and some great testifying. The time for great legislation is now at hand, as the assembly is getting its committees in action. The gathering in intelligence and ability will compare very favorably with any similar gathering to be found in any denomination. The platform ability will equal any that we have ever heard, and for twenty years we heard the best that a great denomination could afford.

The following assembly year (1923-24) was one of the most fruitful of Dr. Morrison's life. The next district assembly met in Kimball, South Dakota, August 19 to 24, 1924, with Dr. R. T. Williams presiding; he at that time was a young man of forty-one and in his eighth year as general superintendent. How the people enjoyed this great pulpiter and administrator! Rev. R. A. Cunningham, pastor, and his people entertained the gathering. This, too, was an assembly overflowing with blessing. This writer, then a teen-ager, had been soundly converted just four

months before and was attending his first assembly; the memories of the Shekinah-filled services stand out vividly as these lines are being written.

Dr. Morrison's report in part read as follows:

Two years ago when this district was organized, there were nineteen churches on this entire district. As a result of the last two years we can report forty-two. Sixteen new organizations have sprung up this year. We are reporting over one thousand members, (1121).... I fear that we have emphasized too little the burning side of this wondrous experience of holiness, for which our church chiefly stands. An overflowing fullness and a burning flame, should characterize His holy ministers, even as it is written: "He will make his ministers a flame of fire!" — In all my life I have never worked with better men and women — It has been within the bounds of the state, I awakened to my first childish consciousness. These boundless prairies are indelibly impressed on my childhood's memory. That God should allow me to see holiness planted in these regions, where first I knew anything at all, and where I knew Him as a Savior, is to me a priceless boon. That I can have a small part in the matter is indeed a privilege — Thank God! That the days when God's people are willing to bleed for His cause are with us again, for when we cease to bleed we cease to bless.

The superintendent's detailed report relevant to the sixteen new churches that he had organized, together with the many victories of the year's labors, was received with great enthusiasm. The assembly journal of that momentous occasion records the event as follows:

District Superintendent Morrison read his Second Annual Report. It was received with shouts and tears and cheers as the recitals of progress, achievements, problems, vicissitudes, victories, and the outlook for the future were given. No note of discouragement was sounded throughout the whole of the many details of the work on the separate preaching places, although privation and sacrifice had been experienced by many. When the joyful emotion occasioned by the report had somewhat subsided, Brother Wordsworth, in behalf of the Assembly, spoke very tenderly and appreciatively of the labors, life and achievements of our beloved District Superintendent during the past year. As a recognition and appreciation, he moved that the report be received, which was done by a unanimous standing vote.

General Superintendent Williams invited Mrs. Morrison to the platform; then, in a few words of appreciation, he suggested that the assembly present a Love Offering to Superintendent and Mrs. Morrison. While singing, "We're Marching to Zion," the assembly marched down to the front and laid a generous cash offering on the table, after which Mrs. Morrison responded in a speech of gratitude to the assembly for their good will, prayers, and fellowship. .

Motion prevailed that the Committee on Public Worship request our District Superintendent to preach a sermon on "Achieving Faith" at an early service.

Seven elders were ordained by Dr. Williams, bringing the assembly roll to seventeen, with thirty-four licentiates. Many of the men of the L.H.A. had become successful Nazarene ministers.

In 1925 the Minneapolis District Assembly met in Fergus Falls, Minnesota, August 18 to 23. Dr. Goodwin was the presiding officer. He and Dr. Morrison had enjoyed good fellowship together since 1922, when they first met in Jamestown; their ages were only two years apart and their spirits blended as one. Pastor Ben Mathisen and his people had just completed a new church building near the center of town, and there was an air of elation among the delegates attending the first Nazarene district assembly in the state of Minnesota.

One of the high points of the assembly was the Thursday evening service. The secretary records it in the journal as follows:

The following songs were sung: "The Half Cannot Be Fancied," "'Tis True Oh Yes 'Tis True." Brother Griffith then led us to the throne in prayer. Sister Catharine Finch and Sister Beverly Morrison favored us with a beautiful duet, "I Want My Life To Count For Him." Our General Superintendent Goodwin then brought us a gracious message from Acts 24:14 and words fail us in describing this hour as God enabled him to bring to our hearts the meaning of the name Nazarene. When he had finished this blessed Heaven sent message we were made to feel that we loved the name of Paul more than ever and the name of Nazarene had become more significant. In the light of this remarkable sermon it would seem providential that God had chosen the name for our Spirit filled church which is following in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Nazarene, Christ Jesus.

Along with the enthusiastic business sessions, the evening gatherings were times of great refreshing with Rev. E. E. Wordsworth of Minneapolis, Rev. Stella B. Crooks of Chicago, General Superintendent Goodwin of Pasadena, and District Superintendent Morrison of Minneapolis doing the night preaching. On Sunday afternoon Dr. Goodwin dedicated the newly built Fergus Falls church. Some high points from Dr. Morrison's report are revealed in the following:

For years we have had the little paper the Holiness Layman, that served in past days the interests of the old Laymen's Association. It was a news medium for the pastors and the holiness people in this territory. Realizing, however, that it militated against the increased circulation of the Herald of Holiness, and also that it was a financial burden, its promoters have suspended it, and will now concentrate on our own church paper — I can well remember many years ago, before there was a Nazarene in this whole territory, that a small company of holiness men and women gathered for an early morning prayer meeting at the Jamestown camp meeting, which then was a very small affair, and mightily prayed amidst the mists of early morning, that God would spread the truth of holiness over these states. Slowly, but surely, He has answered that prayer. Gradually the cause spread and took root. In separate ways it was planted in the extreme north of North Dakota, and in the extreme south of South Dakota. In other ways it was planted in between. Now the gaps are slowly closing. A few years more and the Church of the Nazarene will reach (so far as this territory is concerned) "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." In fifty years' acquaintance with this region, we can truthfully say that holiness was never so widely spread, nor its outlook so hopeful. . . . We have now 45 churches on our district. Last year we gave three to the North Dakota Minn. District. This year we have received three back again from that field. Five have been newly organized this year.

Suffer a personal word in closing. I have faithfully supervised all parts of the field. I have averaged six days on the district for every one spent at home. I have preached 370 times, and held

120 business meetings. I have spent thirty-seven nights on a sleeping car, ten nights without sleep, and about three hundred with sleep beginning at midnight. I have many times grown weary in the work, but never weary of the work. 'Tis a joy to labor with the devoted men and women who compose the Nazarene church, ministerial and lay, on this territory. To the faithful pastors and laity belongs the real praise for anything that has been achieved. And to them and their representatives in this assembly do we again hand back the trust that was committed to our hand a year ago.

Personal traits and mannerisms are ever of interest. Relative to Dr. Morrison, Rev. E. Coryell and Rev. J. O. Schaap, who labored with him in starting many new churches, agree "he was never a dictator but always a good spiritual director." He could readily "read" a situation, and then with an uncanny ability guide a church or pastor away from a harmful tendency. The central message and mission of holiness was his theme rather than side lines and hobbies. He tried to fix a mistake rather than fix a blame; his attitude was to heal rather than harm. Twenty-four years in the pastorate gave him a ready grasp of many a parallel circumstance that presented itself to him in the superintendency.

Dr. Morrison knew his Bible and he studied it continually; he would give chapter and verse on any given subject with a "thus saith the Lord" climax. He urged his preachers to be sound, sensible Bible students. He was especially well versed on the themes of holiness, faith, and stewardship; and these were his favorite proclamations in any gathering across four continents.

All books and papers of current events were of great interest to Dr. Morrison; he particularly liked biography and history. Great historical events would unfold in his pulpit utterances as he expounded the truths he held dear. He made a study of great men in their given fields of life and used them to illustrate the truth; he was particularly well acquainted with the records of military men and United States presidents. He said with humor that hinted of conviction that he felt he had missed it when he had been born too late to help in the great battles in pioneering our early national course. Then he would add that he was greatly comforted to know he had a big battle to fight in the twentieth-century promotion of the gospel. Often he would relate happenings in the Laymen's Holiness Association and how the group longed for an organized force to combat the enemy; the climax would be reached when with great ecstasy he would tell of finding the Church of the Nazarene with its complete Manual and program "all made to order for us."

Home missions played an important part in his thinking. An empty church, a vacant store building, someone's open parlor, or a lot on which to pitch a tent was a challenge. He was always at home in a tent meeting or any kind of pioneer service that was instigated to lead people to Christ and plant holiness in a new neighborhood. Over thirty churches were started by his hand while he superintended the Minneapolis District, and during that period more than 1,000 people came into church membership.

In reading John Wesley's Journal, Dr. Morrison learned Wesley's view concerning Christians not being together more than a half hour without having prayer. This Morrison took literally and put it into practice as far as possible in his ministerial activities. It was not uncommon for him to call for prayer in a home, church, or on the go in a car or train. Especially was this so when riding in a car. Many a traveler who went with him could testify to the effect of these times of prayer. Years later

Dr. M. Lunn said of him, "We were never with Dr. Morrison for any great length of time before prayer was wont to be offered, which accounts, no doubt, for his great faith and vision."

In reading his diaries from 1932, '33, and '34, it is noted Dr. Morrison went to bed early if possible. Rising time was at 6:00 a.m.; this was followed by vigorous exercise, a custom he held to from his army life, and usual daily bath. Private devotions, including reading of the Word, came early in the day as well as at the close of the day. Often he would join in the family prayers when in another's home.

It was during his tenure as leader of the L.H.A. that Morrison saw "faith" as a key word of the New Testament. For years he made an unending study of that word and it became a hallmark of his ministry and life. He put something fresh and new into his preaching of "achieving faith" and lifted the courage of many a weary pilgrim with, "Brethren, let's believe God." Truly, the Lord used this servant to stimulate and inspire new churches and pastors that made up the pioneers of the generation.

The fourth Minneapolis District Assembly met in August, 1926, at Dickinson, North Dakota, with Dr. Reynolds presiding. Not very far north was the town of Velva, where the assembly had met four years before and the same general superintendent had guided the organizing of the new district. Morrison had pastored the M.E. church in Dickinson from 1911 to 1915 but had also organized the Church of the Nazarene, now entertaining the assembly, with Rev. Julius Miller as host pastor.

A very important event had transpired a few months before, for on May 10, 1926, Dr. Morrison had resigned as the pioneering leader of the Minneapolis District, accepting another responsibility in the denomination. As his successor, Dr. Reynolds had appointed Rev. E. E. Wordsworth. The district now had some fifty churches and fourteen hundred members. Dr. Morrison had come back to say good-by. In part his report read as follows:

Brethren of the Minneapolis District, we bid you farewell. Many of you chose to cast your lot with the Church of the Nazarene because you honored the leadership that we sustained among you at the time. To the majority of the members of the church on the Minneapolis District, we have given the right hand of fellowship. We beg of you to be true to the church that we have chosen to be our very own. We fully, firmly, heartily, believe in it. We believe that God has raised it up to head the holiness forces of this age, and to be the bulwark of the beleaguered truth, the "rock in a weary land," for the faint-hearted and those in despair, and a flaming evangelistic torch, to usher in the last great shower of the "latter rain" of this dispensation.

We came among you twenty years ago, with some little means, a bit of land, and a splendid library. We are leaving without land, library or money. It has been poured out here for Jesus and His cause. We regret it not. Had we a thousand fold more than we have, it would all be gladly given for the salvation of a few more souls. Our auto is the only home we have, and in camping nights we sleep in a borrowed tent.

We are so glad that our going will occasion scarcely a ripple. That is one of the beautiful benefits of holiness, organized into a church. . . . Like a disciplined army, another officer steps instantly into

our vacant place, unsheaths a sword much brighter than our own, sounds the familiar war cry, and the battle is on! We foresaw this hour many years ago and prayed for God to care for what we had generated here. His answer was the Church of the Nazarene! Thank God for her founders, and thank God for her spiritual machinery, and doubly thankful are we for a humble home among her ministry.

For the multiplied kindness of pastors and laity, we herewith earnestly thank you all. For fellowship found only this side of heaven, we appreciate you all. For our mistakes and blunders we beg of you draw the mantle of charity, and believe us when we say that they were surely of our head and not of our heart. We earnestly commend you to our successor; he will be God's man. Treat him as you have treated us, and mortal could ask no more.

And now farewell. Be perfect. Be of one mind. Live in peace, and the God of peace shall be with you.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen!

J. G. Morrison

That is the way he closed his work on the district. Needless to say, Rev. E. E. Wordsworth had his full support as the new superintendent of the Minneapolis District. Rev. N. B. Herrell's statement, as given at the beginning of this chapter, had been fulfilled to the letter.

The historical statement from page 22 of the 1952 Nazarene Manual reverberates as an echo from those early history making days:

For many years a holiness movement had been developing in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Montana. It was originated by a group of Methodist laymen, and was formally organized in 1917 at Jamestown, North Dakota, as the Laymen's Holiness Association. Rev. J. G. Morrison was immediately elected Field Evangelist and, in 1919, President of the organization. With him were associated Rev. Ira E. Hammer, Rev. S. C. Taylor, Rev. W. G. Bennett, and over twenty other evangelists and workers engaged in a widespread program of holiness evangelism and campmeeting promotion. In 1922, under the leadership of these ministers, more than one thousand people identified with the Laymen's Holiness Association united with the Church of the Nazarene.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

Dr. Morrison was one of the finest, most dynamic, most ethical,
most intelligent, most spiritual men I have ever known.

— DR. R. V. DELONG —

SEVEN
PRESIDENT (N.N.C.)

Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho, was founded in 1913 by a few devoted laymen intent on providing their youth with a school combining high scholastic standards and a warm spiritual atmosphere. By 1916 the school had grown until it warranted engaging the services of an educational administrator to assure adequate guidance. Dr. H. Orton Wiley, who had been closely affiliated with Dr. Bresee in the early days of Pasadena, was called as president. Dr. Wiley, a strong theologian and a wise educator, gave the college ten years of fruitful service, helping to hew a school out of the sagebrush, and to put it on a working foundation. The college was characterized by a healthy spiritual tone and a strong missionary record, along with an emphasis on scholarship.

Dr. Morrison was the evangelist for the January, 1926, college revival. He was used of the Lord in a gracious, soul-stirring campaign and both college personnel and Nazarene membership of Nampa responded to his presentation of holiness and achieving faith in a very favorable way. A short time later when Dr. Wiley resigned as president of the college, the board turned to Dr. Morrison for a successor. The report on the matter was stated in the farewell report to the 1926 Minneapolis District Assembly:

Just as we were determining to accept the call to a great pastorate, we were solicited by the Board of Directors of Northwest Nazarene College to accept the presidency of the school, made vacant by the resignation of Dr. H. Orton Wiley, who retired to accept the presidency of the Pasadena College. Twice we refused the urgent offer, and a third time it was tendered us. Realizing that the longer hesitancy was occasioned by the dread of the overwhelming problems and responsibilities involved, we humbly accepted and have undertaken the conduct of that school under God, and the assistance of the Church of the Nazarene.

In May, 1926, Dr. Morrison took up the duties of college president, visiting the assemblies and camp meetings of the college zone, as well as assuming the many responsibilities about Nampa. The five frame buildings, making up the college campus at that time, all needed paint. Paint became the president's initial appeal. We find a report in the college records written in his inimitable style:

Paint, paint, paint! More paint — everything is going white at old N.N.C. Both dormitories are now glistening in their three coats of white paint. Also, the Club building. Thanks to the start the alumni made, every building is now sided, and three of them painted. But this only makes the administration building and the Grammar building look worse than ever. The somber and dull gray

of the sagebrush color doesn't fit well with the glistening purity of the white and painted ones. We must get the others colored white. But the paint money is all gone. It dribbled along till the three were done, and we are so thankful for that. But we MUST, MUST, MUST ornament, decorate, and rejuvenate the other two. It is estimated that \$200 will complete and finish the painting job. Are there two hundred readers of THE MESSENGER who will send us a dollar each, and thus make everything white about the old Northwest Nazarene College premises?

Needless to say, the money was provided and the job was completed on schedule. Before enrolling for the fall term, this writer was one of the group who assisted in painting the buildings.

When the students and faculty arrived, they not only saw the glistening array of white buildings but the sidewalks and doorsteps greeted them with bold letters in white, "S U S." What did it mean? No one seemed to have the answer. In one of the first chapel services, it was announced that the mysterious letters stood for a slogan to be observed during the year, "Stand Up Straight." The slogan from the military president had its effect in more ways than one.

The president's chapel services rang with campmeeting fervor; he was hard on worldliness and strong for consistent, holy living. In January a spontaneous revival broke out; Dr. Morrison challenged the students to pray for a vital experience for every person on the campus and, when the first dormitory group had reached this goal, he directed that a broom should be tied high on the building, thus signifying a "clean sweep of victory." This writer well remembers the 2.00 a.m. hour when he helped fasten the broom to the roof of the boys' dormitory when the last lad swept into the Kingdom, "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Dr. Morrison's spiritual vision is well known to our church, but that he carried these same ideals into the life of the school is apparent from a paragraph taken from the July Messenger in 1926:

Our church requires a certain vision, a certain emphasis on the doctrine of holiness as a second definite work of grace, and a certain emphasis on personal experience, and a certain devotion for evangelism at home and missionary effort abroad that cannot be found in any church school in the land except our own.

Far-reaching plans were under consideration for liquidating the debt on the college property when Dr. Morrison was summoned to Kansas City to another post of duty. When he concluded his short tenure as president, he frankly and humbly stated, "I'm not an educator but an inspirator and administrator." However, those who knew him dissented at his statement, saying he could have served with distinction at either the presidency or the new position which he assumed.

On March 9, 1927, the college board elected Professor Russell V. DeLong as acting president of N.N.C. Later he became president and for sixteen years he carried on successfully; during this period he saw the debt of \$93,000.00 completely liquidated and full accreditation granted to the institution. In 1939-40 another achievement was accomplished in the erection of a commodious residence, furnishing housing for 120 young women; the building also provides dining room facilities for 300 and a modern, well-equipped kitchen. As an expression of the esteem in which he was held, this

building was named for the second president of the college, "Morrison Hall." a worthy memorial to a great pioneer.

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Can't you do just a little bit more? — J. G. MORRISON—

EIGHT
PLEADING MISSIONARY SECRETARY

Kansas City, Missouri, has been the international headquarters of the Church of the Nazarene since 1912. Located here is the Nazarene Publishing House at 2923 Troost Avenue; this concern produces Sunday-school literature, religious books, and various periodicals satisfying departmental needs in quantity that staggers the imagination. Before the commodious new headquarters building was erected in 1954, the general offices were all in close proximity to the Publishing House.

In the General Board session of February 12, 1927, the question of an executive field secretary to promote the general interests of the church was prayerfully considered. Since his election to the general superintendency in 1907, Dr. H. F. Reynolds had shouldered much of the responsibility for the missionary interests of the movement along with the other duties of his high office. He was one of the most extensive travelers of Nazarenism, visiting and organizing all the mission fields up to that time. He was also editor of the *Other Sheep*, the monthly missionary organ of the church. The missionary leader was now seventy-three years of age, and with the growth of the work and increased demands of time and supervision, deemed it advisable to recommend the election of a full-time secretary. This matter of business was placed as the number one item in the hamper of the General Board.

Several individuals were considered for this vital post by the fourteen members comprising that executive body. Rev. J. N. Speakes, one of the members, nominated Dr. J. G. Morrison. When the official vote was tabulated, he was unanimously elected.

Mr. M. Lunn, manager of the Nazarene Publishing House, and Rev. E. J. Fleming, general church secretary, were selected as a committee to communicate with Dr. Morrison. They sent the following telegram:

You were unanimously elected Executive Field Secretary to promote and direct the raising of the General Budget. Yearly salary \$3000 and expenses. Wire decision today and, if accepted, earliest possible date you will be available.

M. Lunn and E. J. Fleming

Dr. Morrison wired his reply:

Wire received. Does the Board of General Superintendents approve of my election; if they do, I will accept to begin in June. If they do not, I cannot take the position. Wire me here at Everett, Washington.

The reply wire from Kansas City to Everett, Washington, read:

Your election approved by the Board of General Superintendents, contingent upon amicable agreement with Northwest Nazarene College in your release, can such agreement be reached.

A long-distance phone call followed this wire, and then the final telegram from Kansas City:

Your call confirmed, would it be possible for you to spend any time at headquarters before June to become familiar with our work and plans for the year. Keep us advised of change of address, air mail follows.

H. F. Reynolds, Chairman; E. J. Fleming, Secretary

The Board of General Superintendents at that time was made up of Dr. H. F. Reynolds, Dr. R. T. Williams, and Dr. J. W. Goodwin.

In the spring of 1927, Dr. Morrison turned the presidential chair of Northwest Nazarene College over to Professor R. V. DeLong and then with his family moved to Kansas City. This city was to become his home for the following thirteen years.

Morrison's missionary training had begun in early childhood. In 1934 he wrote the following revealing story of the early struggle for finances for missionary giving by the Morrison household, concluding with an injunction to his fellow church members:

Mother filled her and the girls' missionary envelopes by selling butter at 6 cents a pound and eggs at 5 cents a dozen. We boys, to fill ours, twisted by hand a thousand billets of flax straw for a neighbor to burn in his cook stove — he didn't know how. It took us several days and he paid two of us a quarter apiece. Two other boys caught muskrats and sold the skins for two cents apiece, for theirs. I've always been intensely interested in missions ever since. The many splinters I picked out of my hands after earning my first missionary offering often remind me of my love for this holy cause. Father faithfully tithed his fifty-cent day wages and paid his "Quartermage" to the church treasurer.

Don't tell me our wonderful Nazarenes are any worse off than we were on a Dakota prairie "claim" in the seventies. It isn't the financial condition a person is in, but his heart interest in the cause that counts. We can if we will.

The March, 1927, issue of the Other Sheep gave full announcement of Morrison's election. In part, it stated:

Dr. Morrison comes to this work in the prime and vigor of strong manhood, having already attained recognition as a forceful writer and able and unctuous preacher, a good organizer and a capable executive, sustained by the personality of a genial Christian gentleman. We take pleasure in introducing Dr. Morrison as the Executive Field Secretary of the General Board. We believe he will bless the church in his ministry, and be used under God greatly to enlarge its usefulness and effectiveness.

We urge all our people to pray earnestly that God will bless this precious brother and grant him grace and strength for his new duties.

E. J. Fleming, General Secretary

It was by coincidence that these two men, E. J. Fleming and J. G. Morrison, born on the same day in 1871, began work together fifty-six years later. This association continued for thirteen consecutive years.

Dr. Morrison's first article as executive field secretary appeared in the June, 1927, issue of the *Other Sheep*. The title was "Shall We Advance?"

The church is rallying to the cause of foreign missions. With increased membership and great revivals in the homeland, one of the natural consequences is that we must take a renewed and deeper interest in the work done in foreign lands. As a tree shoots up into the air its roots must thrust out into the soil about it, or soon it will be unable to sustain itself. With every advance in heart experience and increase in numbers we must take on greater responsibilities, or we cannot survive. The Law of God for religious movements is: "CARRY RESPONSIBILITY OR DIE"!

The new editor's editorials provoked great interest, and the constituency soon learned they were reading truths from a man aptly described as one whom "God had dipped his pen in fire." Contributors to the *Other Sheep* in the first few months make an interesting list of some of the missionary personnel of this period: Africa, H. F. Schmelzenbach, H. A. Shirley, C. S. Jenkins, Myrtle Pelley, Louise Robinson, David Hynd; Argentina, Frank Ferguson; Cape Verde Islands, John Diaz; China, L. C. Osborn, Peter Kiehn, O. P. Deale; Guatemala, R. S. Anderson, Robert Ingram; India, Prescott Beals, George Franklin, A. D. Fritzlan, John McKay; Japan, W. H. Eckel; Mexico, V. G. Santin; Palestine, S. C. Krikorian; Peru, Roger S. Winans. In all, there were sixty-five missionaries besides many faithful national workers who made up the staff on twelve mission fields at this time.

The responsibilities attendant upon the office of executive field secretary were defined in the proceedings of the General Board dated September 24, 1927, in the report of the Department of Foreign Missions (page 25, item 49):

We recommend that Dr. J. G. Morrison be responsible for editing and preparing materials from Foreign Fields and such other matter as may be sent for the *Other Sheep*, and also, for the mechanical arrangements of the same; furthermore, that the Editor furnish an editorial each month and that this arrangement be continued until the General Assembly of 1928. M. Lunn, Secretary

In this way, Morrison shouldered the responsibility for the foreign missionary activities of the church, as executive field secretary for Foreign Missions and editor of the *Other Sheep*, the principal missionary publication. The position called for extensive travel, and Morrison poured out his life through pulpit and pen, generating world-wide missionary interest throughout the church he dearly loved. His very soul breathed missions.

The Seventh General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene met in June, 1928, in Columbus, Ohio. The church had greatly strengthened its forces since the gathering of 1923. The American church had increased to 75,000 members besides the national membership of the 12 mission fields. The assembly called for the election of 4 general superintendents. Dr. H. F. Reynolds, Dr. R. T. Williams, and Dr. J. W. Goodwin were reelected, and they were joined by the newly elected Dr. J. B. Chapman, that gifted pulpiteer and editor of the *Herald of Holiness*. The next highest in the voting was Dr. Morrison.

The minutes from the Department of Foreign Missions at the assembly dated June 26, 1928, read in part:

1. We recommend the appointment of J. G. Morrison as Foreign Missionary Secretary.
2. We recommend that the salary of the Foreign Missionary Secretary be \$3000 and expenses.

The change in the name of the office, together with the other recommendations, was fully approved by the General Board and a vote of confidence was given to Dr. Morrison.

The office of foreign missionary secretary was assigned a variety of functions, including recommendations for the appointment of new recruits to the mission field, furloughs of missionaries, and recommendations for the distribution of missionary funds; also, arrangement of assembly, convention, and deputation schedules for missionaries. He must keep in close contact with the mission field, thereby being cognizant of general procedures and individual needs. Besides this, the secretary retained the major assignment of editing the *Other Sheep*.

Mrs. Morrison had not been well enough to accompany her husband to the General Assembly in Columbus, so he wired her of his acceptance of the position. Upon his return home, his wife inquired, "Who is Miss Nary?" "Lady, I don't know," came the response. "But you wired me from Columbus you would take Miss Nary's job," explained Mrs. Morrison. "The telegraph operator must have misunderstood me on the telephone. I said I'd take the missionary job," her husband informed her. This became the basis of a thoroughly enjoyed and often related bit of pleasantry.

The mass missionary services of that 1928 gathering were times of great inspiration and interest as missionary worthies poured out their hearts concerning the fields they knew so well. Among the speakers was Harmon Schmelzenbach, pioneer of the Church of the Nazarene in South Africa. His passionate message had a profound effect on all who heard him. Schmelzenbach was on his first furlough in twenty years; he had started his work with nothing and now reported 5,000 nationals won to the Christ he represented. It was a gripping story as he told how the message of holiness was bringing a different way of life for heathen in Swaziland, South Africa. His pleading for "dark, dark

Africa" lingers like an echo. This writer heard him at that gathering and is often reminded of the stirring spirit of this Christlike man.

Soon after the General Assembly, in November of 1928, a cable announced the sad news of the passing of Mrs. Esther Carson Winans. The Winanses had been doing a phenomenal work among the Aguaruna Indians of Peru, and now this life that had been "broken bread and poured out wine" was suddenly gone. A few months later, in May, 1929, came word that Harmon Schmelzenbach had been called to his heavenly reward. Schmelzenbach had pleaded with Morrison and others in authority to allow him to return to Africa, even though he and the church had no delusion concerning the seriousness of his physical condition. And now he had served his beloved Swazis to the end. The passing of these useful, effective missionaries had a deep effect on Morrison as well as the entire Nazarene constituency.

Morrison had hardly crossed the threshold of office when a world-wide depression rocked the economic foundation of the nations. This crisis in the early 1930's exempted no strata of society. Soon strong repercussions were felt at all economic levels. They invaded the church and hasty adjustments were put into effect. In the office of the foreign missionary secretary, which is the nerve center of the missionary program of the denomination, immediate decisions were necessitated which tentacled out to the most remote corners of the fields around the world, affecting some ten million souls in the territories allotted to the Church of the Nazarene. Shrinking General Budget receipts became a thing of oppressive regularity and added to the gravity of all concerned.

This dilemma placed increased responsibilities and pressures on Dr. Morrison. To hold the line of missionary evangelism and keep the workers at their posts was a herculean task. Surveying the situation of this trying period, the General Assembly Journal of 1936 states the following:

The year was still in its early months, and the Missionary Office was preparing for the "Easter Emergency," as it was appropriately to be named that year, when with only the slightest previous warning and wholly unexpected, Headquarters faced the now historic "bank moratorium" of March 3, 1933. A belated warning sent to the Manager of the Publishing House enabled him to salvage at the last minute a few thousand dollars, but other than that the church's entire General Budget and Publishing House finance was instantly impounded, and all were left helpless.

Keenly aware of the situation, Dr. Morrison set himself to the task; twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of checks were in transit to the foreign fields. The Other Sheep glowed with the specific needs and challenges of the hour. Articles from his pen appeared frequently in the Herald of Holiness. Conventions and zone rallies heard the urgency of the call of the heathen and the responsibility of giving the gospel — NOW. "Can't you do just a little bit more?" was Morrison's depression-born battle cry. Constituents throughout the movement were urged to join the Prayer and Fasting League to sustain the lifeline of missions. The price of a meal a week was given by members and the mealtime spent in prayer.

An article in the Other Sheep reflects the struggle of keeping the missionary interests intact:

Every missionary receives his full monthly support, his house rent and his medical care, if needed. He, also, receives an allotment for his children, and an educational appropriation when they are of school age. NO SHORTAGE IS EVER ABSORBED BY OUR MISSIONARIES.

Shortages must be cared for by the General Treasurer. Either a loan must be made or the church must be inspired to rise up and provide for such deficits. That is why Headquarters so promptly calls for help when the General Budget sinks. The General Treasurer must bear the concern and agony of every deficit — Our people have always responded and hurried to our rescue thus far. Surely they will not fail us now. The treasury again is low.

The 1933 Easter Emergency Offering brought some relief. An article captioned "Wonderful Response of Church" stated:

The third day the returns from our emergency plea to our faithful people began arriving. Dollars, fifty cent pieces, quarters, and even dimes came pouring in. Out of the stored up "rainy day" savings of many a faithful saint came generous donations at this critical time. Soon the canceled checks also began arriving. The bank phoned to us, and our assets were prayerfully measured over against our liabilities. There was, providentially, just enough, and a little to spare. With thankful hearts we ordered that checks be paid. Soon the response from the faithful women and the "Reserve Army," also, began arriving. Dollar bills floated in like a snow storm. Each canceled check as it was reported by the bank found us with just enough "meal in the barrel" for another cake, and our Master saw to it that the barrel was never quite empty. And thus God manifested His love and providential care of His people in one of the greatest financial crises that our beloved church has faced in its history. Not a canceled check went unpaid. Our God enabled His people to save the missionary cause and to keep unsmirched our foreign credit. He enabled Nazarenes to make good the boast that our people never fail when they know.

The Eighth General Assembly met at Wichita, Kansas, in June, 1932. World economics were still severely strained and presented almost unsurmountable problems for the assemblage. Dr. H. F. Reynolds retired from the general superintendency because of advanced age. Because of this and, also, as an economy measure, the assembly reduced the number of general superintendents to three. Dr. J. W. Goodwin, Dr. R. T. Williams, and Dr. J. B. Chapman were returned to the general superintendency. Dr. Morrison was elected to the office of general treasurer by the assembly. Later, he was also re-elected foreign missionary secretary by the General Board. The double burden of missions and finance during these lean depression years was an assignment of huge proportions.

Diaries for 1932, 1933, and 1934, the only personal records Dr. Morrison ever maintained, reveal interesting occurrences. Financial conditions lurked like a living personality, relentlessly stalking day and night in close proximity through page after page. The following are excerpts transcribed from these records without editing except for the spelling out of abbreviations. They are an index to his thinking and reveal his heart as he carried the burdens and concerns of his heavy responsibilities.

March 27, 1932 This is Easter Day. The resurrection of my adorable Lord, Jesus Christ. I appreciate Him, love Him, adore Him, and fondly look for His second advent.

This is, also, my birthday. Sixty-one years ago today I was born in this town, (Oskaloosa, Iowa) in 1871, the youngest of ten children. My Father and Mother were blessed Christian Methodists of the old fashioned kind. Thank God for them. They long ago "fell asleep." Strange, the Providence that returns me here to my birthplace, on this my 61st birthday. I confess I don't feel that old. Thirty-nine years I have preached the Gospel of the Son of God. I wish I might effectively preach it at least twenty years more.

Preached this afternoon and pledged up \$400 on the District Budget for the Oskaloosa church. . . Brother Roberts, the pastor, presented me with a big bouquet of roses because of my birthday. Preached at night and secured several prayer and fasting joiners.

May 10 Spent the day at the office. The finances are quite desperate. Our May first drive didn't bring in much. The Mission fields are feeling the pressure. This is the hardest financial time we have seen in a long period. Letters came from China, Guatemala, and Cape Verde. We are at our wit's end.

May 17 Couldn't sleep after 4 a.m. Got up at 5. Had a blessed time of prayer. Worked at office with General Superintendents perfecting a call for more money to carry us to the General Assembly.

June 29 Began my duties as General Treasurer today. The first letter that reached me addressed as such was a complaint. Dear Lord, give me wisdom. My duties have doubled up some. Spent most of the day dictating letters, was pretty weary at night.

July 4 No office work today. Mrs. and I walked out hunting for some cheaper apartments. We've had a \$500 a year cut in salary, so we're planning to shrivel up some. But it was too hot to walk much. We tried the park, but it was too hot there.

July 5 Arose pretty tired at 6 a.m. Spent day at office. M. Lunn announced salary cuts to the Publishing House and Headquarters at an 11:15 a.m. chapel. Finished editing the Other Sheep so we can start West.

July 7 Signed my first checks as General Treasurer today. Wrote a circular to all missionaries asking them to be more careful in their solicitation of gifts; also, begged them to send all items of information to the office rather than to individuals in the homeland. The country is surely wallowing in debts, deficits, economic hard times, etc.

July 8 The hard times are hitting us harder. Today we came so near facing an empty treasury. The income is dwindling.

August 3 Worked at office. Wrote all pastors, District Superintendents, General Superintendents stating our financial condition. Urged the General Superintendents to come in for an emergency meeting. Wrote all Woman's Foreign Missionary Society local presidents. Am praying importunately to God to intervene. Am trusting Him. The economic depression is hitting the church hard just now. Am almost swamped with extra work. So much so that I think some of begging the General Superintendents to appoint another General Treasurer. Two offices is one too many.

August 5 Uncle Bud Robinson blew into headquarters. He's a wonderful old Bud. He spoke at our Friday chapel hour on "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" He was, as usual, very interesting. Brother N. B. Herrell, of the Kansas City District, came with a young Brother Everette Howard. The young man feels called to the mission field. Was anxious to secure his own finances.

August 8 The Stewardship Committee met today and considered the general finances. It was found that if all the outstanding checks were in, we'd be \$17,000 in the red. . . . It was voted to pro-rate the General Budget, to cut foreign missions a bit more, and do everything possible to propagandize the church. Have spent much time in praying.

August 13 Worked very faithfully the forenoon at the office, kept both stenographers busy, but cleaned up pretty well on all correspondence. I caught the 5 p.m. train — reached Pittsburg, Kansas — Brother Howard and his bride met me. They drove me in an Austin car to the Hotel Besse.

August 16 I spent the day at the office wrestling with financial deficits, and messed up matters in missionary circles. The troubles are due to lack of money. Dr. H. F. Reynolds came in. He has been in Canada. He's a hard worker, and the Spirit is on him — Heard of the death of W. G. Schurman, our Chicago First Church pastor. It shocked us all. He died, we are told, of sugar diabetes. He was a good man — So the men pass away. God buries His workmen but carries on His work. Lord, help us to be ready to meet Thee at any moment.

August 18 Plan to be ready for the emergency meeting of the General Superintendents. Our General Budget income is slightly improved in August. I fancy, however, that we will be compelled to operate on about 11 to 12 or 14 thousand a month. This is tough when we ought to have \$22,000. In '29 we used to receive between 24,000 and 30,000 monthly — I'm earnestly keeping my faith up. God will see us through.

August 24 Had several conferences with the General Superintendents, they are wrestling with the finances now. Certainly this is the worst panic this country has seen.

April 28, 1933 Drove from Gladewater to Tyler, Texas, for a forenoon service. It was here in the Civil War that my father spent 11 months in a Confederate prison.

May 6 We drove to Peniel. This is where the Texas Holiness University was. Now abandoned. This is historic ground. The Nazarenes used the basement of the old building in which to worship. We lodged in Uncle Bud Robinson's old house. A big affair. Many rooms. My bed was equipped with crazy springs and a feather tick.

May 8 Took a sleeper and slept like a log till 7 a.m. Had breakfast in diner. Wonderful coffee. Arrived in Kansas City at 1:45 p.m. Found great stack of mail. Income from the month including Easter offering reached \$29,000. This is wonderful. A great answer to prayer.

On January 15, 1934, Dr. Morrison put into action the impression he had been laboring under for some time. In a conference with the general superintendents, he informed them that he felt led to

resign as general treasurer of the denomination. This action was carried out by a resignation tendered to the General Board, which was in session at that time. Also, knowing that he was under consideration for editor of the Herald of Holiness, he followed an inner compunction by withdrawing his name as a candidate for that office.

During the sessions, at a meeting of the Board of General Superintendents, it was voted to send Dr. Morrison to the British Isles, to visit the churches and preside at the District Assembly in place of Dr. Chapman, who was detained by other matters. The trip was scheduled to begin in late February.

Dr. Morrison gravely felt the weight of his trust. On February 11 his diary states:

I'm still praying, seeking and believing for a fresh enduement of the Holy Ghost to equip me for my visit to the British Isles. I keenly desire to glorify my Lord Jesus Christ while there.

When the ship docked on March 5 in Glasgow, Scotland, he was warmly received by Dr. George Sharpe and District Superintendent Robert Purvis. Dr. Morrison expressed great pleasure and blessing derived from association with the ministers and constituency during his month of visitation. The brethren were kindly considerate of him, taking him to many locations rich in tradition and culture.

On March 21 he wrote:

Started for London with Dr. Sharpe at 10. Thanks to an invitation from a Scottish member of the House of Commons, heard Prime Minister MacDonald speak. Saw the great Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral.

The day following he wrote:

Accompanied by Dr. Sharpe visited the Court of Buckingham Palace and saw them change the guard before the King's residence. It was a brave display, indeed. We saluted the flag as it passed. Then we visited St. Paul's Cathedral and wandered among the statues of England's illustrious dead. From there we went to John Wesley's City Road Chapel. Stood at his grave, and that of Susannah, and others. Back to the hotel and then to Battersea where I preached "Achieving Faith."

The District Assembly, Dr. Morrison's first as the presiding officer, convened at Parkhead Church, Glasgow, March 28 to April 2, 1934. These were days of great inspiration to him as well as to the Nazarenes of the British Isles. A diary statement summarizes his optimism for the future of the work:

Seems to me these men have the ground laid for a great work for God.

When the day to begin the return trip home arrived, April 7, Dr. Morrison wrote:

At 10 a.m. Brother Purvis went with me to the train. Dr. Sharpe came down; also, Brother George Frame and Brother Edwards. Took ship at Greenock. Brother T. Gray and Brother James Macleod were there. Have had a wonderful time.

In August of 1934, Dr. Morrison was asked to fill Dr. Goodwin's appointment in presiding at the Mexican District Assembly, which was to convene in Mexico City the month following. Arrangements were made, and on September 7 he left Kansas City for El Paso, Texas. Of crossing the border into Mexico, Dr. Morrison wrote:

Brother E. Y. Davis and Brother R. C. Gunstream accompanied me through the Mexican customs, immigration office, and other things. Brother Davis assisted with his Spanish in buying a ticket, etc. Sister Santos Elizondo and Sister E. Y. Davis came, also, to see me off for Mexico. Train started about 3 p.m. The conductor speaks English. So does the porter, a little. So we haltingly get on.

During the assembly, Dr. Morrison was ably assisted by the district superintendent, Dr. V. G. Santin. A preachers' convention preceded the assembly, and diary notes speak warmly of the fellowship together. Dr. Morrison continued:

Today I witnessed a Mexican memorial service, and a baptismal service. Also, at night we had an altar service . . . Very impressive. These people love God. Oh, that we might reach all of this great country.

Reminiscing on the assembly, he wrote:

Dr. Santin and Dr. C. E. Morales accompanied me to the station. Have pleasant recollections of the cordial farewell given me by the Mexican "*hermanos*."

There were many calls for the opening of new fields and a long list of applicants for missionary service, but "to hold the line" was the chief task of the missionary secretary during the depression years. As the pressure of finances began to diminish, his office received a renewed deluge of communications from recruits. Two of the applicants were Rev. and Mrs. Everette D. Howard. Brother Howard had made a number of trips to Dr. Morrison's office; the details are summed in the following information:

In 1935 we were pastors at Ottawa, Kansas, and drove into Kansas City many times to speak to Dr. Morrison about the possibilities of our getting to Cape Verde Islands. Our "Call" was clear but Cape Verde Islands was a new field and there were no funds for this project. He explained that they were "scraping the bottom of the barrel" already and could not consider any new work at the time. But we had just finished reading a wonderful book on faith and God had given us a promise of victory so we brought the book to Kansas City and asked Dr. Morrison to read it. He promised he would and reached for the book. (Achieving Faith, by Dr. Morrison, himself.) When he saw the title he shouted and asked us to pray for him. Right there we knelt by his desk and had a wonderful season of prayer. But he didn't have to read his Achieving Faith because God brought the answer while we were still standing there in his office. A telegram came from the women of the New York and New England Districts saying that they would be responsible for the salary and expenses of

sending a missionary to Cape Verde Islands if Dr. Morrison knew of any one who was "called" to the field. He turned to us and shouted with joy and told us to get ready to sail. The book had inspired our faith to believe and ever since has been the most precious book in our library.

Achieving faith in action! The Howards began preparation for the field and were soon on their way. With them at the point of embarkation destined for service in Africa were two young graduates of Northwest Nazarene College, Rev. and Mrs. Elmer Schmelzenbach.

Gleanings from correspondence from numbers of people who served with Dr. Morrison disclose the following interesting character and personality traits:

Missionaries felt that Dr. Morrison was their personal friend. He was approachable and would listen to the needs of an individual field as well as to personal problems. He rejoiced in our successes on the field. He carried our burdens in confidence and we knew him as a sympathetic friend.

His bearing made one want to do his best. He was a prince of a gentleman who held our confidence in trust.

Dr. Morrison was a great prayer warrior; his prayers were not eloquent but were as a child talking to an earthly father, full of faith. He frequently quoted Scripture in his prayers and claimed the promises. He possessed simplicity of spirit and an unwavering faith in spite of present difficulties.

Dr. Morrison had a facetious way of building a fire under a district lacking in missionary giving and interest. And he almost always got results!

***** *

He had a penchant for being punctual. His articles for the press were always on time and he was prompt for engagements. His ready grasp of travel schedules was uncanny.

When traveling in an auto, he would conduct prayer meetings that sometimes lasted fifty miles or more.

***** *

He was very fair, but firm on moral issues. His persuasion was toward principle rather than personality.

Mrs. S. N. Fitkin was the general president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society during Dr. Morrison's tenure of office. Her intense interest in missions is well known to Nazarenes everywhere. Her liberal giving and ready assistance in every way possible made for harmony and co-ordination of purpose between auxiliary and church.

The 1936 General Assembly elected Dr. Morrison to another position but, at the request of the General Board, he continued the work of the missionary office until January, 1937. At that time Dr. C. Warren Jones, who had piloted the Pittsburgh District so successfully for nine years, was elected as foreign missionary secretary. Dr. Morrison had guided missionary affairs during a most trying period. He had seen the Other Sheep subscription list grow from 12,000 to 41,000 and, even under the inclement atmosphere of the depression years, there were increases in all phases of foreign work, the harbinger of growth under more propitious conditions in years to come.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

Dr. Morrison's trenchant pen and eloquent tongue heralded forth the truths he held dear.

— Rev. E. E. Wordsworth —

NINE
PEERLESS PULPITEER

Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord (Heb. 12: 14).

All things are possible to him that believeth (Mark 9: 23).

Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful (I Cor. 4:2).

Dr. Daniel Steele once said, "The pulpit is the place to feel the pulse of any denomination." This assertion being granted, the preaching of J. G. Morrison was the true pulse of the man. His message in the pulpit and his spirit of daily practice were peculiarly one and the same. The dominant thesis of his ministry was centered in the subjects of holiness, achieving faith, and stewardship.

The emphasis on these doctrines followed him like an aroma, permeating every attribute of his daily living. They were J. G. Morrison personified. His speech and manner overflowed with them.

As a pulpiteer, Dr. Morrison's ability and spirit placed him in the front ranks of the holiness movement; he was recognized as a preacher of highest caliber. It was a pleasure to hear him preach. When preaching on the cardinal doctrines of holiness, faith, and stewardship, he had no superior. His services were in constant demand, for his message met the need of the day. An ever-present feature of his ministry was "the glory of the Lord" on his soul and message, due no doubt to his constant prayer life and close walk with the Christ, whom he served.

Military training was very evident in Dr. Morrison's pulpit appearance. His stature was as straight as an arrow, with head and shoulders erect. He stood almost six feet tall. His brown eyes had a keen look with an ever-ready sparkle. He always wore eyeglasses. His dark brown hair retained its color late in life except for some gray at the temples. He was always ready to break into a smile or laughter, and these laughter wrinkles showed prominently about his eyes. Dr. Orval J. Nease said, "His disarming laugh has dispelled the fears and doubts of many a church worker." He was a possessor of the common touch, and made the lowliest at ease in his presence.

Dr. Morrison was conservative in dress, selecting dark colors in suits and other apparel. His linens were meticulously clean, and he had a particular taste for bow ties. He was clean shaven except for the everpresent, short-cropped, well-trimmed mustache. His careful diet and daily exercise found him never overweight; trim of figure, he was alert in any position, whether sitting or standing. In

December, 1932, he wrote "I have faithfully taken these 'setting up' exercises for fully 35 years. I attribute much of my good health to this, under God's blessing."

One of his strong assets was a magnetic personality, which was much in evidence when he was in the pulpit. He readily held command of the service for which he was responsible, with a bent to make it count for Christ from beginning to ending. His anointed appeals through his animated personality had a striking effect on any congregation that heard his message.

When Dr. Morrison stood to speak, he would address the congregation with a few words of greeting, very often giving a personal testimony. Then he would open his well-worn Bible, read a series of related scriptures, often as many as half a dozen, for a foundation for his message. With a "thus saith the Lord" he was ready to begin his exposition. He always preached from the same pocket-sized Bible, having it rebound several times. His custom was to pray before he began to preach; asking the worshipers to bow their heads, he asked the Lord's blessing on the listeners, the message, and the messenger. With the Bible in his left hand, and his right hand free to turn pages or point out a truth in gesture, he would proceed to preach. His messages were richly saturated with an abundance of scripture. Often he would ask questions in his sermons, as, "Is Holiness a Necessity or a Luxury?"

Let us reason on this important matter a bit. What keeps a human being from sweet fellowship with God? Is it his utter unlikeness to Him? Is it not in the holiness of God, and the unholiness of man? What can give one a sense of great comfort as he faces the Judgment bar? Will it not be the possibility of having a moral similarity with the Judge? What can give that similarity? HOLINESS!

This unique and logical style of asking questions and answering with Bible proof, as an attorney presenting a case, moved his hearers to decisions as he preached. He dubbed his own preaching "currycomb style," but it was never offensive or savored of rashness. He preached a high, ethical New Testament standard of conduct, and holiness of heart and life. He probed, prodded, plowed, and poured it on, searched and tested his listeners, and would often raise the question, "Have you got it, brother, got the blessing?" Once when he was preaching in Yakima, Washington, an older brother stood up and called to the speaker, "Have you got the blessing, Brother?" Whereupon Morrison called back, "Yes, I have; have you?"

Dr. E. P. Ellyson said of Morrison, "He always had a burden for his audience when he preached and they felt the effects of his concern." At times he would lay his Bible on the pulpit, and then with his thumbs in the side pockets of his trousers, open a volley of stirring truth while the saints encouraged him on in his holy quest. He moved about the platform on occasion, and at other times would come close to the people before the altar, where he could "see the whites of their eyes as he fired his blast." His congregation was never in doubt of the necessity of repentance, regeneration, the eradication of carnality, or the importance of the Holy Ghost in sanctifying power as a second definite work of grace. In all of this, his spirit was always tender and never gave way to harshness. When preaching "the darker phases of the Gospel," as he called subjects such as eternal punishment, he was as serious as though the judgment were about to break.

He had the faculty of punctuating his "currycomb" delivery with a unique, high-pitched chuckle as in his individual manner he spiced the service from point to point. Dr. R. T. Williams reminded us of this when he spoke about it in a General Board meeting in 1940:

I said to Dr. Morrison one day, "Doctor, I want to ask you a question. Why all this chuckling and laughing you pull off in your preaching? You old rascal, you know you aren't blessed all the time like that."

He answered, "I know it, but, Dr. Williams, if you just grease the sword, it slips in better."

Dr. Williams replied, "I have often wished I had that ability." When preaching on purity of heart, Dr. Morrison gave place to quotations from great authorities as Wesley, Fletcher, Clarke, Watson, and others. His continual quotations from the New Testament were as refreshing as morning dew. His hearer felt as though the searchlight of heaven were on him. Many a person perceived that the judgment would find him wanting and, as a result, scores were brought to decision. This writer has found many in his travels who state they found "the pearl of great price" under Morrison's preaching.

Early in his ministry, Dr. Morrison began a careful, scriptural study relevant to the great theme of "Faith." In fact, "Achieving Faith" became a substantial element of his preaching and writing ministry from 1917 until the last assembly in which he presided in October, 1939. "Attempt great things for God with as hearty a faith as you can muster," was often his challenge. Rev. E. E. Wordsworth said of this aspect, "The faith of the church has been strengthened wherever Dr. Morrison's message has been delivered; he has a real message for this age and one which the church greatly needs."

Dr. J. B. Chapman expressed his sentiment on the value of preaching on faith in the December 30, 1939, issue of the Herald of Holiness:

He made a great contribution to us in the definition he gave of "Achieving Faith." Some one challenged Dr. Morrison one day and asked him to put on exhibition what he meant by achieving faith, but his answer was unique. "God has given me a message for you and others, and it is more important that I give this message and that you exercise achieving faith, than if I should exercise it myself. For if I exercise, it would be no more than the faith of an individual, but if I can stir up a multitude so that they will exercise achieving faith it will multiply the usefulness of this great faith."

The last fifteen years of his life, Dr. Morrison was often called as a convention speaker. On these occasions he usually chose a phase of the great treatise of stewardship; he records having spoken on the stewardship of time, talent, tithing, missions, fasting, and prayer. His messages on these sacred subjects would be interspersed with his now well-known mission battle cry, "Can't you do just a little bit more?" People saw they were at the small end of accomplishment for the great world-wide cause of spreading the gospel of Christ, and left constrained to carry a greater share of the load.

One of Dr. Morrison's most used illustrations had its origin in an incident which took place while he was general secretary of foreign missions. Because of a holiday falling on a Sunday, the Nazarene Publishing House had made a vacation for its employees of the day following. Dr. Morrison had

forgotten about this. On Monday morning he came into General Headquarters as usual and was surprised to find the offices completely empty of personnel. A flash went through his mind of the possibility that the rapture of the Church had taken place, his collaborators gone to the marriage supper of the Lamb, and he left behind. Just as abruptly, he recalled the fact of the holiday as the answer to the absences. This occurrence made a deep impression on Dr. Morrison and he often mentioned it in preaching, as he admonished his listeners of the circumstances contingent upon the second coming of Christ.

Many will recall his casually introducing a theological question for discussion when in a circle of friends. The Second Advent was one of his favorite themes. One of such queries was, "How does the New Testament interpretation of Christ's return appear to you?" This would start a chain of Bible reference and investigation in which he revealed as either active participant or listener. Dr. Morrison was a staunch believer in the premillennial coming of Christ, and it was his fond hope that he would live to see the day that he too would be caught up to meet Christ in the air. This doctrine filled a large place in his evangelistic ministry.

He was fearless in his presentation of Bible truth and often had the uncanny ability to detect and prevent a wrong tendency. He was never given to lengthy preaching, and his diary reveals that on occasion he preached ten, fifteen, twenty, and thirty minutes.

One of the striking features about his ministry was his pulpit climaxes. While he was practical and "down to earth" in his preaching, yet he would rise to heights of oratory with words flowing from his lips in seeming effortless symmetry. He was never at a loss for a word. At times these choice pieces of rhetoric would clinch his closing remarks:

Ten thousand laity, once beautifully sanctified, are now weltering among the damned. Why? They did not watch! Poor old fallen human nature pleaded for gratification of its desires. The devil artfully used his powers. Gold never had so beautiful glitter. Business prosperity never seemed to allure with such a persuasive pull before. Infatuation actually, under Satan's hypnotic spell, seemed like love.

The Holy Ghost through that sanctified heart begged, pleaded, and threatened. Carnality reasserted itself. The fatal step was taken. The same tragedy of Eden was re-enacted. The soul began to stiffen with the frosts of sin. The spiritual nature congealed. The mind lost its ability to grasp divine values. The man reeled, caught at vacancy, fell down, down, down! "And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments."

My soul, be on thy guard.
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of hell are pressing hard
To keep thee from the skies!

Such were the passions and pleadings of one who was known as a great friend and lover of souls — "The Peerless Pulpiteer"!

In the present evil age, our cry is, "Lord, give us more like him."

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

People enjoyed reading what Dr. Morrison wrote and were stimulated by his messages
—Dr. D. Shelby Corlett—

TEN
POTENT PENMAN

It was in Jamestown, North Dakota, that J. G. Morrison first gave vent to the urge for editorial pursuit. In the year 1908 he launched the initial issue of a paper which developed into the influential publication known as the Holiness Layman, later known as the Holiness Messenger. The paper always heralded the doctrine of entire sanctification in a clarion tone. Dr. Morrison was the editor from its beginning in 1908 to 1925, when its mailing list was merged with the Herald of Holiness. It is impossible to evaluate the worth of the publication to a people scattered far and wide over the sparsely populated areas.

At the outset, the paper was originally designed to promote holiness in Methodist ranks only. For seven years it held closely to this premise. This was not in an endeavor to be exclusive but to supply the immediate need of a particular locale. In 1915, when the change came in Methodist leadership, a new phase was introduced in the editorial policy as the paper took a bold stand against modernism in the clergy.

When the Laymen's Holiness Association began in 1917, Morrison became their penman and readily and with conviction proclaimed holiness of life and conduct to be the true Bible way. His editorials, reports, and other varied articles were of great interest to the readers who were allied in like purpose with him. People were inspired and blessed by his writings just as they were by his positive preaching. When Morrison became a district superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene in the Central Northwest, the same paper continued as an instrument of undisputed value during the years that he served in that capacity.

There were numbers of contributors who added to the strength and adequacy of the paper; also, the activities of evangelists of the closely knit group were reported and greatly relished through this medium. The motto of the paper was, "A sane and fearless advocate of scriptural holiness." All in all, it was an effective conveyor of truth, and a necessary one.

Dr. Morrison's second venture in editorship took place when he became president of Northwest Nazarene College. One of his responsibilities was the editing of the school paper, called the Nazarene Messenger. This periodical was a means of propaganda for news of college activities. The readers were largely Nazarenes of the Northwest, as well as alumni of the college around the world. Dr. Morrison's appeal for college support, both material and spiritual, brought favorable results and the sanction of the constituency while he was at that location in 1926 and 1927.

As executive field secretary, and later general foreign missionary secretary, of the Church of the Nazarene, his editorial responsibilities reached their height. Through that great missionary organ, the Other Sheep, read by the holiness movement throughout the world, he literally became an intercessor for the lost in heathen lands. When the business world was losing its way in the near fatal fog of the depression years, his pleading was a major factor in keeping the missionary ship afloat. His great desire to become a lawyer in boyhood was compensated as he interceded for the cause of missions; this urgency became a consuming passion that remained with him the rest of his days. In fact, even after his passing, he continued to speak through Prayer and Fasting charts which were broadcast like seed throughout the church. Who could pass by the charts posted in practically every church in the denomination and face the inscription, "Can't you do just a little bit more?" and not feel the spirit of the man and be constrained to respond?

In all, he was the author of nine books and booklets. They are: The Lost Bride, Achieving Faith, Our Lost Estate, Satan's Subtle Attack on Woman, A Dialog on Eternal Security, Other Days, Interesting Incidents, The Christian Sabbath, and The Stewardship of Fasting.

The Lost Bride was published in the height of the Laymen's Holiness Association days, about 1920, and was read widely by members of that group. It was written in narrative form and dealt with a young couple who faced the battles of a church departing from the old landmarks of the Bible, diverting their attention toward modernism. An adept picture was made of the fallacy and the result of such action.

Dr. Morrison's second book was published in 1926. It carried the cream of his sermons on achieving faith and bore the title of Achieving Faith. He dedicated this book to his wife, who had urged its writing and publication. These sermons were some of his strongest and most arresting. The sermon on "Three Loaves of Bread" was appreciated by worshipers wherever he went. He, no doubt, is remembered by this message more than by any other. Achieving Faith was first published as a one-dollar book of 166 pages. The chapter titles read: The Law of Faith, What Is Faith? The Time Element in Faith, Faith in Its Relation to Salvation, Faith for Achievement, All Power Released over Faith, The Perfecting of Our Faith, The Latter Rain, Faith and Rewards, Who Constitute the Bride? Faith and Divine Healing, Faith and Presumption, and Achieving Faith a Dispensational Truth. The book was so widely read that it necessitated the printing of a new edition. This time it appeared in booklet form with paper covers and included eight chapters. This issue, too, was widely circulated.

Our Lost Estate is known as Dr. Morrison's classic. This volume was written to show what the human family lost in the Fall in the Garden of Eden and the part holiness plays in the restoration from that great tragedy. The author dedicated the book to the widely known preacher and evangelist, Rev. Bud Robinson, who in such an exemplary way lived the life of holiness. The chapter headings are:

What Was the Estate Which We Lost?

How the Estate Was Lost

Can the Lost Estate Be Recovered?

The Process of Recovery

The Boundaries of Regeneration

Is Regeneration the Extent of Salvation in This Life?

Can Carnality Be Eradicated in This Life?

Is Eradication of the Carnal Nature Desirable?

Is Holiness a Necessity or a Luxury?

Entire Sanctification, Complete Consecration
or the Human Side of the Experience

Faith, or How Is the Divine Side
of the Experience of Entire Sanctification Accomplished?

Is Holiness Invariably a Second Work of Grace?

Is Holiness Obtainable in This Life?

That Portion of the Lost Estate Which Is Restored After Death

Living the Holy Life

The worth of this dissertation was so well recognized that it was included in the course of study for licensed ministers in the Church of the Nazarene for the quadrennium beginning in 1936.

Other Days is a thoroughly thrilling biographical booklet portraying life in the 1870's and 1880's in the Dakotas. The author paid homage to God, home, parents, the family altar, and many of the things he cherished most. It was published during the depression and by adaptation he was reiterating his well-known premise, "We can if we will."

Interesting Incidents, a small booklet of sixteen chapters and ninety-six pages, tells of the early days of Dr. Morrison's ministry. This contribution has a Dakota Minnesota background and is brimming with homespun happenings and practical application.

The next booklet was published in 1927 and was entitled Satan's Subtle Attack on Woman. It reveals how Satan planned the downfall of the race through women "aping" the world in dress and behavior.

The Christian Sabbath is another readable, factual book on a much misunderstood subject. After reading the arguments and explanations set forth, no one need be confused concerning the difference between the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath or Lord's day. The book is written in dialogue

form and carries the interest of the reader from the first page to the last. It is very scriptural in its approach.

Another book written in typical Morrison tempo is *A Dialog on Eternal Security*; it is informal and full of human interest. An intelligent attorney, James Sinceer, has been listening to a broadcast in which a preacher teaches that if a person is once saved, he could never thereafter be lost, no matter what sins he might commit. The young man is disturbed and comes to Pastor Arminius of the Church of the Nazarene, who in several interviews, principally by a careful presentation of scripture, refutes the erroneous teaching that has troubled his young friend.

The Stewardship of Fasting was another depression born publication. The author was convinced that the cause of missions could be kept intact during those distraught days only by the sacrifice and prayer of a devoted people. Dr. Morrison made a careful study of both Old and New Testament instances of prayer and fasting and prepared a message pertinent to the situation he faced. He preached the message in his travels and, after many requests, had it printed.

The Nazarene Publishing House published and managed the sale of all of his books with the exception of *The Lost Bride*.

Official business of the church and association with an ever-widening circle of friends made a tremendous amount of necessary correspondence for Dr. Morrison. An excerpt from a diary tells of dictating fifty letters in one day. When writing to friends, at times he had a way of falling into the vernacular of the recipient of the letter. People cherished his personal letters. This writer, in his research, has been allowed to read letters over thirty years old, the endeared possessions of friends of years standing. His successor in the district superintendency, Rev. E. E. Wordsworth, said, "I never wrote him a letter he did not answer."

A particularly close friend of Dr. Morrison was Clay Ward of Rosholt, South Dakota. Brother Ward was a lay member of the District Advisory Board during Dr. Morrison's first year as district superintendent. The missionary cause had been benefited by a gift of \$500.00 from this good brother, a remittance of proportion in those days. Now it seemed that oil interests were about to yield results and the money was to be directed in the same channel. Years ago this layman gave the Morrison letter to this writer. Our family circle has tagged it the "Oily Letter." We count it a privilege to share its contents with you.

October 21, 1929

Mr. Clay Ward

Rosholt, South Dakota

My Dear Clay:

My hide was surely blessed, when I got your good letter. It made me think of good old times. Believe me, my good brother, I'm putting up greater "faith wires" every day. This religious matter is growing on me. It is absorbing me. Sometimes I feel like I would just naturally blow up, I get such a load on board! Amen! Let 'er blow, sez I!

I'm surely trying to release God on this missionary business. And it's working, too. Of course, there's some fluctuation, must expect that, but the whole church is rumbling with "growing pains," Missionary growing pains. The Nazarene clan is buckling on its hobnailed boots, tying its tin hat under its chin, and getting its shooting irons ready for one grand zero hour jump for missions. Unless I miss my guess, we're going over the million mark by 1932. Bless the Name of our adorable Master!

Remember the 500 bucks? I guess I do. And how it tided us across those strenuous days. I can stop right here and thank you again. And now you have your nose in an oil hole? Or two? Or three? Or four? Amen, I pray God they all blow in, (that's the right term, isn't it?) Send us a few thousand greasy bucks, and we'll buy you souls in the foreign fields for from a dollar to a dollar and a half apiece. Remember, I'm on tiptoe of expectation, (don't keep me in that attitude too long, my toes will tire) and my ears are cocked and primed to hear the rush of the gushing oil.

I still love you like a two-year-old.

Yours affectionately,
Joe

The freshness and vividness so apparent in this letter are Morrison characteristics. They continued throughout his life. He never seemed to lose the vigor and enthusiasm of a cub reporter.

With the exception of his office work at Kansas City, Dr. Morrison did most of his typing himself. He accomplished this by the use of a portable Corona typewriter. He carried this small machine with him almost everywhere he went. Most of his books were written while traveling on trains. In July, 1939, while on board ship headed for Africa, with Missionary H. A. Shirley as a traveling companion, he gave a side light of his writing that appeared in connection with a travelogue in the September 9, 1939, issue of the Herald of Holiness. It read:

Our stateroom is so tiny that it has no chair in it that can be used to sit on, while pecking off this letter home. So here we are perched on a suitcase, with typewriter in our lap, using the "hunt and peck" system in order to give the Nazarenes at home some of the impressions of two "land lubbers" who are rocked "in the cradle of the deep." May the blessing of God be upon our Nazarene "Israel" everywhere.

This eulogy of his mother was found. It was written after she had been in heaven for more than thirty years. Confident of its value in a day when family ties are threatened with major disintegration, and since the tribute is now out of print, it is included in full.

The first thing that I can remember was a cold, gray, foggy morning; the covered wagon billowed beside us and a campfire smoked nearby. My Mother was kneeling on the ground beside a spring seat, praying. From then on, her prayers became a sort of pivot around which my religious feelings, when I had any, swung. In a sod house, where we lived for three years after reaching Dakota, during the awful grasshopper visitation, when the prairie fire burned to death our only team of horses, during the high water that threatened to wash us away and did all but lap our threshold, when the

blizzards raged, when the drouth burned everything to a crisp, when the family ship was careening under disastrous gales, it always righted itself after we had listened to Mother pray awhile. She could make God more real than any bishop, priest, or preacher that I had ever met. The cloud by day, and the fire by night, always rested on our humble farm home after Mother had talked awhile with God about our needs, our accidents, or our cries. Thank God for such a Mother.

She reared ten children and lost not one till they were adult grown. She never knew what it was to have more than two or three hundred dollars a year cash income. Her one black "Sunday gown" was a familiar sight to the family for years. She cooked and washed, and knit stockings, and sat up nights and mended, and doctored, and lectured and taught and prayed for ten children and one orphan grandchild. She inspired my father till he lifted the family out of poverty into a reasonable competence. She prayed four sons under conviction for a college career and out of her meager living frequently shared with them their college expenses. She rejoiced to see three of them afterward enter the holy ministry.

She met every situation with a calm trust in a great God. Fire, flood, disaster, and death were to her among the all things that work together for good to them that love God. She never, to my recollection, heard about holiness of heart and life as a second work of grace, but one time, after I had entered the ministry, as I made my annual visit home, I found her in a wonderfully mellow mood. Her laugh was as hearty and contagious as ever, and her facetious remarks — for she was an inveterate joker were like a babbling stream, but she told me that she had come into a wonderful new experience with the Lord. She didn't give it any name, and I was not wise enough in theology to know, but she described with tear wet eyes the joy, the unction, the glory that was outpoured upon her. She laughed and cried and praised God while she told me.

When the time came for me to go, we had tender prayer together in the parlor. I asked Mother to pray, and for the last time she brought earth and heaven together for me. She put me in God's keeping, and frankly told Him what sort of a Christian and what sort of a preacher she wanted Him to make out of her "baby boy." She wept and praised God in a tender way as she prayed, and I wept and shouted as I listened. When we arose to our feet she unconsciously picked up the Bible out of which I had just read some verses, and with it under her arm, accompanied me to the door. I kissed her goodby, and walked away. At the turn of the street, I looked back, and she was standing in the door, with the Bible under her arm, waving her hand. Her hair was a mass of natural curls, and loose in the breeze, hung a halo of white about her head. She was stooped and old. When I had pressed her hands as I said goodby, I felt the callous spots on them. She had the light of heaven in her face. I never saw her again.

Within a fortnight she was promoted. She had run upstairs to get her wraps, and then climbed hastily into the seat beside Father in an old-fashioned high buggy. The effort was too much for a heart that had throbbed with millions of extra beats in love, pity, devotion, and prayer for her family and for the church of God till she was now almost three score and ten. With a gasp she laid her head on Father's shoulder and passed without a struggle. No boy had a better Mother in whose arms to be rocked, no youth had a tenderer and more faithful guide and guard, no man ever had a wiser counsellor or a more devout example of godliness, and no gray haired veteran has a more precious memory of Christian motherhood to look back upon than I.

It is doubtful if any finer words came from Dr. Morrison's pen than this heart-moving portrait of his mother. It is the mature insight of a great soul into one of the greatest human influences that made him great.

After his passing, numbers of friends paid high tribute to the contribution Dr. Morrison had made through his writings. Among them were the following:

Dr. J. B. Chapman: "It was something like that in the writings of Dr. Morrison that made us read so gladly what he wrote. We could see between the lines that he got joy out of it himself."

Dr. E. P. Ellyson: "He lives in the books which we may read and be helped again."

Emma B. Word: "His letters were always full of encouragement and always carried with them some cheery note to all in the office that helped to make burdens lighter."

Dr. O. J. Nease: "His voice and pen have made a contribution to the church that will never die."

Dr. S. T. Ludwig: "Dr. Morrison, a gracious minister of the Word, a writer with a burning heart, a radiant Christian, our esteemed General Superintendent — a friend beloved by us all."

Through his written works, Dr. Morrison continues to live. His books are in many public libraries, including all the libraries of the colleges of the Church of the Nazarene. They are in the homes of thousands of Nazarenes throughout the world. Eternity only will reveal the blessing and helpfulness of Dr. Morrison's writings, both to his contemporaries and to those who follow after.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

The assemblies will never become a dry round of business under the leadership
of Dr. J. G. Morrison. — Dr. J. N. Speakes—

ELEVEN
PRESIDING OFFICER

The Ninth General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene met in Kansas City, Missouri, in June of 1936. The attendance at these gatherings continues to grow in increasing numbers quadrennium by quadrennium, as delegates and friends congregate by the thousands from all points of the compass.

During the assembly a decision was made to increase the membership of the Board of General Superintendents from the previous three to include a fourth member. The quadrennium just closing had been a particularly trying one, the financial depression contesting for every step of advance by the denomination. Dr. R. T. Williams, Dr. J. W. Goodwin, and Dr. J. B. Chapman had, under God, led the church safely through. When the time for election came, these men were hilariously returned to office. The next name in the order of balloting was that of Dr. J. G. Morrison, foreign missionary secretary.

The July 4, 1936, issue of the Herald of Holiness stated the outcome:

J. G. Morrison was elected on the fifth ballot, and the announcement was received with great demonstration of enthusiasm of the assembly . . . Dr. Morrison is a man of wide experience, has been in the ministry forty-three years, twenty-four of this time spent in the pastorate. He is a pleasing speaker and his articles in the Herald of Holiness have always been well received. Dr. Morrison is well known and well beloved throughout the church and will doubtless render great service in his new capacity as General Superintendent

D. Shelby Corlett, Editor

He began his first itinerary as the presiding officer of district assemblies in August. The initial schedule included assemblies in Nebraska, Kansas, and the two Oklahoma districts. In 1937 he presided over thirteen assemblies in the United States and three in Canada. In 1938 his work covered fourteen assemblies. The following year he was assigned to foreign supervision; his assembly work was reduced accordingly to five for 1939. In all, he presided over forty-one district assemblies, which included the two held in 1934 while he was foreign missionary secretary.

Dr. J. N. Speakes summed a widely accepted appraisal of the manner in which Dr. Morrison handled his presiding when he said, "Assemblies never become a dry round of business under his leadership." He dispatched the business with freedom and ease, yet with grace and discretion. He had

dignity, yet with much blessing of the Lord. At his ordination services, holy anointing could be sensed in the message, but there was awe in the charge he made to the candidates. He ordained 131 as ministers in the Church of the Nazarene. In the morning devotional messages he often preached on the negative side of holiness in one service and the positive side in the next. In most of his assemblies he preached the closing night as in a camp-meeting gathering, often with great victories around the altar.

Between assemblies his days and months were filled with a heavy speaking schedule. There were missionary conventions, district tours, an occasional revival or a college commencement, and the continued heavy obligation of writing for various periodicals. Also, he shared in presiding at the meetings of the General Board and participated in the January Superintendents' Conferences.

At one of these January conferences in Kansas City, Dr. Morrison had the responsibility of speaking at an evening service. Several hundred ministers besides many laymen were present. Along the way in his travels, someone had approached him with the question, "Is the church as hot spiritually as it used to be?" Dr. Morrison answered the query by an incident that took place in his pioneer days in Dakota. He vividly described a trip on a cold winter night over the prairie roads in a "Model T" Ford. The road ran parallel to the railroad track. Suddenly there was a shrill whistle blast announcing the "Limited" train approaching from the rear. "How can she run so fast and so sure through the winter gale?" he asked. Then he revealed the secret. As the train's engine came abreast with the car, he saw the fireman open the boiler door to replenish the fuel and the "fiery center" told the story. "If we keep our hearts hot, we too can keep above the cold formalism and worldliness of this age. Brother, is your heart hot with holy passion and love?" And with this analysis, his message was finished.

With his variety of experiences and many years in the ministry, Dr. Morrison was in his element as a preachers' convention speaker. He knew the heartthrobs of the ministers and their trials and triumphs, and was adept at fitting into their situations in his preaching and lecturing. Well does this writer remember how he "poured it on" a group of preachers relative to studying, calling, sermon preparation, and "keeping a keen edge" on their Christian experience. At the close of a convention, for a period he adopted the custom of reading the ungrammatical statements he had heard the clergymen make. In a fatherly way he amended each error with proper English. The corrections were made in an impersonal, anonymous way midst a sprinkling of timely humor. He urged the pastors to take their wives with them in making home calls, and suggested that they reciprocate by giving some assistance occasionally with household duties. He jovially stated, "I help my wife. Someday you will read in the Herald of Holiness, 'J. G. Morrison died in the dishpan!'"

During a preachers' convention on the Wisconsin District it was necessary to confer with Dr. Morrison at the hotel where he was lodging. He was resting when the writer entered, and the expression on his countenance gave an indication of the depth of his thought. Out of premeditation he said, "Be kind to old preachers; you'll be one yourself someday."

A summary report of a preachers' convention appeared in the February 25, 1939, issue of the Herald of Holiness from Dr. Morrison's pen. It read as follows:

A great gathering of Nazarene preachers met recently at Logan, Ohio, for their annual ministerial "powwow." There is as fine a personnel among the preachers on Brother C. A. Gibson's district as we have ever met. They are young — the average age would not vary much from thirty-five — keenly intelligent and lifting high the old fashioned holiness standards with eager enthusiasm.

They rallied to the preaching of the highest experiences and rugged standards that the New Testament could furnish. Their testimonies and expressions of faith and full salvation were unctuous and thrilling. The papers that were read were as good as anything we ever heard on those subjects, they showed evidence of keen research. They rang gloriously true to the best that Nazarenes could ask for.

Brother C. A. Gibson, the District Superintendent, moved among them like "a chief among equals." His more than a decade and a half on this district has enabled him to introduce several score of these fine young ministers to the ministry, or to furnish them pastorates in their early and impressionable years. The Ohio Superintendent began his own ministry so many years ago that he has had the privilege to contact most of the giants that helped to found our Nazarene movement, but he has been young enough in years so that he has been a splendid "elder brother" to a great host of young men just beginning. And who could ask for a better spiritual monitor!

It made this writer's heart thrill to listen to the outlined plan that Brother Gibson offered to his preachers as a forward looking program for the next year, and the next, and the next. But listen, he presented to that group of preachers a program that calls for several thousand more members, and a General Budget for missions and the salvation of others outside of Ohio of \$30,000, and then after a bit, of \$40,000 . . . When I recalled the thousands in heathen lands who are looking our way, and sighing for the Gospel that saves from sin, and then listened to Superintendent Gibson outline the task for the Buckeye Nazarenes, my heart was thrilled and grew hot within me. Where there is a will there are twenty ways! The Ohio District boys know most of the twenty.

When it came to "crusading," Dr. Morrison consistently left churches with a good attitude toward the work of the Lord wherever he went. The May 27, 1939, issue of the Herald of Holiness carried a typical example of his warm interest in people and their progress in things concerning the Kingdom. The report is given in part:

It was an eight-day tour of the Nazarene churches in East Texas. The party consisted of Superintendent I. C. Mathis, his wife, and this scribe. It was a combination tour for Holiness, Missions (Home and Foreign), Sunday School, Nazarene Young People's Society, and the Herald of Holiness. The theme song was "Holiness Forevermore." It was eight days packed full of something every minute except when we slept.

We contacted fully four thousand people in the eight days. There were over seventy pastors in attendance; hundreds of Sunday School teachers, N.Y.P.S. representatives too numerous to mention, and W.F.M.S. folk out in full force. It was a tremendously interesting tour.

We preached as high a standard of second blessing holiness as the New Testament affords, and the fine audiences shouted us on with great enthusiasm. Sunday School "clinics" were held at each

rally, and some astonishing reports came in on splendid gains and remarkable advances. The N.Y.P.S. gave an excellent account of itself, and the W.F.M.S. was everywhere eager with achievement. Brother Mathis was all-around agitator for everything — he exhorted, brought minute messages on every cause, preached sermonettes. Sister Mathis made ringing speeches on "Missions," and all hands joined in to put over a great holiness service, two and often three a day. The hour of departure and arrival of the party would have done credit to a military force. Brother Mathis is a "Captain General" second to none.

After giving reports from preachers' meeting and tour, it would seem apropos to view Dr. Morrison's reaction to an assembly. The last two assemblies that he held in the homeland were in the two California districts. The area and the people captured his imagination. This is very evident in this partial account from the July 1, 1939, issue of the Herald of Holiness:

California is the wonder state of America. It has an interminable coast line, with endless beaches, bays, harbors, ships, fish, tidal waves, etc., etc. It has mountains and mountain chains that awe, intrigue, and invite. It has giant redwood trees that were there in their robust youth when Romulus and Remus were setting up shop on the seven hills of ancient Rome.

The Nazarenes of that wonder state are, also, to be named among the best of the connection. Northern California, led by Rev. Roy Smee, is fast forging to the front. Its recent assembly was characterized by a most gracious enthusiasm, a spirit of devotion, overpaid budgets, splendid net increases, a striking forward-looking plan for a far-reaching home mission evangelistic program, a growing district campmeeting, and a flourishing boys' and girls' camp . . . Brother Smee was elected at the first crack of the starting pistol, and offered a fine list of goals for the new year. The northern Nazarenes are the very thing the wonder state needs to carry a glorious full salvation to its needy population.

The great Southern California District is numerically big. Its number of delegates registered close to the four hundred mark. The veteran Sanner is the D.S. and he had the schedule as perfect as the "Streamliners" on the transcontinental railroad . . . Those Southern California Nazarenes know how to do things. .

Brother A. E. Sanner was given another term as District Superintendent with a great vote . . . Southern California marches forth to meet the new year with as fine a group of pastors, with as loyal and aggressive a lay body, and with as tried and true district leadership with much veteran experience with which to find and follow the guidance of the Spirit, as any great district in the church. The Nazarenes of the great state of the "Forty-Niners" are getting ready to begin to prepare to commence to go places.

It was a joy to Dr. Morrison to visit the Island of Trinidad in 1938, and to observe the missionary work of the Church of the Nazarene in that area. A more extensive assignment of foreign supervision was delegated the year following. It was begun on July 5, 1939, when he sailed aboard the "Queen Mary" from New York City bound for England as the first step of the journey. His traveling companions were Missionary H. A. Shirley, who was returning to Africa for a third term of service, and Dr. G. B. Williamson and Dr. S. T. Ludwig, who were en route to Amsterdam, Holland, as

delegates to the World Conference of Christian Youth. In London the group parted for their specific destinations. Morrison and Shirley boarded the "Llangibby Castle" for Cape Town, South Africa. This meant a voyage of over seven thousand miles, consuming a period of eighteen days.

Dr. Morrison wrote home concerning the initial segment of the trip:

In London we parted company with our precious brethren, Dr. Williamson and Brother Ludwig, with keen regrets. Our fellowship together on the Queen Mary and for a couple of days in the big metropolis was pleasant and, spiritually, very profitable. On the morning of July 14 Brother Shirley and I settled with our landlord, packed our baggage, hired a taxi, the driver of which loaded three huge trunks, five big heavy suitcases, and two brief cases, and two travelers onto his world-war model, and hied us to the St. Pancras station, where we were advised our special boat train would carry us to the Tilbury Docks, there to ship on the Union-Castle boat, carrying the dizzy name of Llangibby Castle, bound for Cape Town, Africa.

Later in the voyage he reported:

Seven days more and we shall, with the good pleasure of the Master, sight Cape Town, South Africa. Despite the comforts of the voyage, and despite the good sailanship of both of us, we will be more than glad to see the harbor lights of that African city. For at its best, sailing is monotonous. A two-by-six stateroom is not a domicile one cares to possess very long. Ship's food is no doubt the best that can be carried and provided for such a long voyage at sea, but it is not quite what one cares to have for any extended time. A ship's company of Afrikanders who do not love missions or missionaries is not just the company that one would choose to spend one's time with for long. Consequently we will hail the sight of Cape Town, and welcome the appearance of our precious missionaries. An acquaintance with the colored Nazarenes who have found God under their devoted ministry will be a joy. It will be a pleasure to exchange the heaving deck of the Llangibby Castle for solid ground.

In Swaziland, South Africa, and in Portuguese East Africa, Dr. Morrison spent the greater part of the month of August, 1939. For ten years as foreign missionary secretary he had known in minute detail the pulse and progress of the work, following it step by step in its procedures. He was well versed in the historical setting of each field. During this time in Africa, he visited all the main stations and many of the outstations, the schools, dispensaries, and the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital. He preached from Johannesburg to Gaza. The visible results of souls at the altar under his ministry was a source of great spiritual uplift to him, and his praise was lavish for his able interpreters, Rev. C. S. Jenkins, Dr. David Hynd, and Rev. Elmer Schmelzenbach. His contributions in the Other Sheep and the Herald of Holiness covering this period are a succession of brightly colorful and soul-stirring accounts. These articles, many in number, would make a book in themselves. They are a recital of the faithfulness and sacrifice of missionaries, national workers, and the indigenous church.

General Superintendent Morrison presided over the first two ordination services of the Church of the Nazarene in Africa. Elder's orders were granted to eight candidates who had helped pioneer and establish the church among their own people. He also granted elder's orders to Elmer

Schmelzenbach and Glenn Grose, both of whom he had commissioned when he was foreign missionary secretary.

To travel with Morrison in his written accounts is an adventure in its own right. From the many interesting incidents the following particulars give body to the transparencies of some of the occasions:

Johannesburg came into view. We were welcomed by Brother Jenkins, who is the efficient District Supt., Dr. Hynd, Brother Esseistyn, and Brother and Sister Ferree — On Sunday three hundred natives gathered in our largest church on the Rand and we had a gracious service. There were speeches of welcome to the General Superintendent, and one group on their own initiative had prepared an address in Portuguese. I brought a message (interpreted by Brother Jenkins) on "Grave Clothes." It dealt with Lazarus . . . Jenkins pressed an altar call on those eager, listening natives and we had the joy of seeing a fine altar full of young men . . . Then the praying! It was in true Nazarene style. . . . Ah, if only our dear people at home could catch a vision of the possibilities of winning hundreds of these folks, I am sure they would save a bit more from the means that God has given them and invest in the souls of men and women who, in these segregated places, "sit in darkness and the shadow of death." Dear Nazarene, could you not do a little more, just a little more?

The ordination service for the four evangelists who had been selected for the eldership was a solemn and gracious hour. The four knelt at the altar, the missionaries all surrounded them, and laid hands on their heads. The solemn words were uttered that set these men apart to the holy ministry amid the smothered sounds of weeping on the part of the candidates, and a host of others. It was genuinely impressive.

A fine class of candidates for church membership had been on probation for two years or more and were now ready for baptism in the nearby stream. The whole region, with many heathen, gathered on the river bank and then the new elders immersed ninety-three in the waters. (Later the candidates were taken into the church.) . . . The newly made elders — officiated for the first time in their lives. The great crowd sang, the baptismal rite was administered, and with an unctuous, solemn prayer, one of the most impressive baptismal scenes that I have ever witnessed came to a close.

From the January, 1940, issue of the Minnesota Nazarene this report is reproduced, as written by Superintendent J. N. Tinsley:

We were told that while in Africa Dr. Morrison heard the plea of the nurses for more hospital materials to help care for the sick and suffering, and on one occasion he asked a nurse (Myrtle Felley) if the shirt he had on would help a bit in providing bandages, and when informed that it would he immediately went to his room and removed it and handed it out. .

On August 30 Dr. Morrison, Rev. and Mrs. Carl Mischke and their son, together with Miss J. Evelyn Fox, were scheduled to leave Portuguese East Africa on board a British ship bound for England, and then home. On September 3, with the long voyage just begun, the news broke that the British Empire and the German Reich had declared war. Dr. Morrison was slated to preside over four fall assemblies in the United States, and the missionaries were expected home on overdue furloughs.

A relentless World War II dictated otherwise. After discussion among themselves, it was decided to disembark at Cape Town and confer with the American consul. With no promise of reservation on another ship, the party waited for days. Miss Fox chose to return to Bremersdorp to reinforce the nurses there, lest war conditions would prevent the arrival of another nurse to furnish replacement. At last a Japanese ship took Morrison and the Mischkes on board. The ship was routed for Rio de Janeiro. The party hoped to find suitable passage upon reaching that port and, finally, to reach their destination.

As the group boarded the "Santos Maru," a cable from Headquarters in Kansas City requested Dr. Morrison to preside over the Argentine District Assembly, since he was rerouting in that general direction. For eleven days the ship plied the south Atlantic waters, finally harboring in Rio de Janeiro. Here the Mischkes found passage to the States, and Dr. Morrison boarded an Italian liner, "The Augustus," for Buenos Aires, Argentina.

The Argentine Nazarenes, led by Rev. and Mrs. John Cochran and Rev. and Mrs. L. D. Lockwood, welcomed Dr. Morrison most heartily and showed him every courtesy and comfort possible. However, during his stay in Argentina, he labored under tremendous odds due to an illness that had attacked very suddenly.

The assembly was rich in spiritual power and blessing. Dr. Morrison gave them the best that he had, and the missionaries and the people of that region drank richly from his ministry. The heavens opened in floodgate glory as he preached on "Three Loaves of Bread." Two were ordained to eldership. His report at the conclusion read:

Our Argentine Assembly closed on Thursday, the twelfth of October, with the proverbial "waves of glory." There was as delightful spiritual atmosphere present in that great South American field as we have seen in almost any assembly in our experience. It was good, indeed, to be there. Men and women with tearful eyes, upraised hands, and lips filled with praises bore eloquent testimony to the presence of the Holy Ghost.

"In an Airplane on Friday the Thirteenth" was the caption of an article written regarding the trip home from Argentina; it appeared in the November 25, 1939, issue of the Herald of Holiness. As far as can be ascertained, this is the only air travel Dr. Morrison ever did.

I had determined to fly to Miami, Florida, on the Pan-American Clipper airplane. The earliest satisfactory vacancy that could be secured was for Friday, October 13! When the reservation was made, there was a bit of "ohing" and "ahing" and gentle gibling on the part of some of the nationals who were attending the assembly. Personally, we looked upon Friday the 13th with identically the same feeling as we did Thursday the 12th, or Saturday the 14th. Indeed we felt just the same as we do when we see the new moon over either our left or right shoulder. Just as we feel when we happen to break a mirror, or walk under a raised ladder, or see a black cat cross in front of us at midnight, or sit at a table with thirteen present. So we flew.

We were up at 3 A.M., in order to leave at 5. The missionaries were there to see us off. Brother Ainscough, our good English Nazarene, also came to wave goodbye. The great, shiny,

aluminum-looking airplane stood in the port like a monstrous bird ... We bade our dear Argentine missionaries goodby, and, together with six other travelers, hurried up the gangplank. The plane was instantly loosed and we were off.

Arrived (in Miami) within ten seconds of schedule, we had to be examined by the quarantine officer to see if we had any South American fever (that doctor little dreamed of the North American fever that was burning inside this traveler), by the immigration officer to see whether we were bona fide Americans or phoney foreigners, coming for the purpose of espionage. Also, by the customs officer to see whether we had some "contraband of war" hidden away in our suitcases. Released at last we hurried to the exit and there were greatly surprised and gratified to find a fine company of Miami Nazarenes awaiting to give us a royal welcome. You can never know until you try it yourself, what a pleasure it is to have a group of blessed, saved and sanctified Nazarenes meet one, after he has been "wandering on a foreign strand." My heart goes out in gratitude to those fine saints in Miami who met me October 17 and welcomed me back to "my own, my native land." I left American shores July 5, traveled over twenty thousand miles, and stepped on to the homeland continent again October 17 — three months and twelve days.

The illness in Argentina apparently had its beginning in contaminated food eaten on shipboard immediately preceding or during the short stop in Rio de Janeiro. In order that he might recuperate from the persistent ailment, which had been diagnosed as dysentery, the Board of General Superintendents considerately arranged for Dr. Morrison to be relieved of the four fall assemblies by Dr. Williams. This allowed his return home at once to seek the benefit of rest and medical aid, thereby encouraging a more expedient recovery.

Little was anyone aware that the first assembly held in April, 1934, when he presided for Dr. Chapman in Glasgow, Scotland, now had its sequel in his last, in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

* * *

General Superintendent Morrison's assembly slate and the ministers who were ordained by his hand:

1934

In Dr. Chapman's and Dr. Goodwin's stead respectively: British Isles — Glasgow, Scotland, March 28 to April 2, 1934-William Wilke, William Robertson

Mexico — Mexico City, September, 1934-One native pastor

1936

Nebraska — York, Nebraska — Herbert Lilly, Wayne Elliot

Kansas — Dodge City, Kansas — E. S. Travis

Eastern Oklahoma — Okmulgee, Oklahoma — George R. Penrod, Marvin Baldwin

Western Oklahoma — Bethany, Oklahoma — Edith Askew, Wm. J. Benson, Claude D. Clifton,
Audry L. Brasswell, Paul E. Pitts, Grady H. Bohannon, Matthew U. Wilson

1937

Alberta — Red Deer, Alberta, Canada — Mrs. W. J. Ewing

Ontario — Toronto, Ontario, Canada — Delbert R. Chatreau

North Dakota — Jamestown, North Dakota — Walter Cunningham, Laten E. Teare

Colorado — Denver, Colorado — James Barr, Dwayne C. Hilde, Edward Garrison, Dave Severin,
George Schriber

Rocky Mountain — Billings, Montana — Orval C. Keller, Nelson E. Franklin, Ben. J. Rodda,
Mrs. Hattie E. Lambert

Washington — Philadelphia — North East, Maryland — Mrs. Miriam R. Keeler, Clarence L.
Arnold, James E. Hunton

New York — Beacon, New York — Russell Little

Manitoba — Saskatchewan — Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada — C. W. Serle

Central Northwest — Minneapolis, Minnesota — C. R. Nichols, H. S. Palmquist, Leon R.
Sturtevant, H. E. Walker

Iowa — Webster City, Iowa — Ralph T. Kaldenberg, Harold A. Thon, Lewis L. Watters, John
Leih, Evelyn M. McKinney

Missouri — St. Louis, Missouri — Mrs. Marvin Instone, E.M. Kenney, Robert McKeown, O. R.
Henricks

Southeast Atlantic — Greensboro, North Carolina — Mrs. Reba Bowman, Francis Bowman,
Sallie Walker, A. D. Holt, Harold Mongerson

Florida — Lakeland, Florida — O. H. Ferdon, A. E. Kelly

Georgia — Columbus, Georgia — Nettie Miller, Byron E. La Jeune

Alabama — Birmingham, Alabama — No ordination

Mississippi — Columbus, Mississippi — John D. Rhame

1938

British West Indies — No report

Northern Pacific — Medford, Oregon — G. E. Baker, Andrew J. Edwards, Robert Harding, Mrs. R. M. Parks, J. Tindall, Ellen Walker, Orval R. Waterhouse

Idaho — Oregon — Emmett, Idaho — Gilbert Anderson, Milo L. Roberts

Northwest — Spokane, Washington — Harold M. Sorweide, George Eplin, Harper E. Edwards

Colorado — Manzanola, Colorado — Lorraine Ripper, J. E. Coe, Mrs. Elnora M. Coe, Betty MacKarno, Burl Toppona, R. Worthy Babcock, Henry H. Goode, C. K. Hesel, Sadie Hoover, M. E. Walden

Indianapolis — Indianapolis, Indiana — Joseph C. Collins, Otis Bonewell, John G. Wire, LeVeta E. Ellis, Arthur Smith, Ida Reed Adkins

Michigan — Vicksburg, Michigan — Freeman A. Brunson, Charles Ross Lee, Robert A. North, Walter S. Hubbard, Stella Short, Wayne M. Thorne, Mae Heslop Thorne

Northern Indiana — Bluffton, Indiana — Marion W. Kemper, O. Paul Brandyberry, S. Ellsworth Nothstine, Irvin F. Younger, Otho Paul Mayfield, J. Paul Tucker

Wisconsin — Racine, Wisconsin — Oliver Crane, Charles Hill

Chicago Central — Olivet, Illinois — Lena Peters, Walter Moore, Harold Johnston

Western Oklahoma — El Reno, Oklahoma — D. A. Lambert, L. L. Mathis, D. B. Murphy

Tennessee — Chattanooga, Tennessee — Carmon G. Sloan, Hobert Meridith, Mrs. T. N. Robinson

Eastern Oklahoma — Henryetta, Oklahoma — Clarence E. Townsend, John A. Campbell, Delos E. Beck, Glenn C. Jones

Arkansas — Little Rock, Arkansas — C. Tom Davis, Ansel J. Gunter

1939

Alberta — Red Deer, Alberta, Canada — No ordination

Northern California — Stockton, California — J. D. Poole, Orville W. Jenkins

Southern California — Pasadena, California — Nicholas Hull, Harold W. Stanfield, W. Harper Welch, Jesse L. Wheeler

South Africa — Bremersdorp, Swaziland, South Africa — Elmer Schmelzenbach, Glenn Grose, Solomon Zimande, Joseph Mkwazazi, Daniel Muqueti, Samuel Dhiamini, John Mazivila, Enock Dhlamini, Paul Siweia, Zephanlah Mhula

Argentina — Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America — Juan Iannis, Thomas A. Ainscough

Total — 41 assemblies, 131 ordained. Dr. Morrison was general superintendent only three and one-half years. The ordination in Africa was the first Nazarene ordination on that continent.

Beginning with the General Assembly of 1907 in Chicago, and including the General Assembly of 1952 at Kansas City, the Church of the Nazarene has elected the following as general superintendents: Dr. P. F. Bresee, Dr. H. F. Reynolds, Dr. E. P. Ellyson, Dr. E. F. Walker, Dr. W. C. Wilson, Dr. R. T. Williams, Dr. J. W. Goodwin, Dr. J. B. Chapman, Dr. J. G. Morrison, Dr. O. J. Nease, Dr. H. V. Miller, Dr. H. C. Powers, Dr. G. B. Williamson, Dr. Samuel Young, Dr. D. I. Vanderpool, and Dr. H. C. Benner. These add up to sixteen, and Dr. Morrison is ninth on the list. The first eleven have moved into that "more excellent glory," while the remaining five make up the present Board of General Superintendents. All splendid holiness leaders indeed!

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS
The Life Story of J. G. Morrison

By
C. T. Corbett

Dr. Morrison stands out as a monument of God's redeeming grace.

— Dr. C. Warren Jones—

TWELVE
PROMOTER AND PROMOTED

Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine (II Tim. 4:2).

Do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry (II Tim. 4:5).

For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the Judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another (Ps. 75:6-7).

Webster has defined a promoter as "a person who alone or with others initiates, and takes preliminary steps." Since his early twenties, J. G. Morrison had determined that God's will was to be the pattern for his life. To him, the "center of the will of God" was literally the hub from which all decisions emanated. From 1895, when he first found "the way, the truth, and the life," until 1939 he was consistently recognized as a dependable promoter of Bible truth by both life and concept. He loved the way of holiness, and he worked for its promotion with his full strength. His definite direction in life engendered a disposition that was cheerful, happy, and friendly.

Beginning in 1908 and continuing through the next thirty-one years, his pen was seldom stilled. Every week, almost every day, he wrote some type of gospel truth for publication. His prolific writing covered practically every phase of the gospel.

Youth and their education held a prominent position in Dr. Morrison's diagram of indispensables. He directed many a young person into the way of salvation and then counseled him to attend a holiness college. Dr. S. T. Ludwig wrote of him:

The first time I had the privilege of meeting Dr. J. G. Morrison was in 1925 when I was teaching at Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa, Idaho. He was giving a series of lectures on the subject of "Achieving Faith." Three things particularly impressed me about his ministry at that time: (1) his deep sincerity and devotion to God; (2) his very evident love for young people; (3) his unique and pleasing personality. . . . Frequently young people would be found seeking his counsel because they knew he had their best interest at heart.

He was his own best commentary on promoting a cause. In the last of a series of ten chapel lectures delivered at Northwest Nazarene College his subject was "The Sublimity of a Great Conviction." The core of the lecture, stated in his own words, was:

To advance the cause of Christ in the earth we need more than the mere stirring of the emotions, more than a belief that it should be done, and even more than a whim of purpose to do it. What we need is a steadfast determination to do the thing or die trying. Such a conviction will bring results.

The Methodist bishop who ordained him, Dr. Isaac W. Joyce, saw in Dr. Morrison worth that prompted his advancing him to pastorates of increasing responsibility. The laymen of North Dakota saw in Morrison an editor and leader who could keep holiness alive among them; hence they selected him as their field evangelist and president. The Nazarene brethren saw in him a qualified district superintendent for the Central Northwest in the 1920's, a man who could organize churches and inspire preachers to promote the cause. The college board at Northwest Nazarene College saw in him an efficient college president who could rally youth and stimulate the faith of the people to advance the young college. The General Board and the general superintendents saw in Dr. Morrison a man of integrity and administrative ability to promulgate world-wide missions for organized holiness. The delegates of the 1936 General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene saw in him a proper man to add to the Board of General Superintendents to aid in leading the denomination to victories in world evangelism. It was the direction of God through His people placing a man to "stand in the gap."

In mid October of 1939, Dr. Morrison arrived at home to be with his family in Kansas City. He spent a few days in the hospital under the observation and care of his physician. His case did not appear to be critical, and with careful diet and rest he seemed to be responding well.

For ten years the Morrises had lived in rented apartments in Kansas City. In 1937 they built a home at 5410 Aberdeen Road in Kansas City, Kansas, which was their residence at the time. It was a restful haven to him during his illness.

Plans had been made for Dr. Morrison to be with us in Wisconsin in conventions during the Thanksgiving week of that year. On November 9, 1939, he wrote for the last time. The letter read in part:

Dear Brother Corbett:

It breaks my heart to disappoint you with regards to my plans for coming to you . . . I must cancel my proposed meetings.

I am under the doctor's care for persistent South American dysentery contracted while in that country. I have been in the hospital already for a short time and probably will have to take further course there before I will be able to accept any dates at all.

You cannot know how this grieves me, but at some future time I will certainly come and give you the assistance you desire.

Yours very cordially,
J. G. MORRISON
General Superintendent

For an interval of three weeks Dr. Morrison had been about, not entirely well, but able to spend some time at his office caring for matters of importance. Thanksgiving Day came, and during his morning at home he felt well enough to write a report of his trip to Africa for the General Board, with comments and recommendations. At noon he ate dinner with his family. Early in the afternoon, as was his custom, he took a walk about the neighborhood.

Dr. and Mrs. C. Warren Jones felt impressed to call on the Morrisons that afternoon. Dr. Jones's account follows:

After our dinner, Mrs. Jones and I drove to the Morrison home. When we arrived he was out for a walk. We went in and soon Dr. Morrison came. We sat down on the sofa together and talked for probably twenty minutes. He was feeling quite well and told me he had eaten a good dinner. He was cheerful. Seeing that we were going to leave he asked me to pray. As soon as we arose from prayer, we went out and got in our car. As we drove away Dr. and Mrs. Morrison stood in the doorway and waved us "good-bye." I know that in fifteen minutes we were at home and immediately we heard that Doctor was gone. As soon as we left he went out for kindling and wood to build a fire in their fireplace. He stooped as a man will and was placing the kindling when he fell over backward on the carpet and within two minutes he was gone.

He was a great soldier and one of the finest Christian gentlemen that it has been my privilege to meet during the last fifty years . . . I always believed in the holiness that he preached for his message and life paralleled. He stands out as a monument of God's redeeming grace.

The promoter had been promoted. His last act was symbolic. Kindling spiritual fires had been his lifelong task. While in the act of lighting a fire on the hearth, he who had kindled gospel fires for forty-six years of ministry suddenly went to his reward. No testimony was needed, he had lived that for years. The heart that had throbbed for earth's millions throbbed no more. This was God's promotion. The lights of home had beckoned him to come.

His death (November 23, 1939) came with appalling suddenness to Mrs. Morrison and the other members of the family. His son and three daughters were all married and maintained homes of their own, and the previous reports of an apparent recovery had not prepared them for this unexpected news. This was the first time that a Nazarene general superintendent had died in office since 1918, when Dr. E. F. Walker was called to his reward. It came as a great shock to the church. Dr. Morrison had seemed to have more vigorous health than his colleagues in office and to be the least likely to go.

Because of Mrs. Morrison's frail health, funeral arrangements were largely in the hands of Rev. Bernard W. Knox, pastor of the Trinity Church of the Nazarene in Kansas City, where the Morrisons had their church membership, and of Miss Emma B. Word, his long-time office secretary. The service was conducted at First Church of the Nazarene, Kansas City, Missouri. The front of the church was banked with floral pieces, eloquent testimony of the esteem of loved ones, friends, and institutions the nation over. The casket was covered by an American flag in recognition of military service.

At the memorial service, Rev. Bernard W. Knox read portions of scripture and the obituary. General Superintendents R. T. Williams and J. B. Chapman spoke fittingly of the life and character of their former colaborer. Prayer was offered by Dr. C. Warren Jones, foreign missionary secretary. Dr. D. Shelby Corlett read from the many messages of tribute and sympathy sent to Mrs. Morrison and the family. Dr. Morrison's favorite hymn, "The Mercy Seat," was sung by Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Davis. Rev. Haldor Lillenas sang another favorite selection, "Jesus Is Mine." The large church was overflowing as ministers and laymen came to pay homage to the memory of one who had earned their love and respect.

Six district superintendents were chosen as pallbearers, as follows: Revs. J. W. Short of Western Oklahoma, I. C. Mathis of Dallas, R. V. Starr of Michigan, E. O. Chalfant of Chicago Central, J. W. Montgomery of Northern Indiana, and Charles A. Gibson of Ohio. Mr. Richard Brown, husband of his daughter, Beverly, accompanied the body to De Smet, South Dakota, where another memorial service was held and the interment took place. At this location three district superintendents conducted the service: Revs. J. N. Tinsley of Minnesota, Earl Pounds of South Dakota, and S. C. Taylor of North Dakota. An escort from the local American Legion sounded a volley in salute, and taps were played for the former Spanish-American War veteran. His body was laid to rest beside his parents in a beautiful little cemetery on the prairie he loved so well. There he awaits the rapture of the Church.

In solemn finality a tombstone of gray granite marks the resting place. The length of life is stated, 1871-1939; and then the simple eulogy, "JOSEPH GRANT MORRISON, A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS."

Many warm and affectionate messages were received by the family.

They are shared in part:

Dr. J. B. Chapman: "He was our Missionary Secretary for so many years, and even when General Superintendent we have thought of him as a missionary leader. I am sure Dr. Morrison speaks to us today and says, 'Though a thousand fall, let not the missionary task be neglected.' . . . I praise God to have had a man in our movement who lived and died without bringing a shadow of reproach upon us at all. I do thank God for Dr. Morrison."

Dr. J. W. Goodwin: "Earnest and devoted he stood forth as one of the pioneers of the holiness movement. Fearless and brave he contended for the faith once delivered to the saints. His impressive personality burst forth with the ancient faith of daring undertakings for Christ and the church. The sincere purity of his heart shone like flames of light from his saintly face. Everyone who met this Christian gentleman felt that a holy man of God passed that way. The church has lost a great man and a most loyal friend."

Dr. R. T. Williams: "There are a number of things about Dr. Morrison that impressed themselves upon me. One was the quality of his spirit; and I can think of nothing greater in any man than that of a right spirit — I loved the spirit of Dr. Morrison."

Dr. O. J. Nease: "No man of our Zion has ever sounded the note of achieving faith more clearly than he, and no one has more sincerely labored to make that faith achieve in its application to the world-wide responsibility of the church."

Dr. G. B. Williamson: "His voice and pen stirred the Church to greater devotion, sacrifice, and accomplishment."

Dr. S. T. Ludwig: "The Church of the Nazarene still feels the impact of his godly life and his passionate plea for the cause of missions."

Dr. D. Shelby Corlett: "Dr. Morrison made a unique character. He was a constant student, a keen observer of world events, and had a knowledge of history and current political trends that was unusual."

Rev. E. J. Fleming: "There was a holy jubilation in his life that seemed to say, 'Oh, be joyful in the Lord!' that was a tonic to those who were brought in contact with him."

Dr. M. Lunn: "He was a Christian gentleman, devoted to Christ and the church. Always enthusiastic, optimistic, eager to advance the cause of Christ, systematic with his work, he was never too busy to lend a sympathetic ear to the perplexed and distressed."

Dr. C. A. Gibson: "I hope to be encouraged, challenged, and constantly pleaded with by the memory of this devoted friend to do more, give more and inspire others to do likewise. I hope to keep before me the memory of his smile until I shall meet him where joy reigns without a rival."

Dr. A. L. Parrott: "We loved Dr. Morrison and he has been such a blessing to us as well as to the entire church."

Rev. E. E. Wordsworth: "Dr. Morrison was a man of principle, fortitude and holy courage. He was every inch a true, New Testament bishop of souls."

W. C. Nolte, M.D.: "He came up through the school of hard knocks and opposition on every side, but with his hand in the hand of God, his progress was gradually upward and closer to God. No one ever knew Dr. Morrison as a stranger."

Dr. A. E. Sanner: "He wrought well and his labors are appreciated."

Dr. E. O. Chalfant: "He always put courage in my spirit, and he always inspired in me faith to undertake things for God."

Rev. Ira Hammer: "Dr. Morrison was more than a brother to me. He was my friend Joe. The truest friend I ever had who, knowing all my faults and failures, loved me still."

"God buries His workmen but carries on His work." May God, out of His reserves of power, call and qualify other men to carry on in this and succeeding generations the great work so nobly advanced by this great and good **SOLDIER OF THE CROSS**.