



From Chosen Vessel Vine 1961  
now in print as Heroes)

BRI 700.2

9 NINE 9

C. 418  
1985

## T. Stanley Soltau

by Charles Turner

SPRING, 1914. PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. Two young men are walking toward Miller Chapel. The taller—the red-haired one—is Stanley Soltau, who will be graduating soon. His companion is Arch Campbell, his future brother-in-law, a junior. They are late for the Tuesday night meeting, but their pace is unhurried as they round the stately privet hedge near the entrance. The days are noticeably longer now, and it's as though the lingering sunlight has beguiled them into thinking they have plenty of time.

Actually, the season has little to do with it except in a cumulative way. Neither student has missed a Tuesday night meeting since the beginning of the academic year, and Stanley is wondering what harm it would do if they were to sit this one out.

Before they reach the steps, he slows to a halt. He turns to the other and says, "What say, Arch, let's skip the meeting tonight and go to my room and talk."

"It's all right by me," Arch replies.

Stanley gives the matter a second thought. He knows that he should set a good example for the younger student. Besides, it

would be a shame to mar their record at this point. He says, "Perhaps we ought to go on, after all, but let's sit in the back row so we can skip out if we like."

The Tuesday night meetings are, as the Princeton Seminary Bulletin states, "for devotion and for instruction in general lines of Christian activity." These assemblies are in addition to the regular evening prayers, which every student is expected to attend. Because this is the first Tuesday in the month, the program will be under the direction of professors rather than students, and there will be a speaker on missions and a "concert of prayer" for missions around the world.

Although Stanley's interest on this occasion is less than stalwart, he is not indifferent to the subject of missions. He was born into a missionary family and for most of his life he has believed that God will give him the same vocation. Indeed, it is for this kind of endeavor that he has been preparing himself during these years at seminary. A mission field is out there waiting for him—of that he feels certain. Which mission field? Well, Stanley is curious about the geography of his future, but he has stopped sniffing around in every direction trying to precede the Lord. He is confident that he will know the appointed region at the right time. If there is a question that nags him about any aspect of missionary life ahead, it is this: is it fair to ask Molly, his fiancée, to abandon her family and all the familiar furnishings of her culture to follow him into a strange realm where circumstances are uncertain and the outlook promises one strenuous adjustment after another? This, it occurs to him as he and her brother enter the chapel, is what he subconsciously has been wanting to talk about.

The meeting has begun. The crowd is thicker than usual. With everyone standing for the hymn, it is difficult to tell exactly where the empty seats are. The back row is full, they discover, and so is the next row. By the time they find two seats near the aisle, they are deep in the tide of male voices and closer to the front than they are to the doors. Professor B.B. Warfield, who is to introduce the speaker, sends a nod, almost a smile, to absolve their tardiness.

Stanley realizes that he and Arch are speared to the pew. There will be no vanishing act tonight.

What he does not realize—not at first—is that the perspectives of his life are lined up and he now has moved into a position where, captive, he will see his past and his future come together with precision; to a focus that will define each more distinctly than ever before.

The speaker is Dr. George Shannon McCune.

The mission of concern is Korea, where Dr. McCune is headmaster of a Christian academy.

At least two listeners *hear*, and one of them is Stanley Soltau.

He was to look back on that evening as an example of man's footsteps and determinations being swallowed up in the mystery of God's sovereignty, for it was then and there that "the land of the morning calm" reached out and claimed him.

In those days, thirty-five years before the resounding Korean conflict of the mid-century, that country was little known in the Western world except as Japan's booty from the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5. Stanley Soltau knew its location on the globe, could put his finger to it, even knew of the Presbyterian mission there, and yet he usually thought of Korea in vague and subtractive terms: it was neither China nor Japan, it somehow was "neither this nor that." Certainly, before that evening, he had never felt a pull in its direction. Perhaps that was because it was an established field and he had longed for the challenge and romance of uncharted territory. But on the other hand, perhaps it was due to the fact that Korea, as a ministry, had not received the wide journalistic coverage that some countries had, and he simply had overlooked its invitation. Whatever the reason for his delayed interest, it was of the past and did not lessen his enthusiasm for the call. His recognition of divine guidance was so strong that he knew, even before Molly responded to his letter about it, that she would perceive it too, and that she would be at his side when he journeyed to the Orient. His reservations about subjecting her to hardships lost out to his

acknowledged need of a helpmeet and his vision of her as the best missionary wife ever.

Stanley Soltau was born in 1890, on the island of Tasmania, forty minutes after the arrival of his brother, David Livingston Soltau. Their parents, who had not suspected that twins were in store, had hoped for a boy and already had chosen the name of the famous missionary-explorer. When the surprising gift of the second boy (their eighth child and sixth son) was delivered, they named him Theodore Stanley—Theodore for its meaning ("gift of God") and, appropriately enough, Stanley for the newspaper correspondent who followed Livingston to Africa. David was called David, but Theodore was known by his middle name throughout his life.

Another historic name linked with the Soltau twins is that of J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, who, on a visit to Tasmania when they were small, laid his hands upon them in a dedication service. His life intersected theirs again when they were ten years old and living in England, on which occasion he offered his hands once again, this time in a firm and memorable clasp as he inquired about their Christian growth and bequeathed to them as much of himself as he could.

The Soltau family came from a Plymouth Brethren tradition. The twins' paternal grandfather, Henry-William Soltau, born in Plymouth in 1805, gave up his law practice to devote himself to the study of scripture. Both his scholarship and his spirituality are reflected in his writings, which are considered classics and are in print today: *The Holy Vessels and Furniture of the Tabernacle* and *The Tabernacle, the Priesthood and the Offerings* (Kregel Publications). Adding to that heritage was the visible ministry and example of their parents, George and Grace. It would seem merely a thematic progression that the Soltau twins, each in his own time, each in his own calling, became servants of the Word.

After accompanying their parents to the United States on a speaking tour in 1904, they stayed on and received schooling at Morningside Academy in Sioux City and at Northwestern Univer-

sity. Summers and long holidays were spent in Seattle, their family's "headquarters" in the States. Not the least of the attractions in that city of hills overlooking Puget Sound was a girl named Mary Campbell. David and Stanley became close friends of her brothers and were welcomed on a regular basis into the Presbyterian household of her parents. The hospitality of Joseph and Anna Campbell was so unfeigned and easygoing that they had sanctioned a veritable dom in the upper reaches of their weathered gray manor on 88th Street.

Mary—who was to be Molly in Stanley's life—was brown-haired and hazel-eyed, as statuesque as a Gibson Girl, with the clean planes of bone structure that cinematographers look for. She was, in the flesh, the fair and winsome heroine of the romantic novels of the era. Her own love story began one day when, in the flurry of a girlish emotion, she sailed into the arms of the nearest male, whom she took to be her brother. The house being rampant with males, and the blur of her tears having misdirected her, she found herself in the appreciative embrace of Stanley. In years to come, when her daughters were old enough to delight in hearing of it, she would relate the incident many times, never remembering exactly what had caused the tears, but always remembering the warmth and the special stillness she had drawn from her comforter.

Stanley was rather shy with girls, according to his own reports, and he feared that Mary's eyes were only for his twin: David was an extravert and a charmer. But her pleasant mistake emboldened Stanley to court her outright. And her seemingly chance gravitation toward the shy one was prophetic. It was to him that her heart turned later, sure of its compass and with promises to last a lifetime.

As the younger twin prevailed in that situation, so must he prevail in this narrative. David Soltau's life was interesting in its own right (he went to Korea too, taught physics there, and after returning to the States, became an Episcopal priest and taught physics at Redlands University), but his story is for someone else to tell. David Soltau I did not know. Stanley Soltau I knew and respected and liked. He was my pastor in his later years. He himself

was the inspiration for this portrait I'm attempting, and he himself was the basic source of my research.

I advanced many questions in the hope of gathering material for a full biography. He had kept no journals, no copies of his correspondence, and even though his memory was a large and colorful canvas, I was not able to extract from its richness the kind of order and detail necessary for the comprehensive treatment I had in mind. But I did glean enough to encourage me to put him on paper in one shorter form or another, someday. Now is someday, and it has occurred to me that perhaps I can capture Stanley Soltau's likeness and tell of his life faithfully in a sequence of brief glimpses, compressing his years for their essence, while I might have lost him—or, worse, misrepresented him—in a longer work.

Through the influence of the Campbell family, Stanley adopted a Presbyterian view of scripture, especially in regard to its emphasis on God's covenant promises. Perhaps his personality also played a part in the shift, his natural reserve tending toward a more precise approach to worship than the one in which he had grown up. A result of this development was his choice of Princeton Theological Seminary for further education. He financed his tuition himself by summer work as a surveyor in the state of Washington.

After graduation in May 1914, he was ordained to the ministry and commissioned by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. He and Molly married in August, and in October they set out on the long voyage toward their first Korean winter. On the horizon, knowable even before the days were fulfilled, was the bleakness of Christmas in a strange land. Stanley was surprised to find that he suffered as keenly as Molly the loss of all that was familiar. Despite a warm welcome from fellow missionaries and Korean Christians, the loneliness for family and friends was like a tunnel through which they had to pass, and in which they had to reaffirm their belief that God truly had called them to this remote post.

The sense of strangeness, common to aliens in every culture, persisted after the doubts had lifted. It was intensified of course by

the realization that *they*, Stanley and Molly, were the curiosities. Westerners seldom were seen in rural districts, and often the couple found that paper doors and windows had been perforated neatly by wet fingers for the convenience of inquisitive eyes. Sometimes the discovery was immediate: they would think they were enjoying the privacy of a closed shelter, and then, hearing themselves discussed in detail just beyond the thin barrier, they would know they were being observed with amusement.

Even more disconcerting was the laughter which surfaced from time to time when he was preaching. An early incident involved a boy who broke into snickering when Stanley happened to glance at him in the middle of a sermon. Stanley supposed that an incorrect verb ending had prompted the glee. His next glance brought forth the same effect. I am making one blunder after another, he thought. He concluded the sermon quickly and went on to the thoroughly practiced grammar of the Lord's Supper. But his language teacher was present and informed him that mistakes had been fewer than usual, that the eruptions had been caused by matters more difficult to remedy. The teacher was Korean and two years his junior, and it was an awkward moment as Oriental courtesy gave way to brotherly candor. "You see, Pastor, you are too tall and your hair is such a strange color and your nose is so big and your eyes are so deeply set in your head. This boy is a country boy, not used to seeing foreigners. He could not keep from laughing."

Bouts of homesickness prepared Stanley for counseling prospective missionaries later on. They would feel disconnected at times, he would warn them. They would, in a small measure, enter into the loneliness of Christ, whose ministry on earth he saw as the basic foreign mission experience. It was always a case of having been amputated from one's natural environment. "But," he would tell them, "it is in this loneliness that the companionship of the Lord becomes a blessed reality."

He spent three years in Syenchun, in the north, a railroad town of mud-walled houses thatched with rice straw. Nestled against hills known as the Dragon's Back, and entrenched in ancient superstition deeply enough to claim the dragon as the town guardian,

Syenchun was nonetheless a Christian center boasting two churches, two academies (one for girls, one for boys) and a well-staffed hospital. Stanley's main assignment there was language study, but his duties included teaching English and Bible to some of the classes in the boys' academy. He enjoyed playing tennis with the boys, and since none of them spoke English, the activity with them helped him to learn their language and to get to know them.

Among the students was pleasant-faced Chinsoo Kim, who was working his way through school. Chinsoo's parents, like many other poor Korean farmers, had moved into Manchuria to escape the increasingly severe Japanese taxation. When he learned that the Soltaus would be taking the gospel to the settlements in Manchuria, he felt that he had something in common with them—an interest above the border. His father and mother, both Christians, had placed great importance upon his attending the academy. Only for the sake of his Christian education had he remained in Syenchun. Now that he was separated from them, he turned to Stanley and Molly for the warmth of a family, visiting often in their home, bringing his problems there, seeking advice about his future. He was quite serious about his own faith in Christ, and they grew to love him like a son.

In the years to come, Chinsoo would attend college and seminary and be ordained as a minister himself. During those years of further study, he would continue to visit in their home at every opportunity, wherever that home happened to be. (After Syenchun, they were stationed for a while in other towns in the north, and then for seventeen years in Chungju, in the south.) The Soltau children, as they came along, regarded Chinsoo as an elder brother who was always good for play. He manifested his devotion to the family by leading their newly purchased milk cow the three hundred miles to Chungju when they moved. Later, when he was pastor of the third congregation in Syenchun, he and Stanley would see each other at meetings of the General Assembly. Stanley could count on Chinsoo to be absolutely honest with him when there was friction between the Korean pastors and some of the missionaries. Their

"father and son" relationship allowed a communication which helped to solve problems when the Korean pastors rightly insisted that they were grown and could think for themselves.

The mission had been in Korea almost thirty years when Stanley arrived. Its policy from the beginning had been to establish national churches that were self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating. In this the pioneers had followed the example of Dr. J.L. Nevius, a Presbyterian missionary in Shantung, China. Most mission boards in that day considered the practice a radical innovation, but Stanley embraced the principle as his personal philosophy of mission, seeing it as apostolic in heritage and therefore the most workable and promising method of planting the gospel in every land. His own observations proved to him that it was the one way to ensure natural, sturdy church growth. It was the opposite of colonialism. The dignity of the nationals remained intact, for essential in the process was a point beyond which the "foreign" missionaries could not lord it over them as benefactors and decision-makers.

While the Soltaus were stationed in the north, Stanley made numerous journeys into Manchuria. These mission projects required that he be separated from Molly and the little ones for weeks at a stretch. Molly's brother Arch, who had accompanied Stanley to that Tuesday night meeting at Princeton Seminary, was now serving under the same mission. He and his family were also stationed in the north, so Molly did not feel quite so alone when Stanley was away. The two families lived together for a while in a house in Kangkai. They called the house Camelot. The Arthurian connotation seemed to fit the mood of the residence, and it was a wonderful place for little cousins to romp.

Often the travel in Manchuria was crude and sluggish. Stanley tackled the mountainous distances by various means—pony, bicycle, sled, raft, dugout, bean boat—and he covered many a mile on foot. Against typhoid, and against the diminutive fish swimming in the pots of cool drinking water at the inns, he was armed with chlorine. Against the powers of darkness, he was armed with the Word. The name of Jesus, so far as Stanley knew, had never been

spoken in many of the villages he entered. It was an awesome experience to approach a community like that and think about his privilege and his responsibility. It was also extremely humbling. In those moments he felt an acute kinship with missionaries Paul and Patrick and Brainerd and Livingston and Taylor, and with all of those messengers who before him had announced the gospel in localities where it had never been heard. One of his goals was to help establish churches among the expatriate Korean Christians, but he was always conscious of his duty to evangelize, and he saw the life of Christ take hold and grow in areas where there had been no former witness.

Frequent absences from home continued as a way of life after his move to Chungju. He was in charge of a circuit of churches in the province and had to visit all of them regularly. His itinerary took him through rice fields and pine forests and valleys showered with persimmons and walnuts. The persimmons were giant, dusted with natural sugar after the first frost, and the walnuts were a white variety, paper-shelled and delicious. On homeward jaunts, in season, Stanley would lade himself with selections for the family larder. By the fifth year in Chungju, there were four children: Eleanor, Mary, George, and Addison. The girls were born in the north, the boys in the south. (A third daughter, Theodora, born during a furlough in Seattle, had died of diphtheria at the age of two.) Molly never had to wonder what to do with her time when Stanley was away. In addition to the usual business of motherhood, she undertook the schooling of her brood, and, with the professional guidance of Calvert correspondence courses, saw each of them through the sixth grade at home.

The year 1936 brought difficult times for the Korean church. The Japanese government, attempting to unify the empire in preparation for the war it was planning, decreed that students and faculty of every school in the domain must attend ceremonies at the State Shinto shrines. It was not simply a matter of being present and accounted for: obeisance was to be done before the sun goddess, Amaterasu-Omi-Kami, patron saint of the Japanese army and

mythical ancestress of the imperial household. A profound bow was required of all. Mission schools were not exempt—they were in fact a major target. The church was the one institution over which the Japanese had not been able to gain control, and for that reason it was continually an object of suspicion. Shrines were erected near every school, and one by one they sprang up in every village of any size throughout the land. The day was foreseen—and it did come—when all churches and the entire population of Korea were included in the order.

Although the main purpose behind the order might have been to inculcate a spirit of patriotism among the Koreans, who were regarded as Japanese subjects, the move did violence to the religious freedom promised in the constitution. It did especial violence to the hearts of those individuals whose God had said, "Thou shalt have no other gods. . . . Thou shalt not bow down to them." Many Christians were loyal to that first commandment and resolved to suffer persecution rather than comply with the ruling. Others wondered if perhaps they should consider attendance at the shrines a civic duty and the compulsory bow merely a patriotic gesture.

Stanley, as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Mission, stood against compromise. After his meetings with high officials in the government availed no leniency for Christians, he took the position that it would be better to close the mission schools than to go along with Shinto worship. Worship was what it was, he believed. The separation of State Shinto from Sectarian Shinto had been effected for the appearance of insuring religious freedom, but it actually had cleared the way for forced participation in the State Shinto ceremonies, which now were promoted as nonreligious even though prayers and oblations were essential. The misrepresentations confused very few people who took their Christianity—or their Buddhism, or their Shinto—seriously. Dr. Kato Genchi, of the Imperial University of Tokyo, had stated in his 1935 treatise on Shinto, "I regard National Shinto, embracing both Kokutai Shinto and Jinja Shinto, as a variety of religion—a religion with aspects differing from those of Buddhism

and Christianity, but nevertheless always a religion."

Most of the missionaries supported Stanley and voted to close the schools if demands were pressed. This was not an easy policy to adopt. Every session of the mission and every committee meeting was haunted by a member of the police who was present to kill discussion of the shrines. The government, next to its insistence on school participation, was determined that those schools not close, for such action would place a burden on its own education system.

Demands were pressed.

A number of schools *did* close.

Persecution began.

The mission board back in the United States approved the mission's decision at first, but later, treating the question primarily as an administrative matter, resorted to a formal silence on the basic issue of idolatry. Among their concerns was the fact that mission properties were at stake. The silence served to uphold the minority who believed that the schools should remain open at any price. Stanley saw the board's attitude, in principle, as a bow toward Amaterasu-Omi-Kami.

The arguments for acquiescence seemed to boil down to these points: God knew the circumstances, knew the hearts of the students and faculty, knew the difference between an act of patriotism and an act of reverence. Surely a token bow to a nonexistent deity in a toylike shrine would not offend the true and reasonable God. Would it not be preferable to snuffing out the means of Christian education which had operated so successfully in the past? The bending would be physical, not spiritual.

Stanley had never thought of himself as holding a full-fledged sacramental view, but he realized that at this juncture he could not divorce that which was physical and visible from that which was spiritual and invisible.

"Not so much as a nod of the head should be offered," he said at the beginning of the troubles, and he never slackened his advice. In his opinion it was no more possible to associate the worship of the

sun goddess with the worship of Jesus Christ than it was in the days of Elijah to associate the worship of Baal with the worship of Jehovah.

Within a few years, according to figures released by the police, sixty thousand Korean Christians were arrested and thrown into jail.

In the summer of 1937, in the thick of the controversy and before the tyranny had reached its peak, the Soltans' furlough came due. The girls were in college in the United States, having finished their high school education at a boarding academy in Pyeng Yang. Stanley and Molly and the boys, traveling north toward Vladivostok, where they would board the Trans-Siberian Express to journey home by way of England, passed through Syenchun, Stanley's first post, the town where Chinsoo Kim was now pastor of a new and growing church. Stanley had sent word to Chinsoo. He knew that the young man would be at the train station to say good-bye. He looked forward to seeing him and wished that they could have a long talk instead of the brief chat the scheduled stop would permit. The shadows under which they were living caused a man to treasure his friendships.

As the train approached the Dragon's Back and the thatched roofs of Syenchun began to multiply, Stanley gave himself to thoughts of those earlier days. It seemed natural at this point to summarize the years since then. It was not so much a matter of taking stock as it was of letting his memories and his previous summations come upon him freely.

One hut in particular caught his attention. It reminded him of the hut to which he had been called on his first itinerating trip. His main duties—the duties for which he had been prepared—were preaching and administering the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. But when he arrived at the last church on the circuit, he was asked to visit a demon-possessed woman. With trepidation he had followed the concerned Christians who led the way. They explained to him that the woman had watched an exorcist driving

evil spirits out of another house, and that while she was standing there, a demon had taken residence in her! Stanley entered the hut and found a shambles. The woman lay on the floor, a revolting sight, muttering unintelligibly. The husband and three small boys stood by helpless. She was bound hand and foot to restrain her from tearing off her clothes and doing further damage to the dwelling. Stanley read portions of scripture. She would quiet only when he spoke the name of Jesus. After prayer, he commanded the demon to come out of her. He had never received ecclesiastical instruction in the procedure, but he did the best he could.

He suggested that she be brought to the mission hospital in Synchronun if there was no improvement. This was done. But little was accomplished except for the benefits of soap and water and the forcing of nourishment. After her release from the hospital, he arranged for a Bible woman to take her in for a while. Other Bible women were asked to come and pray over her. Stanley had a profound respect for the work of those mature women disciplined in scripture and prayer. Confrontation with demons was almost a specialty with them, so often had they seen deliverance. This time the women applied themselves for weeks in an unceasing circle of attendance and supplication, and they all agreed that it was a very stubborn case. Their prayers were finally answered when the woman was taken to church at their insistence. "Where am I?" she had asked during the service, and from then on she was normal. The demon had left silently, without the usual climactic display, its violence defeated at last by the gift of peace. Stanley remembered that the woman and all of her family became believers in Jesus Christ.

It occurred to him that she might have become a Bible woman herself in the years he had been gone from that circuit. It was impossible for him to keep up with every convert on an individual basis. The Korean church was too large for that. One thing was sure: there had been opportunity for her to become a Bible *student*, at least. The reason for the rapid growth of the Korean church, he felt, was the importance placed on Bible study. With week-long Bible

conferences held in every district once a year, and with attendance seldom dropping below the total baptized membership, Korean Christians as a whole could be called "Bible people." Although Stanley was pleased to have had a part in that emphasis, he realized that a strong factor in the success of the conferences was the average Korean's studious temperament and desire for knowledge. He knew Korean farmers who walked for more than two hundred miles round-trip to attend the conferences, their daily rice on their backs.

But all the lay scholars and Bible women and delivered personalities receded when he thought about Chinsoo Kim. In Stanley's personal mosaic of Korean Christianity, Chinsoo was always there, prominent, an excellent image to represent all of the national pastors. The fact that he was like family was beside the point, Stanley tried to tell himself. Yet he knew that "a father's heart" was involved.

The train lurched to stillness.

There Chinsoo was now, outside the window, waiting on the platform as Stanley had known he would be. Nearby stood three other Korean pastors of the area, and in a separate cluster stood their wives. Chinsoo had moved out from under the roof and was shielding his eyes. His white cotton took the sun cleanly, telling of a woman's care. He had married, but Stanley and Molly had never met his wife. Stanley matched the other pastors with their wives, and he was disappointed to find that Chinsoo's had not come to the station.

George and Addison, aged thirteen and eleven, disembarked on their own and made straight for Chinsoo. He boxed them warmly, then directed his attention to Stanley and Molly as they stepped down from the train. He placed his hands before him in the attitude of ceremonial courtesy. He bent slightly.

Stanley's right hand went to Chinsoo's shoulder, not disrespectful of the formality but ending it nevertheless. After an exchange of greetings with Chinsoo, Molly turned toward the women who waited for their visit. Stanley talked with the other

pastors for a minute or so. Chinsoo, at the first opportunity, pulled him aside for a few words in private. They walked along the platform.

"How is your wife?" Stanley asked. "I'm sorry she didn't come with you."

"She is well. She honors us with her absence, knowing my desire to speak alone with you as long as possible. She is a person small of body, but she has a very large mind."

"Does she make good squash soup?" It seemed to Stanley that good squash soup could accomplish in Syenchun the same wonders that a winning cherry pie could accomplish in Seattle.

Chinsoo said, "Yes—and she makes good kimchee."

Stanley said, "I am relieved to hear that!"

They laughed. The turnip pickle dear to the Korean palate was dear to Stanley's palate too. His love of kimchee was almost a matter of pride with him. It was a food that most missionaries had learned to swallow but not to enjoy.

Time was short. Chinsoo grew serious as they started back. "Father, I fear that hard times are ahead for us in this country. We cannot tell what will happen. We cannot tell what we shall be called upon to face. I shall miss your leadership while you are gone, but your past counsel will sustain us."

"It is the Lord who will sustain you."

"It is you who have spoken his word to me. Pray that I shall be strong in that word when the time comes."

"I shall indeed."

"The stand we are taking against shrine worship—tell me again that we are doing the right thing. Some people are likely to suffer dire consequences. It must not be for less than the honor of Christ. This is the issue, is it not?"

Stanley gave it thought once more. He wished he could say something that would alleviate the situation and prevent further suffering. Still, he knew that a weaker position would never be acceptable to Chinsoo or to himself.

"There is no question about it," he said.

The train shook. Departure was imminent. Chinsoo took from

his pocket a folded piece of paper and pressed it into Stanley's hand. A chorus of good-byes lifted, but Chinsoo's was the voice that lingered in the ear as Stanley followed Molly and the boys into the car.

When the waving was over and the assemblage at the station had dispersed, one figure remained. Chinsoo was visible until the station itself was lost behind a curve.

Stanley settled against the unyielding seat. He opened the paper. *My dear Father, the note began, May the peace of God accompany you and Mother and the boys on your long journey and take you to your home in safety. As for us, I fear that hard days are ahead. . .* Here was repeated most of what Chinsoo had spoken in person. Evidently he had written the thoughts down in case he did not find a chance to express them face to face, yet the tone of the note was stronger, more positive. . . *Of one thing I am certain, you will never feel ashamed of your son. Whatever comes, I am looking to the Lord for his enabling power, so that in all things I shall be faithful to him and shall never deny him or bring disgrace to his name. Your loving son, Chinsoo.*

The Soltaus were unable to return to Korea. Toward the end of their furlough, Stanley was felled by intense pain that turned out to be a large kidney stone. Surgery was required. By the time he had recuperated, the mission horizon was darkening with World War II. The terminology "postponement of plans" had to be dropped, finally, for the more realistic "cancellation of plans." (Arch Campbell and his wife, still in Korea when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, remained on duty for the duration of the war. Stanley's brother David had left Korea years earlier.) Unwelcome though the situation was, the closing of the door simplified the step that soon was necessary for Stanley—necessary if he was to live up to his conscience. His strong convictions against the mission board's continuing laxity of principle regarding Shinto shrine worship led him into ministry outside the denomination.

From 1942 until 1968 he was pastor of First Evangelical Church in Memphis, Tennessee. The congregation was, and is, a mix of

believers from various denominations, a flock desirous of biblical preaching. Founded in 1935, the church was in many ways typical of the independent drift which marked that decade and has widened since. And yet, while severed from historic liturgy, Stanley Soltau with his inborn dignity kept the services from wandering off into too surprising informality, the brambles of which seemed to snag and impair any sense of worship in some of the breakaway "fundamental" Bible churches. His stress on the preaching of the Word was balanced by his concern that the service preceding the sermon be objective preparation and not subjective entertainment. His view of Christ as friend and mediator did not lower his view of Christ as the Majestic and Holy One. He did not approach the wonders of Word and sacrament in a casual or cheeky manner. I was a member of that church during his years there, and to me it was as though Stanley Soltau, like the prophet Isaiah, had seen the Lord "high and lifted up."

On Sundays from October to June he appeared in morning dress, evoking the formalities of an era gone, a civilization swept from the earth by two world wars and the inflow of windy new ideas about what was important and what was not. From that previous civilization—let's say, from the world of Princeton Theological Seminary, 1912-14—he had let nothing slide that he could hold stationary. He had held to worthwhile custom as tenaciously as he had held to sound Christian doctrine, although he never would have confused their imports. To those individuals who remembered the vanished proprieties, the figure he cut was nostalgic, no doubt. To those of us who were younger, of a more slipshod generation, he appeared merely *interesting*—and something of a show, which was the last thing he would have wished. But I would take nothing for that show as I screen it in my memory, and I thank him for it. I see the tails of his black cutaway lifting in the November gust as he rounds the back of his Oldsmobile to open the door for his wife. Beneath his homburg he is mostly bald now, but a glint of red is visible in the cropped gray remainder near his ears. I see Molly, coiffed and hatted, come forth serenely at his arm to be

spirited up the church steps. Even that brief "film clip" somehow reminds me that *every* Sunday is Easter, and that a meeting with the Risen One is an affair to perk up about.

He spoke an English that was very close to the king's. He said he had learned to speak several languages, but "southern" wasn't one of them. It was true. After twenty-five years in Memphis, his a's, while not as broad as they once had been, held their own to the degree that they still had to be dealt with by the southern ear. Perhaps this added, not fairly, to the unease with which some people viewed him as an authority figure. He was an authority figure, and I believe that such an image is the fleshing out of a scriptural principle. I found that some people disliked Stanley Soltau for the very reasons that I liked him. In this day of clamorous individualism, which has touched churches as well as every area of our culture, I still like an authority figure—one who doesn't abuse the image, of course. I still want to hear a servant of the Word say, "Thus saith the Lord," and not "My idea is this, what's yours?"

He preached from the Old Testament often, and deeply, but even there his themes were so Christocentric that the gospel grew richer and richer. His sermons were too long by today's standards and I agree that most of them could have been improved by a tightening of five or ten minutes, but ears that listened all the way received immeasurable content, all of it applicable in a life of faith. His pastoral prayers were lengthy too, never less than ten minutes, but those individuals who stayed awake were carried to the throne of God with confession and praise and an orderly raising of supplications, the list of which encompassed the world. A major theme of his preaching was *Possessing the possessions that are yours in Christ*—and he wasn't talking about Cadillacs and swimming pools. Another recurring theme was *God's presence with his covenant people*. I thank him for unfolding this truth, which for me contains a wealth of New Testament realities, especially when viewed in connection with the Eucharist.

Doctor Soltau, he was called. I sometimes called him Pastor Soltau, or simply Pastor, for I like the meaning *and* the sound of that

word, but usually for everyone it was "Doctor Soltau." He was known—and known by that handle—in evangelical circles well beyond the Memphis area. He identified with the conservative Presbyterian movement and, while still with the independent church in Memphis, joined the denomination which became Reformed Presbyterian Church, Evangelical Synod (which, ten years after his death, would lose its name in union with the Presbyterian Church in America). From 1958 until 1972 he was President of World Presbyterian Missions. Other boards on which he served were North Africa Mission, Greater Europe Mission, and Covenant Theological Seminary. He imparted to his congregation a concern for missionary work, and under his ministry the church designated 51 percent of its income to missions. After his retirement from pastoral duties, he renewed his own foreign missionary endeavor by making himself available to various boards. He traveled extensively for three years, on this or that assignment. He had lived to see the jet age and he was very much a part of it. He was "on the go" at eighty, for missions were still on his mind.

The freedom to pack up and leave and trace the curve of the earth again and again was not without its sadness. His Molly, whose regal posture had been destroyed over the years by rheumatoid arthritis, whose hands had frozen into an awkwardness that expressed the pain in which she was imprisoned, died in an automobile accident in 1969. Until his retirement, she had kept up certain appearances and made it a point to stand at his side at the church door after every sermon, but during the next year—her last—she became totally crippled and was dependent on him to assist her every move. He cared for her hour by hour. Had she not been taken from him, he would have been unavailable elsewhere. But he knew that her release was far more blessed than his. He was driving when the accident occurred, and although not at fault, he at first was tormented by the thought that he should have been more cautious at the intersection. On the other hand, when the young man who ran the stop light visited the Soltau house on the day after the

death, begging forgiveness, he was met by a Stanley Soltau who was able to console him and pray for him and openly thank God for the fact that Mary Soltau, his own dear Molly, would suffer no more.

He told me that on one of his trips, on a jet to Brazil, he happened to be seated next to a girl of ten or eleven, of Spanish descent and obviously from a Roman Catholic background, who spoke delightful English. Being the Protestant Evangelical missionary that he was, he asked her, after they had chatted for a while, if she knew Jesus Christ as her Lord and Savior. He said that she looked up at him with steady eyes and said, "Indeed I do. I pray to him every day to make me a better servant of his." With that, he said, they settled back and enjoyed fellowship the rest of the flight. This man who would make an issue when the issue involved loyalty to Christ was happy to overlook differences on a personal level if basic Christian oneness was evident. His dividing line and his grounds of communion were clear. He would not have thought of himself as an ecumenist, and surely he wasn't in a loose or compromising way, but perhaps he was an example of the ideal one. His denominator was not low. It was always as high as the position to which Christ had ascended.

Serious as he was about foreign missions, he never made the person who was not a foreign missionary feel that he or she was involved in the lesser glory of God. He was truly gracious to me in this respect. A writer of fiction, in the estimation of some Christians, is not exactly "about his father's business." But Stanley Soltau read my stories and seemed to enjoy them. Now and then he would ask me, "What are you working on?" and I would say something like "Oh, a little trash." His comment would be on this order: "Good trash, I hope." He told me that as he browsed in airport newsstands in search of reading material to pass the miles away he seldom saw anything "fit to read" or that he would wish to "be seen with." He believed there was a definite need for good short stories and novels, and his sanction was a freeing influence in my own work.

His interest in "the indigenous church" as a mission ideal had not waned when his work in Korea ended. He had continued to support the concept at every opportunity. His book on the subject, *Missions at the Crossroads* (Van Kampen Press, 1954), found a receptive readership and its wake spilled over denominational boundaries, contributing to the swell of changing views that would have an impact on post-World War II missions. He was firm in his statement that Christian outreach would never be at the crossroads in regard to message (the gospel would always be "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth"), but he felt that history was pressing down, that it was necessary for boards in general to determine and adopt the best method of completing the task of world evangelization.

I began to comprehend the book's influence one afternoon in 1970 as I talked with Pastor Paul Martens in his study at Trinity Lutheran Church in downtown Memphis. *Missions at the Crossroads* stood shoulder to shoulder with other mission books on a crowded shelf behind his desk. Martens had served from 1939 until 1949 as a missionary in China, and was in his fourteenth year on the mission board of Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. He told me that Soltau, not long after the book's publication, had been invited to lecture at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, where his missions perspective had gained esteem. Martens, who had heard him there, said that his appreciation of Soltau's viewpoint was grounded in his own experience in China. "We had been moving along the same lines," he said, "and I fully agreed with his conclusions." Because Martens had been forced out of China by Communist oppression, he saw that a major advantage of autonomous national churches was the fact that, no matter what political surge might evict the foreign missionary, a Christian constituency would remain in the land, active cells in the body of Christ. Those churches which had been allowed to mature on their own would survive and grow, even if underground.

Soltau's post-retirement responsibilities directed him to various corners of the earth, but not back to Korea. He returned there only

once—in 1952, while the Communist conflict was still raging. It was not a journey into the past, for the past was no longer there, a new oppression having replaced the former one. But it was good to renew old friendships and learn of Christ's presence in the continuing tumult.

He had not heard from Chinsoo Kim since the day they talked at the station in Syenchun. Now he learned what had transpired. A few weeks after they had said good-bye, Chinsoo was arrested by the Japanese police because of his refusal to do obeisance to the sun goddess. He was sent to Pyongyang and imprisoned there with many other Christians. After a year or two, his wife was permitted to visit him, but he had been tortured so effectively that he failed to recognize her. She never saw him again. A friend of his, passing the jail one winter day, saw a pile of corpses, frozen, stacked like cordwood. He perused them and his gaze fell upon the icy husk of Chinsoo.

I believe that Soltau, from the moment he heard of Chinsoo's sacrifice, carried that death around with him just as he carried the death of Christ around with him. He understood that Chinsoo's death was a part of that greater and salutary death. The one obedience was in union with the other obedience. Chinsoo was Soltau's closest "family connection" to have been called to enter bodily into the drama of redemption and the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. Soltau did not speak of Chinsoo often. When he did tell the story, it was clear that he was not able to tell it as matter-of-factly as he would have liked.

His own death was gentle and quiet, in 1972, only three months after the death of his twin brother. There was no warning. He was at home in Memphis, in his comfortable chair at the end of a summer day. His hands passed from stillness to stillness without dropping the book he was reading.

Were he alive today as I write this, I think I might ask him, "Does it ever burden you that Chinsoo Kim and many other Korean Christians gave up their lives following your counsel when you yourself were freed from the dire situation and from experiencing or even vicwng the consequences of your endorsed stand?" No

disrespect would edge the question. I would be going for character. sure of the character to be revealed.

I of course do not know what he would answer—what he *would have answered*. I suspect, though, he would have offered a simple and undertoned “yes” and then gone on to explain that the burden was mitigated by the knowledge that Chinsoo and his sacrificed brethren were among the noble army of martyrs, victorious, resident in Light. I suspect he would have implied that the Communion of the Saints was richer because of Chinsoo’s witness, although he probably would not have expressed it in those terms. He might have referred me to verses like these: “For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ” (2 Cor 1:5, KJV). “As ye are partakers of the sufferings of Christ, so shall ye be also of the consolation” (2 Cor 1:7, KJV).

His stand against idolatry never weakened, and he knew that the most dangerous idolatry was in everyday territories of the human heart, far removed from the question of Shinto shrines. Were he alive today, I am confident that once again he would challenge all Christians to identify with Chinsoo Kim and not bow down to a false god, no matter what form that false god might take, no matter what the seeming advantages, whether the worship be coerced from without or enticed from within.

But it’s somewhat misleading for me to keep saying, “Were he alive today . . .”

The benefit I continue to draw from his ministry is not purely of remembrance. When in worship I am brought “to the souls of just men made perfect” (“With angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name, evermore praising thee and saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts”), I sometimes call a silent roll of my strongest connections in that Church Triumphant. High on the list is Stanley Soltau.

His faith remains active in the lives of his offspring: Eleanor is a medical doctor serving the Lord in the Kingdom of Jordan; Mary recently retired from a ministry in food service in a center for the handicapped; George is involved in prison ministries on a full-time

basis; Addison is Professor of Missions at Covenant Theological Seminary.

I rejoice with them in their heritage.

I still detect their father’s voice in the reading of the Word. He sounds especially close in the doxologies of Saint Paul. I can hear him now:

“Now unto the king eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.”

Amen.



## SEN LAI TSANG, MISSIONARY TO KOREA

are the two men who have felt the burden and responsibility for the whole Chinese work. Every week the officers of the church would meet with them. Down on our knees, we would each one pray in turn over the matters coming up for decision, so in an unusual way felt we had the mind of the Spirit because of our unity. Shoulder to shoulder we have carried the burdens and responsibilities in a fellowship that has been most precious. We have sorrowed together, and rejoiced together. In time it was felt that Mr. Sen should be ordained, and at the request of the Union Chinese Churches in Korea, now grown to five in number, the Synod of the Union Chinese Christian Church of China ordained him in Moukden. Having started the work in Chemulpo, he became its pastor, but was later called to the pastorate of the Seoul Chinese Church, where he is now carrying full responsibility together with Elder Wang.

In the fall of 1929 we were transferred to North Manchuria, the mission field of the Korean Methodist Church. It was hard to leave the fellowship of the churches in Korea, but Miss Quinn who retired from work in China had been asked to help with the work up the east coast, and was asked to reside in

Seoul, and help all the Chinese churches. Pastor Sen worked with her loyally for five years, during much of which time her work had to be done from her bed.

The young Chinese carpenter has developed into Manager Wang of the Gospel Building Company, started to help support the church. Ten per cent of all profits go to the church. He is now Elder Wang. Recently in building the Music Building of Ewha College, he found he had overestimated the cost of the building. An improved price of building material had reduced the cost. Without being asked, he returned several thousand dollars, which were more the legitimate profits.

Miss Quinn died on August 31, 1934. That day ill health necessitated my starting for America. Standing on the platform at the station among Chinese, Korean, and foreign friends, Pastor Sen and Elder Wang stood as the two pillars of the Chinese Church, clergy and laity. The two mothers of the church had been removed by God. The churches could walk alone, under the direct guidance of the Spirit. Thank God for both these men. Dr. Chee retired to Peiping. Pray for them as they carry on, and send them help for entering new areas when God so guides.

\* Re-printed from the *Missionary Review of the World*, December, 1936.

## Does It Pay?

T. S. SOLTAU

**MY** GOOD FRIEND, Deacon Chong Man Lee, has just been in to call on me. He is a young man of about 30 years of age and came to ask me to recommend to him a boy of good dependable character and a Christian whom he can take into his drug business with him, teaching him the business and later setting him up independently.

I first knew Chong Man some 12 years ago when he attended one of my small country churches in the southern end of the province. His grandmother had been a Christian of

some years standing and I had the pleasure of receiving him, his father and mother and later his young wife, into the church as catechumens and then baptising them all. The family was very poor and farmed a few fields which they rented. Chong Man often suffered from severe boils and abscesses and was sometimes confined to his room with them for months at a time. On one occasion when he came to Chungju to attend the annual Men's Bible Conference at which representatives from all the churches in the presbytery gather, he went to our Mission hospital to

## THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

have one of his boils treated. The Korean physician in charge examined it and told him that it would be very painful but that it was necessary to have it lanced. On opening it up he was much surprised at the young man's fortitude and asked him if it had not hurt him very much, but to his amazement was told by the patient that he had not felt it! After a little further examination he advised the young man to go over to the Government hospital for further treatment and consultation which he did and was there told, what our doctor had already suspected, that he was a leper.

In view of the circumstances of the case the local church took up an offering of ₩50 on his behalf and one of the lady missionaries gave a similar amount which provided for one year's treatment at the Biederwolf Leprosarium in southern Korea. He remained there for several years during which time he made himself very useful in the colony and learned to assist in the administering of the treatment to others. At the end of that time he was discharged, the disease having been arrested, and came to Chungju. In the mean time his family had all been scattered on account of the difficulty in making a living. His wife had returned to her non-Christian home and his parents had gone elsewhere, while his grandmother had moved to a village near Chungju where she was eking out her living by peddling drugs and medicines from house to house. Chong Man several times came to me for advice as to what he should do for a livelihood but I had to confess my inability to make any very useful suggestions except that we regularly made the question a matter for special prayer. He was offered two positions through the influence of his friends, but refused both because they involved working on Sunday, a thing which he felt he could not conscientiously agree to do. Little by little he began to travel through the country villages selling medicines from house to house, as his grandmother had been doing, and on Sundays returned always to lead the services in the little church. A few years passed and he

secured a regular agency for selling drugs prepared by a large firm in Pyengyang and visited a circuit of market towns on their regular market days. Often he would drop in to see me at 10.30 on Saturday nights as he passed our house on his way home, having ridden some 30 miles on his bicycle after dark with a heavy bundle of medicines, in order to get home to lead the Sunday services on the following day. Almost invariable he reminded me of his gratitude to God for restoring him from the dread disease of leprosy and of allowing him to become even strong and more healthy than he had ever been before.

Later on he became district manager for the Pyengyang company and is now in charge of all their business in the North and South Choongchung Provinces. He has moved into Chungju and has bought and paid for a fine house and shop in a good part of the town; he has his wife and parents and grandmother all living with him and to crown his happiness, last year a baby son was born to him. He is supporting his younger brother in the Mission Academy in Pyengyang and has now over 200 shops and merchants who regularly buy all their drug supplies through him. He has already picked out a number of Christian young men in the various country churches and has started them out as agents and travelling drug sellers and thereby given them an opportunity to improve their form of livelihood greatly.

Does it pay? Ten years ago poverty stricken and more—a leper, an outcast. Today—a prosperous business man who is not only self-respecting but respected by others too; a church officer and an example to all in the way in which he conducts his business on strictly Christian lines, closing his shop on Sundays regardless of what others may do. In addition he has started out (to the writer's own knowledge) some 10 or 15 young men in the same business and thus opened up for them an honest and promising means of livelihood as well.

## REV. T. STANLEY SOLTAU, D.D.

“ . . . for he is a chosen instrument of mine, to bear my name before the Gentiles . . . ”  
(Acts 9:15)

On July 19, 1972, having just reached his eighty-second birthday, the Rev. T. Stanley Soltau, D.D., President Emeritus of the Board of Directors of World Presbyterian Missions, passed from this life into the larger. He was “a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master’s use, and prepared unto every good work.”

Born in Tasmania and raised in England, he came to this country as a young man. After graduation from Northwestern University and working as an engineer for a time, he received his theological degree at Princeton Seminary. Then followed ordination and commissioning as a missionary by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and appointment to Korea and South Manchuria. He served there for twenty-five years.

With the threat of hostilities by the Japanese, Dr. Soltau was used in negotiations with officials who sought to close mission schools and churches over the issue of obeisance at the Shinto shrines.

On his return to the United States, his counsel was sought by mission agencies and churches and schools. He served on boards and committees, giving generously of the wisdom gained from his knowledge of God’s Word and experience on the mission field. He wrote articles and books, some of which have become standard texts for schools and study groups. Dr. Soltau was pastor of First Evangelical Church in Memphis until his retirement in 1968, at the same time faithfully served his denomination, the Reformed Presbyterian



Church, Evangelical Synod, as churchman, president of its foreign board, and member of the board of Covenant Theological Seminary. In addition to working with various committees, he tirelessly travelled the world to counsel missionaries and nationals in many countries.

Dr. Soltau is survived by his four children (Mrs.) Mary Johnston of Memphis, Eleanor Soltau, M.D., serving at the Annour Sanatorium, Mafraq, Jordan, the Rev. George Soltau, Dallas, and the Rev. Addison Soltau, missionary, Tokyo, Japan.

“I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith; In the future there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will award to me on that day; and not only to me, but also to all who have loved His appearing.” (II Timothy 4:7,8)

## EXPLO '72

80,000 people converged on Dallas last June. More than 35,000 of them were high school students. It was the biggest convention in Dallas history. Hotels and motels had guests sleeping on

the floor. Large ads were run in local newspapers asking people to open their homes.

Just the mass of humanity was impressive. They filled the Cotton Bowl. They packed the exhibit buildings. They crowded into churches and auditoriums around the city. The most remote restaurant - the farthest suburb - they were everywhere. Faces beaming. Often singing. And all wearing Explo’s white wrist band and name tag which proclaimed in bold type “Hi Y’all.”

September 1972, Vol. XV, No. 11  
Newsletter



901 N. BROOM STREET, WILMINGTON DELAWARE 19806  
The Foreign Missions Board of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Evangelical Synod

Entered as second-class matter October 1, 1965      Subscription price \$1.00 per year  
at the Post Office Wilmington, Del.

Editor, Rev William A. Mahlow

Published monthly

Assistant Editor, Miss Josephine Wilson

901 N Broom St., Wilmington, Del 19806



## FOR ALL THE SAINTS

The use of a smoke screen is an effective tactic in certain kinds of battles. It is no less employed in spiritual battles than in physical. Commonly used by those who resist God, it is an attempt to hide "the real thing," the "real problem," "the basic issue." The Samaritan woman tried to cover her sin by a religious argument; the rich man in the Temple used his good (?) deeds to hide his real nature; the Children of Israel excused their idolatry on the basis of Moses' delay on the Mount.

In fact, we all like to "screen out" those things which show us what we really are, what we should do, what we should believe, and what duty God requires of us.

One of the modern-day spiritual "smoke screens" is the Youth Cult. "Let the young do it!" The old people have failed; therefore it is now up to the young. People over 30 are "out of it." But while it is true we are admonished to have child-like faith, and young people are urged to be a good example, Paul also warned Timothy about being a "novice" and "puffed up with pride." He also made it clear that the leadership in families is the responsibility of parents; and in the church the responsibility of elders - not inexperienced youth. To turn responsibility over to the young is a "cop-out" for adults; it is a smoke screen to hide our own failures.

The recent death of our Board's president emeritus, T. Stanley Soltau, is a reminder of what we owe to the "older" generation. Dr. Soltau's example, work and influence point to the fact that those with experience seasoned in God's work are the ones of tremendous influence and usefulness for Christ. Dr. Soltau's advice and counsel was sought by missionaries, mission boards, young

## World Presbyterian Missions, Inc.

people, old people, and churches all across our land. The call is for more mature Christians who will not "sell out" their leadership but set the pace based on their knowledge of God's Word and experience.

I need give no specific examples from Dr. Soltau's life, for young and old who knew him knew the presence of Christ in his life right down to his eighty-third year. But perhaps we can best pay further tribute and call others to follow him as he followed Christ in the words of a great hymn which was sung at his funeral:

For all the saints who from their labors rest,  
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

So let us not discourage the young, but let us realize also that God chose elders to lead His Church and to guide His work.

-- W. A. Mahlow