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"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRUTH OUR HEARTS."

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"THIS IS THE TRUE LIGHT THAT
LIGHTENETH THE WORLD."

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

They spy it from afar,
The beacon's fiery star,
And storm-tossed birds, by fierce winds buffeted,

Bally with half-spent force,
And shape their struggling course
To where it rears its blazing, beckoning head.

Faintly the tired wings beat,
That rhythmical repeat,
Which was such joy in summer and in sun;
Glazed are the keen, bright eyes,
And heaved with panting sighs
The soft and plumed bosoms every one.

O'er the white, weltering waves,
Which yawn like empty graves,
Borne on the urgings of the wind, they fly;
They reach the luring glow,
They launch and plunge, and lo!
Are dashed upon the glass, and fall and die.

So through the storm and night,
Outwearied with long flight,
Our souls come crowding o'er the angry sea,
In North, in East, in West,
There is no place of rest,
Except, O kindly Light, except with Thee.

No cold, unyielding glass
Bars and forbids to pass;
Thy dear light scorseth not nor burns in vain;
The soul that finds and knows
Such safe and sure repose
Need never more go out or roam again.

Ah! steadfast citadel!
Ah! lamp that burns so well
Upon the Rock of Ages, founded true!
Above the angry sea
We urge our flight to Thee.
Shine, kindly Light, and guide us safely
through.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAN STANLEY'S FUNERAL.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A week ago yesterday, after the second service in Westminster Abbey, I went through to the door of the Deanery, to inquire after the Dean and to leave a message for him. No one felt any uneasiness about him, and a few moments previously Canon Farrar had told me that he was doing well. Just as we reached the door a bulletin was posted up that unfavorable symptoms had set in and grave apprehensions were entertained as to the issue. "Ah!" said Newman Hall to me, "our good, friend, the Dean, is going to die." The next night, before the clock struck twelve, he was dead!

The whole nation was shocked and saddened to the heart; for on many accounts Dean Stanley was the best-loved man in the Church of England. He was the personal friend of the Queen, the tutor of the Prince Royal, the advocate of cordial fellowship among all denominations, the most simple, modest, and affectionate great man in the realm. His genius everybody admired, but his pure, sweet character everybody loved. So, for a week past great preparations have been making to give to the good Dean's remains such a burial ceremony as should bespeak the nation's affection and be worthy of the guardian of the great Abbey. The services really began yesterday morning, with an eloquent sermon by Canon Farrar, in which he extolled the moral courage of the Dean in standing

by his honest convictions. In the afternoon I found the choir of the Abbey packed, and the adjoining transepts also. Presently Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Llandaff and preacher in the Temple Church, ascended the pulpit so long occupied by his beloved friend, Stanley. Vaughan and Stanley were classmates at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and their intimacy was very deep and cordial. It was a very trying occasion for Dr. Vaughan, and when he announced that he would preach on the very text that Dean Stanley had selected for his next discourse there he was very much overcome. It was a happy text for the hour: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The famous preacher of the Temple is a fine, manly speaker and his style is almost perfect; so the discourse was a model funeral tribute. He happily said that Stanley had given perpetuity to Dr. Arnold's fame by writing his biography, and to Dr. Arnold's system of teaching by a living illustration of its beauty. In dwelling on the certainty of immortality, Dr. Vaughan exclaimed, with impassioned fervor: "Oh! what a wanton waste it were if such an intellect as Arthur Stanley's were destroyed!" The discourse was heard with deep emotion, and when it was through many of the audience, doubtless, said to themselves: "There stands the man to be the next Dean of Westminster." Probably he or Canon Farrar will be appointed.

To-day, at four o'clock, the funeral service took place. Around the Abbey a vast multitude had assembled; not merely attracted by curiosity, for the Dean was a great favorite with the working classes. Thousands had applied for tickets of admission, and by the kindness of Canon Farrar and the timely attentions of one of the subordinates I secured an excellent seat in the front of the gallery over the Poet's Corner. It commanded a view of the whole ceremonies. Immediately below me was the tomb of Lord Macaulay, with its well-known inscription: "His body rests in peace and his fame liveth forevermore." Sir Charles Trevelyan, the biographer of the great historian, was among the group of mourners. Beside Macaulay lie Campbell and Dickens, and upon them looks down the statue of Shakespeare.

The crowd in the Abbey was prodigious. Many of the guests climbed on the monuments, to witness the ceremonies. After long and patient waiting, we heard the funeral anthem sounding through the nave, and presently the procession entered. It contained the foremost living men of England. The heir to the throne marched in and occupied the pew of his old tutor, who was lying in the coffin before him. Upon the coffin were wreaths of "Immortelles," and white flowers from the Westminster School boys, and a handful of lilies from the Queen herself. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury was in the line, and Cardinal Manning, and Lord Houghton, and Tyndall, and Browning, and the Bishop of Peterborough. The coffin was borne by the same hands that had carried the Dean's beloved wife, Lady Augusta, to her burial, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. It was set down before the pulpit in which the Dean had stood a few days before.

By the foot of the coffin the most conspicuous figure was William E. Gladstone. He was called away before the service was over, and hastened to the House of Commons. (The pilot cannot leave the helm while the ship of state is off that Irish lee shore.) The funeral music to-day was sol-

emn and sublime. Its rich strains swelled and rolled among the lofty arches with prodigious grandeur. Then the deep tones of the "Dead March" were heard, and the procession formed again. The body of ARTHUR STANLEY was taken up and tenderly carried over those historic stones, which he himself had trodden so often and so long. He was to be laid among the great, in his death.

With slow and measured tread, they bore him past the tomb of Dryden. Old Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" were sleeping close by. A little further on, they passed the tomb of Edward the Confessor. The heir to the Confessor's throne was in the procession, and the descendants too of many a great warrior who laid in silent stone effigy on those monuments. Gradually the line passed on and on among the columns, until it entered the door of Henry the Seventh's Chapel and disappeared from my view.

As I looked at the dark-palled coffin, with its weight of flowers, vanishing out of sight, I felt a peculiar grief; for the Dean had been to me a very kind and beloved friend. I had broken bread with him in his hospitable home; I had enjoyed with him a memorable visit to the Jerusalem Chamber; and on his last day in America he had gone with me to the tomb of my own beloved child, in Greenwood. A gentler, sweeter, and more unselfish heart I have seldom known; and no man has been laid to his rest amid more sincere lamentations in all this realm for many a year than Arthur Penryhn Stanley. Of him, too, it may be said that his body sleeps in peace; but his name doth live on forevermore.

LONDON, ENGLAND, July 25th, 1881.

A NEW ERA IN HOME MISSIONS.

BY LEONARD BACON, D. D., LL. D.

THAT great Home Missionary meeting at Chicago is one indication among many that the time has come for a reconsideration, and perhaps for a reconstruction of our arrangements for what we call home missionary work. Some thoughts have occurred to me which I may be allowed to give as a slight contribution to the required reconsideration. I do not understand and, therefore, shall not attempt to explain the obscure intimations, perhaps I should say half-suppressed growls of something like dissatisfaction with the administration of the American Home Missionary Society. Nor shall I at present inquire whether anything would be gained by removing the offices and management of that society from New York to Chicago. It may be well for us to take a wider view and to look below these superficial questions.

Let us begin by clearing our minds of a not unnatural illusion. A comparison is often made between the work of the American Board of Foreign Missions and that of the American Home Missionary Society, and the conclusion is drawn that we are doing much more for other countries than we are doing for our own. If the annual income of the A. B. C. F. M. is half a million or more, that of the A. H. M. S. is about three-fifths of that amount; or in a particular congregation the yearly contributions for foreign missions are a thousand dollars, but when the collection for home missions is called for the amount received is only half as much. Such comparisons are delusive. Let us remember what we mean by foreign missions

and what we mean by home missions. Our home missionary work, as we commonly speak of it, is only a small part of what we are doing for the Gospel and Kingdom of Christ in our own country. It is chiefly aid to feeble churches in the support of their pastors or stated preachers; or, more strictly, aid to ministers laboring in such churches. A few missionaries at large superintend the work in certain states or districts; and a few more to go to "regions beyond," preaching the Gospel and showing disciples how to gather themselves into churches, which in due time shall need no outside help. These are really missionaries—evangelists, and not pastors, nor pro-pastors—and their work resembles that of foreign missionaries till they shall have gathered churches, which they can serve as pastors and which can partly or wholly sustain them. The Home Missionary Society is really a church aid society. It aids churches in coming into existence, and till they have become self-supporting it aids in the support of those who serve them as pastors; but the Board of Foreign Missions undertakes the entire support of its missionaries, instead of helping to support them. It does much more. It establishes and sustains in every field a comprehensive system of Christian education, beginning with primary schools for children and culminating in seminaries for the competent education of teachers and of preachers. Some of its missionaries must do the work which is done in this country by professors in colleges and theological seminaries. Others must be translators and authors, as well as teachers and preachers, and must make much use of the press as a Christianizing and civilizing force. Converts are gathered into churches; but the missionary does not become a pastor, for native churches must have native pastors, and till they become self-supporting the Board of Foreign Missions does for them what the Home Missionary Society does for feeble churches in this country.

The comparison, then, which is sometimes made between what we give to foreign missions and what we give to home missions is altogether delusive. Add to the work of the American Home Missionary Society, first, all the work of "our co-operative societies" (the Congregational Union, the College and Education Society, the Congregational Board of Publication, etc.); next, all that we give for the home work of Bible and tract societies; and then all the diversified work of the American Missionary Association in the Southern States and in California. To balance all this, and much more that is of the same sort, put into the opposite scale the entire income of our Foreign Missionary Board. Add to it the few thousand of dollars appropriated to foreign lands by the American Bible Society and the American Tract Society, together with all that the American Missionary Association is doing in Africa, and the illusion vanishes. We are doing (and surely it is right that we should do) far more to save our own country from irreligion and barbarism than we are doing for all the world besides.

The American Board of Foreign Missions and the American Home Missionary Society are undenominational in their constitutions, and, therefore, not ecclesiastical. Founded on a catholic basis, they have never moved from that foundation; but, if we look at ecclesiastical organizations for similar work, we learn the same lesson. The Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, the