

The Church Guardian,

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THE NEW YEAR.

BEFORE this number of THE CHURCH GUARDIAN reaches our readers, a New Year will have begun. The Old Year brought us sad and sober reflections. The New Year ushers in for us high and holy hopes and aspirations.

Our first thought is an outburst of praise to God. What mercies have been vouchsafed to us! Here we stand, facing another year of work and prayer, another year of opportunity, which we *must* use to the full, another season for employing to His glory the talents he had given us. Before the year closes HE may have called us to our account. We therefore magnify His Name for sparing us, and giving us time to seek HIM and others for HIM. We thank HIM for HIS CHURCH, that she is alive with renewed vigor to prosecute her lofty mission. We praise HIM that for sinners there is a remedy which we may proclaim, and which she may apply. We praise HIM that whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear, she still holds out to them the way of Salvation, and breaks for them the Bread of Life. And we determine by God's grace that one of our most cherished purposes shall be to champion and extend her Truth and her borders. We thank God for our joys, chastened though they be for some of us. The Christmas Joy has not lost its echo yet. There still linger in our entranced ears the Song of the Angels and the Chorus of the Heavenly Host. And they have been to us an inspiration. Our inmost hearts have felt a vibration of Spiritual pleasure, a wave of Spiritual impulse which will send us on our way rejoicing, nerving our souls to plan and our arms to execute, "Praise THE LORD, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." We can say this even of our sorrows, they have drawn us nearer to HIM. They have weaned us more from the world. And though we still go back to our duty—because that is done to the Lord and not to men—we do so with the sense of links broken that bind to earth, and forged that fasten to Heaven. For "here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

Next—what are we going to do with the year now begun? Shall we do better with it than with the last? Shall we live to ourselves or unto God? Now is the time for resolution and for action.

Young man, what hast thou done for God? What hast thou done for His Church, for His poor, for thyself? Thou hast done nothing. Own it. Then let the coming year see thee gird up thy loins and set out manfully on thy Christian course. What an influence thou mightest exercise over thy fellows by thy bold and unflinching confessing of

CHRIST before men! Let it be known from henceforth WHOSE thou art, and WHOM thou servest. Make up thy mind, God helping thee to be regular in thy Prayers and thy Services, constant in thine alms; to stand firm on thy Master's side; to check by thy gesture, thy speech, or thy silence, the ribald word and oath, the taking of thy Saviour's name in vain, so common among thy companions. They will respect thee, and may be led to follow thy example. God works by many and various means. He may employ thee all unworthy, to lead some wandering sheep back to the fold. Do thy share in the work as though thou couldst feel His constraining grace leading thee on. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due time thou shalt reap if thou faint not.

Young woman, what wilt thou do for Christ? Give up thy frivolous, worthless life, and pray some energy into thy existence. The world and pleasure, and fashion, and finery, absorb thy attention, and thou art impatient of reproof, or even of the sober thought which comes to thee from thine own busy brain. Is there not something in life of greater worth than these trifles, and hast not thou too, talents which thou wilt have to account for? Rise up from thy empty, objectless life, and take some work upon thy self, to be performed for the Master's sake. Visit the sick, seek out the poor and needy, give some of thy leisure to work which may be sold for the Church's needs. Do *anything* Christ-like to throw off the lethargy and listlessness which are now almost a part of thee. "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

Aged Christians! your active work is over. And yet it is not so. Joshua's courage in the plain was the means of gaining the victory.—But Moses' prayer on the hill top brought the blessing down. And though your tottering limbs can scarce sustain your bent frame, and the nerveless arms sink feebly by your side, yet call upon your Caleb and Hur to support your efforts, invoke Faith and Love to tune your lips, and you shall pour forth from your lofty vantage-ground the stream of supplication which shall bring down showers of blessing upon the weary toilers on the battlefield below. "ARISE, SHINE! for thy LIGHT is come, and the GLORY of the LORD is risen upon thee."

RESIGNATION OF MR. MACKONOCHE.

We give up considerable space this week to the important correspondence between the deceased Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, of St. Albans, Holborn, London. Our readers, we know, will agree with us that it is worthy of the widest circulation, being so fitting an ending of the life labors of the Archbishop, while doing credit to the Christian principles of Mr. Mackonochie. Taken in connection with the remarks of the *London Times* it may also be looked upon as the beginning of a newer and better policy towards the Ritualists. For ourselves we hope it may never be that extreme Ritualism gains control of the Church, but at the same time we do most sincerely trust that the utmost toleration may be shown to all parties, and that above all else the Church may obtain full control over her own affairs in things Spiritual. We are indebted to our contemporary, the *London Guardian*, for what follows.

After a contest with the Church Association which has lasted sixteen years, the litigation has been brought to an end by the resignation of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie as vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn. This result was brought about by the act of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, to whose

life it formed a fitting close. Mr. Mackonochie goes to St. Peter's London Docks, where for three years and a half he laboured with the late Mr. Lowder; and he is succeeded at St. Alban's by the vicar of that parish, the Rev. R. A. Suckling. On Saturday evening he invited his parishioners and congregation to meet him at the school, but the number of those attending being large, the interview was held in the Church, which was nearly filled.

At a few minutes after eight, Mr. Mackonochie entered the pulpit, and, after a few introductory sentences, read the correspondence which he said he had received permission to make public. It began with the following letter:—

"Addington-park, Croydon, Nov. 10, 1882.

"My dear Mr. Mackonochie—My thoughts—so far as I am able at present to give steady thought to public matters—have naturally dwelt much upon the troubles and difficulties which have made themselves apparent in connection with recent ritual prosecutions. I am exceedingly anxious that the result of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts should, by the blessing of Almighty God, be such as to allay disquiet, and, by meeting any reasonable objections to existing procedure, to set men's minds free for the pressing duties which devolve upon the Church in the face of prevailing sin and unbelief. Anything which at this moment increases bitterness of feeling may do permanent mischief to the cause which we all have at heart. Anything which tends to preserve peace now will make a satisfactory solution of our difficulties far easier. I venture, therefore, privately to write to you, though I cannot yet do so with my own hand, to invite you seriously to consider whether you can in any way contribute to minimise the present feeling of bitterness which undoubtedly exists in some quarters. I need not assure you that I do not wish in any way to dictate to you a course of action; but if you feel it possible, consistently with duty, to withdraw voluntarily, by resignation of your benefice, from further conflict with the courts, I am quite sure you would be acting in the manner best calculated to promote the real power and usefulness of the Church to which we belong. I make this appeal to you under a strong sense of responsibility. You will, I think, feel with me that the circumstances under which I write are altogether exceptional, and you will, I know, give prayerful thought to the subject. I commend you to the guidance of Almighty God, and ask that He may give to us in these difficult times a right judgment in all things.—I remain, yours very truly,

"A. C. CANTUAR."

The Archbishop said in that letter that he could not "yet" write with his "own hand." They all knew that he was never again able to write with his own hand, and his signature at the end of that letter was a monument which he (Mr. Mackonochie) should preserve as long as he lived. To that letter he wrote on the 17th of November a very short answer:—

St. Alban's Clergy House, Brooke-street, Holborn,
Nov. 17, 1882.

"My dear Lord Archbishop—Your kind letter of yesterday reached me last night. Your Grace will understand that in a matter of so deep importance I shall not answer definitely without that time for earnest seeking after the guidance of Almighty God to which you refer me, although indeed your Grace will not doubt that I have endeavoured to gain it and to act upon it throughout the troubled circumstances of the last sixteen years. It is a great regret to me that any of my concerns should be adding to the pressure of your Grace's anxieties under the severe illness which our Lord has sent to you. Therefore my final answer shall reach your Grace with as little delay as possible. With earnest prayer for your Grace's restoration to health, believe me, my dear Lord Archbishop, yours truly and very respectfully,

ALEX. HERIOT MACKONOCHE."

After that he received a second letter. He had before told his Grace that he thought he had come to a decision; but pressure was put upon him to consent to a gathering of clergy to consider the matter and to help him in coming to a decision. On the 21st of November the following letter came from Mr. Davidson, the Archbishop's son-in-law:—

Addington Park, Croydon, Nov. 21, 1882.

"My dear Sir: You have probably seen in the newspapers the account of the less favourable condition of the Archbishop's health. As a matter of fact, it is now evident that the doctors have almost, if not quite, abandoned any real hope of an ultimate recovery, though there may possibly be a temporary rally. I think it only right to tell you that among the very few matters concerning the outside world which at present find a recurring place in his thoughts, and in his conversations with me, is the private correspondence on which he has entered with you. I tell you this merely in case you should suppose from the doctor's bulletin that the Archbishop is at present too ill to receive any letters. It is not quite so, and he asks me every day if there is any letter for him from you. I am sure you will not misinterpret this letter, which, with some misgivings, I write unknown to the Archbishop. It is merely intended, with the utmost respect, to relieve you of any doubt you may be feeling as whether you would be justified in writing