

spite of this difficulty, however, I think we may approach one another, even on this score.

Some time since an Anglican clergyman found in the parish to which he had been appointed, badly broken up by two opposing parties; the one led by Mr. A., being very High Church, and anxious to adopt every possible adjunct to the services; the other party, led by Mr. B., very Low Church, and opposed to all "innovations," however commendable in themselves. The rector, at length invited the two parishioners to a conference in his study, and with his frank and blunt common-sense, he said: "Now we can't go on in the way we are doing; we must average this thing. So let me know, Mr. A., how much ritual you are willing to give up; and you, Mr. B., tell me how much you can stand." The parson's suggestions were carried out, and a happy adjustment was the result.

Now, in this matter of the Historic Episcopate, the Anglican Church is willing to "give up" a lot. Indeed, in my opinion, such a course would be not only essential in the case of Reunion, but beneficial to herself. We cannot expect all other denominations to model themselves precisely on our lines; for our organization in Canada has been by no means a conspicuous success; nor does it appear to the average student to follow so very closely the lines of the primitive Church. We Anglicans boast of our retention of the "three orders of the ministry" as propounded by St. Ignatius, and we feel very proud because the late Bishop Lightfoot proved so conclusively the authenticity of the shorter epistles. Well now, let us suppose this St. Ignatius, whom we so often quote, were suffered to rise from his grave and visit us in the flesh. Suppose he were to find himself in one of our larger Canadian towns which has, say, two English churches in it. We can fancy the Saint, after walking about and becoming bewildered with the curious names of the different Christian sects, meeting an enthusiastic Anglican who assures him that his Church has all along faithfully adhered to the ancient line of "orders." Thereupon would ensue a conversation something like the following.

S. Ign.: I rejoice to hear that you at least, are the lineal descendants of the old Catholic Church, with its faith and order. I would like to see your Bishop; pray conduct me to him.

Ang.: I am sorry to say, I can't do that, sir; for his lordship lives some 60 miles away.

S. Ign.: Indeed! Then how often does he come here?

Ang.: Oh, about once in two or three years.

S. Ign.: Then who is his deputy?

Ang.: No one exactly. Each clergyman looks after his own Church.

S. Ign.: And how many presbyters has your Bishop, and how far does his jurisdiction extend?

Ang.: He has about 100 presbyters, scattered over a space about as large as Asia Minor.

S. Ign.: And how many deacons are there?

Ang.: About four or five.

S. Ign.: Ah, doubtless they are with the Bishop in his cathedral.

Ang.: Oh, dear, no! They are each in charge of a mission with four or five stations.

S. Ign.: Do you mean four or five congregations?

Ang.: Yes.

S. Ign.: Well, well! A large town with two churches, and the bishop in it only once in two or three years! No deacons to assist the priests in Divine Service! Your so-called deacons in charge of small dioceses, with four or five congregations to look after.

I fancy at this stage the good Saint would heave a sigh, and conclude that things had got pretty much mixed. On the other hand, if we should visit some Presbyterian congregation, he would find a man who declared himself its bishop and a presbytery of elders and a number of deacons all working fittingly together; and I think it would strike him, *prima facie*, that they were the closest copyists in the matter of regimen. The fact is, while adhering to ancient precedents, we have not taken care to adapt them to our changed circumstances, and so our "copy" has become a caricature.

Of course, I believe in "apostolical succession" and the "historic episcopate," in spite of this distortion of things. But if we desire other bodies to "stand" our episcopate, we must be prepared to "give up" these unprimitive mis-growths.

There is an admirable little work which goes fully into all this. I wish it were in the hands of every Anglican priest, and indeed of every minister of every denomination. It shows great research, and is a capital handbook of quotations from divines of every age, and besides it would serve as an eirenicon, I feel sure. It is entitled "Bishop, and Councils, by a layman of the Church of England." (Kingston, Ont.: John Henderson & Co.) Among other valuable extracts it gives, in extenso, Bingham's proposal (Antiquities, Book IX., chap. 8.), wherein that learned divine, nearly 200 years ago, held out the olive branch to the non-episcopal bodies in a way which may yet prove of service.

At any rate, if we Anglicans are sincere in the proposals put forth by the Lambeth Conference, especially if we are willing to stand by the terms of the fourth proposition, viz., "The Historic Episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administrations," so we ought to be ready, and I am sure we would be willing; (1.) To "give up all such adjuncts of the episcopate as may be objectionable to the rest, such as temporal titles of "lordship," etc. (2.) To have a bishop in every town of any size—which would mean an indefinite multiplication of bishops—provided, of course that, after the ancient model, no town or city, however large, should have more than one bishop. (3.) To have our "deacons" reduced to their proper place, by being shorn of at least half their present powers and prerogatives, and indefinitely multiplied. If we "give up" so much, can the non-episcopal bodies "stand" the rest?

So, after all, I think I have got my "equation" at last. For let B.P.D. represent respectfully our "three orders" of Bishop, Priest, Deacon; let R stand for the Regimen of the proposed Reunion; let t (a small t) be of little consequence stand for "titles" and other conventional adjuncts of our modern episcopate; and then we have

$$R = (B - t)x + P + \frac{D}{2}x$$

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Almonte, 10th July, 1893.

## GARDEN PARTIES.

A Garden Party is a very typical form of Anglo-Saxon amusement. In it, as in all other such assemblages, real conversation seems wholly impossible. You are not with any one person long enough; your eyes and ears are too much distracted; the atmosphere of "society" is too rarified; one is too far removed from things of earth, from care and trouble, and toil, and passion and the thousand other details that go to make up life, to be able to discuss the things of life. Tacitly the everyday affairs of life are dismissed from the mind, and with it are dismissed all such topics of conversation as the generality of people are able to discuss. True, there is art, there is philosophy, there is literature to speak about. But as a rule, the Anglo-Saxon cares for none of these things. And if he did he would fear to venture upon them, lest by those ignorant of them should be uttered the word "shop"—a word which, curiously enough, seems to grate upon the Anglo-Saxon. Even when such talk is "indulged in" (these social phrases are so significant), it rarely goes beyond the stage of asserting Swinburne to be sweet or Lowell lovely. The things of life, then, being tabooed, of what can one talk? Of what could one talk in the New Jerusalem, if earthly experiences were tabooed? We could but gaze about, criticize the place and its inhabitants, and make ourselves agreeable to our interlocutor. Well, this perhaps sums up the philosophy of the Garden Party. And perhaps it is better so. The woman who is overheard narrating to another woman her domestic embroilments, her troubles with her cook, the recalcitrancy of her eldest daughter or the alimentary ailments of her infant son, is put down as trenching upon topics unfit for the polite ear, when the polite ear is supposed to be attuned for higher themes. Unfortunately, the higher themes are never sung. A lame attempt is made to sing them by the youthful male to the youthful female, with the result that his conversation is a more or less subtle compound of compliment and badinage which the listener drinks in with pleased contentment or amused nonchalance, according as she happens to be on the hither or thither side of thirty. But perhaps it is better so. Man and woman-kind try at a Garden Party, at all sorts of parties in fact, to forget the cares of life. It is a kind of holiday, even for those who have nothing to do, for to these it is a temporary escape from themselves. Man and woman-kind put on for a couple of hours clean and comely raiment, and strive to make their inner-selves correspondingly attired. Thus prepared, wreathed with smiles, and clothed, some with a natural and some with a simulated good nature, they go forth to make themselves pleasant and agreeable to their fellows; for by so doing they find themselves mightily pleasant and agreeable to themselves. Nothing puts one in better humour with oneself than knowing that one is well dressed and agreeable. Accordingly the essence of all gatherings is to be well dressed and agreeable. Nothing more is needed. By consequence at a Garden Party all are on an intellectual level, for it takes no great mental capacity to be either well dressed or agreeable.