

sides in the matter. The British fishermen had been cruelly and wantonly attacked, and not the slightest provocation had been given. There really seemed to be nothing to arbitrate about, and it would appear as if all that England had to do was to frame her claims, get her guns in order, and call upon Russia to 'stand and deliver.' And yet, at a time when popular feeling in both countries was roused to its highest pitch, even this case was referred to the high court of the nations instead of being settled by the bloody arbitrament of war. There is, of course, no legal compulsion on nations to submit their differences of opinion to the league Tribunal, but the high moral obligation which has always existed since the Court was set up has been vastly increased by the splendid example of these two great Powers in the Dogger Bank affair.

Incidentally, the episode throws an interesting side-light on the extent and reality of the immunity which England is supposed to enjoy from all danger of attack or invasion by any foreign enemy. Here was the case of a body of fishermen, on a well-known fishing bank, outside a populous port, shelled by a foreign fleet for half an hour without bringing a single man of war to the scene or attracting the notice of even a passing vessel. A well-known writer, Mr. R. Blatchford, editor of the 'Clarion,' has been publishing lately a notable series of articles on the question, Can England be invaded? and the recent happening certainly tends to confirm the emphatic affirmative with which he answers the question. It is an open secret that Germany has been long and carefully preparing for an invasion of the English coast. There is practically no concealment about it. The German Press, German military writers, and German statesmen in their speeches, do not leave the matter in the slightest doubt; and after the Dogger Bank business it is evident that a German fleet could do much damage and effect a landing with scarcely any serious opposition if they only took reasonable precautions in their choice of time and place. And if that is the condition of things with regard to the English coast where they have a Channel squadron, a Mediterranean squadron, and a Home squadron to look after them, what is to be said for our prospect of safety or security in these distant Southern seas?

## Notes

### The Bishop's 'Dairy Farm'

A rather good story is being told just now at the expense of Bishop Nelson, the Anglican Bishop of Auckland. The good bishop is a Londoner, out and out, and is not exactly an authority on the subject of farming. He was speaking at the Synod the other day on the parable about the people who couldn't come to the feast 'because they had married a wife,' and so on, and he went on to say that people were just as trumpery in their excuses to-day. After casting about for an up-to-date illustration, the Bishop finally delivered himself of the following: 'Another man says: "I have bought a team of oxen, and am about to start a dairy farm."' The mental picture of a man setting out with a team of oxen to start a dairy farm was too much for the gravity of even a Church Synod and the assembled clerics smiled long and loud.

### A Practical Step Towards Reunion

By far the most practical step towards reunion that we have yet seen is the suggestion contained in a letter which appeared in a recent issue of the 'Lamp,' an 'advanced' Anglican paper published in America. The letter is as follows:

Dear Sir,—Would it not be possible for some organised system for the payment of Peter's Pence to be arranged by the 'Lamp'? Surely this would be a

most excellent step towards Reunion. Surely the time has come when we, who are dead in earnest about it, ought to take some definite step, and here is one we can take at once. When this has been fairly started others will suggest themselves. Yours very truly,

An English Reader.

Clapham, S.W.

The editorial footnote appended to the letter is also significant and worth reproducing. It is in these terms:

(Two appropriate dates for the semi-annual payment of Peter's Pence would be the festivals of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, January 18, and St. Peter's Chains, August 1. The proper person to send Peter's Pence to is the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, the Vatican, Rome, Italy.—Ed the 'Lamp'.)

Pious talk about reunion is very cheap and may mean little, but there can be no doubt about the earnestness of people who are prepared to put their hands in their pockets.

### Anti-Ritualist Inconsistency

The Sydney 'Bulletin' does not set up to be much of an authority on matters of theology, but it gets home rather neatly on the idiotic inconsistency of the English Kensington brigade. At the Liverpool (England) Anglican Church Congress the other day (the paper says) the Bishop of Madagascar appeared wearing a cross, and got a reception from the Dill Mackyite section of the meeting which nearly amounted to clods. He was called 'renegade' and 'apostate,' and told in an excited bellow to 'go over to Rome.' The Dill Mackyite uses a hymn-book out of which he sings hollow cadences, that sound like the wind moaning in a paper bag, about 'clinging to the cross,' and he also bids the sinner to 'fly to the cross,' and yet when he sees a cross he is more than half-inclined to spit on it, and he jumps and uses football language. There are recesses in the Dill Mackyite mind that take a great deal of exploring.

### An Unfinished Tragedy and a Timely Hint

A minister wished to ascertain what influence the hard times had upon his congregation, and said, at the close of his sermon: 'I would ask everyone who still is able to pay his debts to rise from his seat.' The whole congregation rose, with the exception of one man. The parson then asked that all those who were unable to meet their bills should rise. Thereupon the aforementioned solitary individual got up, a hungry-looking, poorly-clad man, whose features revealed the terrible struggle of one fighting hopelessly against the vicissitudes of this world. The minister regarded him attentively, yet kindly. 'How is it, my friend,' he said, 'that you are the only one among all these people who cannot pay his debts?' 'Sir,' answered the man, hesitatingly, 'sir, I publish a newspaper, and these my brothers who rose just now are all subscribers, and—' But the minister interrupted him hastily. 'Let us pray,' he said.

A Christchurch deputation waited on Mr Seddon at Wellington on Monday, and asked for a subsidy for a nursing home for consumptives at New Brighton. The Premier, in the course of his reply, said he would discuss the matter with the Minister of Public Health. It seemed to him that we ought to strike at the root of the evil, but that we were only playing with it. Not a steamer came to New Zealand now that did not bring consumptive patients. In one steamer that arrived the other day there were three or four, and two of them in a very advanced stage. Our Colony was now being made the dumping ground for Great Britain and even further afield. Were we going to spend our money in State hospitals and curative institutions for them? The matter was very serious, and should be dealt with in a comprehensive way, and at once, otherwise we should have New Zealand in the same position as Switzerland, where nearly all the families were tainted with consumption. Unless we took action we should be in the same position as some of the healthiest parts of Europe that had become saturated with phthisis. He had seen reports from the health officers, and they were something alarming. The disease was coming not from ourselves, and, he repeated, that it was alarming.