

were in slavery in Germany. And yet these fine men could still bravely 'carry on.' But that is France!"

"THE WAR BRINGS US ALL TOGETHER."

Sister Wadsworth writes from the devastated districts, France:—

"The week before Christmas the Méd. Chef asked me if I could decorate a Christmas tree. He would get the tree, he said, and leave the rest to Miss Campbell and myself.

"We talked over our resources—not much money, everything very dear, and very little to be had from the shops in this partly destroyed town.

"I counted up I must have about 210 little presents; this included the children whom we dress, but they are nursed by the nuns in one part of this hospital.

They have all been wounded by explosives when playing or working in the fields. They often pick up or kick against grenades, and the result is nearly always an amputation. These I count as innocent *blessés de la guerre*, and I felt they must have a part in the Christmas tree. I did not forget that for the last three years the Germans have lighted the Christmas tree in this hospital, and the poor French prisoners have wept for their lost liberty.

"We were always so sad, and cried on Christmas Day,' the nuns assured me.

"We went into the town to buy what we could. It was under difficulties. The evening came, and we were still searching the shops.

"No lights; one oil lamp to see what we were buying. A siren sounded, someone banged on the door of the shop. 'Too much light!' We hid our lamp, and went to the back of the shop, still too intent on our mission to be interested in the happenings outside, although we knew only too well what it meant.

"You know also, in London; it is a bombarded city.

"When we arrived back, my window panes had gone, and there was a big hole in the field, just a few yards from the hospital.

"No casualties; so nothing else matters.

"I had been able to buy coloured and tinsel paper, and all my wounded set to work; and they made all kinds of wonderful ornaments—flowers, crescents, stars, and very pretty packets of different shapes for sweets.

"Everybody worked hard.

My room was like a fancy bazaar, as everything was stored there.

"Two days before Christmas, our finances were very low, and we thought we must draw in somewhere. We decided it would not be possible to give the patients oranges and nuts as we had planned. However, a good angel appeared in the form of a big, kind American; we knew him, because he often visited his friend, an American, who was operated on by the surgeons here a few weeks ago.

"'Good afternoon, Sister,' he said, shaking my hand. I've just run down to see if you want any money for Christmas.'

I thought I had never seen a nicer man.

"'Come and have some tea,' I suggested, and I will just tell you what we are trying to do.'

"The result was a most beautiful tree, a present for all, oranges and nuts, and above all cheese for our patients for Christmas Day; and beyond all that, a long-felt need supplied—a gramophone to cheer up the long lonely evenings of the temporarily blind men.

"We had a concert on Christmas Day, and a celebrated *artiste* from Paris, who happens to be stationed here, came in and gave about two hours performance. He is a comedian and quick-change *artiste*, and very funny and delightfully clever.



SISTERS WADSWORTH AND CAMPBELL, F.F.N.C.  
IN THE DEVASTATED DISTRICTS.

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