

machines required one hand for the shuttle, one to move the vertical frame, and both feet to shift the alternating threads, keeping a person—as we should say—completely occupied. If each did not work with his whole soul, he at least worked with his whole body. I rambled under police escort through the hideous 'red light district,' quaint and awful at night; hideous and dirty by day. I visited many cafes, and saw the mixed low life, the Turkish dancers; all in what was once one of the very best cities of the Mediterranean.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

It is estimated that from the area of Sunderland over 2000 Catholics have enlisted since the war began, and of this number over 100 have been officially reported as having been killed in action.

The Marquis of Bute has enlisted in an Officers' Training Corps as a private. His brother, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, was recently killed in action.

LUXEMBURG AND GERMANY.

Mr Francis Gribble, who was in Luxemburg at the outbreak of the war, and remained there two months afterwards, has (remarks the *London Tablet*) an interesting article in the *Edinburgh Review* on the Grand Duchy. He assures us that though there are many reasons why the people might have been expected to sympathise with the Germans, they detest them, or rather the Prussians. He was assured that if they had had an army of even 10,000 men, they would have blown up their bridges and tunnels, and defied the Germans to come on. Having nothing but a palace guard and a military band they could do nothing; 'but they had no illusions, no faith whatever in the plighted word of the King of Prussia, and they did not scruple to say so.' And their experience of German promises has been a sorry one. The Germans, on occupying the territory, announced that full compensation would be made for all damage done, and that all goods requisitioned would be paid for in cash. But (says Mr. Gribble, 'neither promise has so far been fulfilled.'

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF STATUE OF OUR LADY.

Lieutenant Charles Dickson, lately a medical officer of the Irish Insurance Commissioners, in the course of a letter from a town 'somewhere in France' to Dr. W. J. Maguire, Medical Commissioner of National Insurance, says:—

'The most striking thing in the ruined portion of the town is the condition of the Cathedral in the middle. It has been of immense size, with a very lofty tower or steeple, it is difficult now quite to decide which. On the top of the tower originally there has been a gilt statue—erect, with arms outstretched holding the Child—of the Virgin. The figure is about twenty or thirty feet in height—a huge one. Most of the tower has been shot away, but the figure is absolutely untouched, the only change being that when the base was shot away the statue pivoted down through an angle of sixty degrees, and remains in that extraordinary position, hanging over the street at that dizzy height, and supported by amazingly little.' Lieutenant Dickson, it may be stated, is a Protestant.

AN ANGLICAN MINISTER'S LETTER TO CARDINAL BOURNE.

'Much has already appeared in these columns—though no more than the heroism of the man deserved—concerning the late Father Finn, the chaplain of the 1st Battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers,' says the *Coventry Herald* in quoting a letter which an Anglican chaplain sent to Cardinal Bourne asking his Eminence to accept a photograph of Father Finn's grave. The minister says of the picture:—

'It is, I feel, of historic interest for two reasons. First, because Father Finn died such a noble death, and was the first chaplain to be killed in the war. Secondly, because this photograph is unique. The cross had to be removed a little way from the original resting-place of the body, in order to be out of the way of the heavy pieces of artillery which had to be dragged up close to the very spot. This photograph was taken by me two days after his death, in memory of a dear friend and most lovable companion. We were on the same transport together, and I will never forget the kindness he showed me.'

Father Finn's grave is on the Gallipoli peninsula. He was shot whilst landing, and continued his ministrations in spite of his own injuries until his heroic death.

THE LAND OF THE CRUCIFIX.

The Belfast policeman who some months ago wrote a remarkable descriptive letter, published in the *Irish News*, has written further to his friends from France, January 7, 1916:—

As soon as a person arrives in France he finds it is the land of the Crucifix. In France the Crucifix is to be seen almost everywhere: at the entrance to every town and village, beside every little cluster of farm houses, and at all cross-roads.

Remember, it is not even the ordinary Crucifix which can be seen sometimes in Ireland and in England. These crosses stand from ten to forty feet high, always giving the figure the size and appearance of real life, and arousing by its presence feelings of awe, fear, and reverence. Just picture regiments on the march—often much fatigued, and always carrying a lot of equipment—being brought suddenly before one of these figures.

Nearly always there is a Crucifix at the place where we leave the public road and enter the communication trench which leads to the firing line. It is often remarkable how those large crosses escape the effect of shell fire. Fancy suddenly getting into the open and seeing nothing save the outlines of the large Crucifix silhouetted against the horizon, and the lonely Figure on the cross gazing down upon a scene of extreme desolation and of complete ruin.

It is said that the Germans this last forty years have been preparing for war by making big guns and collecting huge supplies of war material. That is true. It is equally true, however, that the French have been for centuries unconsciously preparing their country to undergo this great test. The influence of the Crucifix has made the French capable of enduring more suffering and of making greater sacrifices than any other people on earth. The men, women, and children of France have always before their minds an image of the Crucifix.

A SPLENDID HOPE.

Mr. Phillip Gibbs, the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in France, writing of the confidence felt by our Army on the Western front, says:—

'Generals who have wider sources of knowledge . . . have told me, with a grave sincerity, weighing their words, that next year the enemy will be beaten and done. They see little signs—not overwhelming but significant—of a deterioration in the enemy's man power. His reserves of strength are not so great and not so good. The morale of the men is weakening. Their letters cry out in bitterness against the intolerable cruelty of their life, and they do not behold the promise of decisive victory. . . . But these generals of ours see also something of greater hope for us—our steady increase of strength in men and in guns, and in the food of guns. They feel behind them a growing power. . . . The increase in mass of guns has made an enormous difference in our front in security and the power to inflict punishment for all the horror of shell-fire inflicted upon our troops during long months when they had but a feeble answer to the enemy's daily "strafing." It is their turn now, poor