

pl'es—high explosives—come thick and fast; yet the courageous motor drivers dash between with their cars calmly and unafraid.

Commandant New gives us another glimpse of the work: "Through all this our Ambulances stand in the open near the poste de secours, a dug-out heavily sand-bagged and cut into the hillside. The wounded arrive by scores; not an instant is lost. The car is loaded and passes away into the darkness. Will it ever reach safety? Another follows and another, hour by hour, until as the dawn breaks a thick white fog obscures everything and soaks the exhausted men. But the Ambulance has to run the gauntlet again all the way. It has a groaning load of suffering; the shell holes in the road are to be avoided. Few men can keep a steady pace when the car is struck and mud and stones fly everywhere in the blackness. Still, though half-choked with smoke, nothing less is expected. At first as you descend the hill it gives some shelter, but an absolutely exposed stretch follows, and as the road winds about so the chances against you vary every fifty yards. In time you come to the zone of fewer but larger shells from the long-range guns, and further still at last you have left the bombardment booming and snapping and grumbling behind you entirely, all this time, be it remembered, travelling at five miles an hour. As one of our cars passed a level crossing a Boche shell cut the railway rails through like sticks; an-