

the firing-line, only a day late! But this is rambling, and I want to take you for a trip with the Transport. It is already getting dark, and everything is packed and ready for the journey. Compared, of course, with what they went through at Ypres and Festubert, the journey is uneventful. For the first mile or so there is little to record. The first time you realise there is danger is when you pass through field upon field of rich crops which you know will never be garnered. The flares from the enemy's lines seem to come nearer, and the whiz of stray bullets gives warning. "By Jove, that was a near shave," you hear someone shout, but we reach our destination in safety. The supplies are unloaded, and the fatigue party carry them to the safety of the trenches. The same dangers confront you on the homeward journey, but there is the feeling of satisfaction that you have accomplished what you set out for. A tame trip compared with Ypres or Festubert, but important, nevertheless!

The way back was round the village of —, much stricken and battered. For weeks it had been bombarded, and the Cathedral with its beautiful façade is now an utter ruin. The destruction was made complete by fire, and all that stands to-day is the four walls and the altar rails. By dodging the police I was able to go through this village by daylight, and by dodging the Transport and running the risk of orderly-room, I viewed it by moonlight. Do you remember the words of Sir Walter Scott on Melrose Abbey?—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

It would repay you to see this deserted village at night; by moonlight the sense of utter loneliness and destruction becomes more acute—it was worth my risk. Doors ajar, empty hearths, broken windows, gables knocked in revealing smashed furniture, beds with the bed-clothes still on them, everything testifies to hurried flight. At the far end of the village a few country-folk still cling to the place, but in daylight the only living things to be seen in what was once a thriving, busy little town, are a cat, and a boy playing a hoop. But what