

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

ting had happened. Now that something startling has happened I take up my pen again. Life has threatened to become dull after our little midnight expeditions to the firing line, but last night the Germans were good enough to relieve the monotony for us.

I was in bed fast asleep when suddenly there was a tremendous explosion, followed by another, and then another. At first I thought the place was being shelled, so I hurriedly slipped into a few clothes and went out to see what was really happening, for it might be necessary to move the patients into a position of greater safety. The terrific explosions continued, and by this time machine guns had joined in, followed soon by rifle fire. No sooner had I got out than I discovered that a Zeppelin was over the town, and was busily employed bombing the place. It was no mere incendiary shells that were being used, but the largest high-explosive bombs. In the midst of the noise you could hear floating down from above the whirr of the airship's engines. Every now and then came the long whistle of the great bomb as it fell from a height of about three thousand feet, a sound which at first pro-