

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

have come straight from the Steppes of Russia. It was a journey full of fascination for newcomers, for Ypres was only twenty miles, and the firing line fifteen miles away, and somewhere in that low-lying land were the German trenches. Every now and then we could hear a great "boom" coming from that mysterious tract of country, and soon we espied an aeroplane away up in the grey sky coming to have a look at us. One feature of the country is the little sentry-boxes at the cross-roads, each covered with straw so as to be invisible to aircraft and containing a French soldier and perhaps a black-robed curé. All day long the sound of guns was in our ears, and now and then an aeroplane would drone by overhead. More and more houses showed gaping shell holes in the roof and crumbling walls; here and there were little wayside graves bearing the names of English officers, and one tavern bore the strange legend: "Aux années terribles 1914-1915." Darkness came on and still we marched along. At length, shortly after ten o'clock, we reached a couple of farm houses which had been assigned