

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

ing with the sun already blazing down from a cloudless heaven is worth getting up for. Such a day as this makes one long to be in some of the good places of the earth instead of this billiard-table land of endless ploughed fields. Imagine such a morning as this in the jaws of Borrowdale with Derwentwater gleaming through the birches, or on the cliffs between the Logan Rock and Land's End, or on that winding road along Loch Long which will soon be a mass of violets and primroses, or amongst the pines of Lake Louise, or on the snows of Mount Sir Donald. But I suppose that we did not come out here for scenic effects, and if you choose to fight in the Low Countries you must not look for Alpine grandeur.

A couple of days ago, however, I did have a wonderful view. A few miles away there is a certain small hill, which rises like a cone from the surrounding flatness, and on top of which there is a Trappist monastery, now converted into a hospital. Thither I rode on a lovely morning, and as my horse climbed the hill a marvellous view gradually unfolded itself. In every direction to the furthest horizon stretched the great Flanders plain, as flat