

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

no doubt is the reason why we were sent here, but we have at least learned what it feels like to have a bullet singing past one's ear. So far I have said nothing about the place itself. It is a large manufacturing town, which shows very little evidence of war in the way of ruined buildings, and quite a large proportion of the population has remained. There has been hardly any serious shelling of the town—very different from what one hears of Ypres. I forgot to say that last night the news came in of the fall of Przemyśl, and when it reached our men in the trenches you could hear round upon round of cheering. When the Germans heard of the loss of our ships in the Dardanelles they gave vent to similar expressions of joy.

April 2, 1915.

We are having a spell of delightful weather after the bitter east winds that have prevailed ever since we landed; it is balmy, sunny, and genial, and at last it seems that "the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces." The early morning to-day was just perfect, and it is a blessing that we have to get up so early. Physical drill at seven o'clock on an April morn-