

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

Hall in flames, the Cathedral in ruins. I don't know how it is, but ever since I landed in France my one ambition has been to see Ypres. Somehow there is no place that appeals to the imagination to anything like the same extent, for there is no place where, with regard to its former and its present condition, you can say with the same truth: "Look upon this picture, and on *this*." Well, to-day I was privileged to catch my first glimpse of the place. I had to go over to Poperinghe in a car. It was a lovely afternoon, and in the light of the sinking sun the flat countryside took on a beauty it is usually far from having. Suddenly between two clumps of trees, across the great pastures, I caught sight of three towers about five miles away. It was Ypres, that "sweet city of the dreaming spires," Ypres, the city of the dead, where, as Bright would say, you can hear the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death.

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I have been to Ypres. At midday yesterday, M—— suddenly turned up in a big Wolsely car, said that he was off to see a case of cerebro-spinal meningitis at Ypres, and told me to jump in if I wanted