

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

ical officer lived there—a strange sort of existence. The window was carefully screened, so that no light would be visible to the Bosche, otherwise the place would soon have been made uninhabitable. The room was lit by two guttering candles stuck in empty bottles. The wind howled round the corners of the house and down the chimney in a manner calculated to give any one the blues. The place was almost bare of furniture; and yet the medical officer looked upon it as his home, for he had lived there for the last two months, and often it had served him as a refuge from the storm, “when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.” And indeed as we listened we could hear the crackle of rifles beginning, and the vicious rat-tat-tat-tat of a machine gun, and a few bullets flattened themselves against the wall. Evidently the enemy were beginning to wake up. We loaded the wounded on to the ambulances and set off for the next aid-post. No sooner had we got out of the door than half a dozen star-lights went up, showing every detail of the country side, and at the same time a very lively rifle fire began—the enemy were indulging in a spell of “rapid