

Germans came to wake it, and have stayed on.

Over the Oise bridge the Ancient hurried after his unit, and got a lift. On a gun-carriage that had no gun a not very young officer was huddled, trying not to sleep (for seventy-six hours, I think he said, he had had no sleep), and he was trying to hold the bridle of his horse that came stumbling after him, also trying not to sleep. Which looked weariest?

The officer opened heavy eyes, smiled at the dusty Ancient, and patted the place beside him: and fell asleep again. So the Ancient scrambled up, and took the horse's bridle, and his host lurched against him, and found a pillow on his shoulder.

Not far over the bridge, beyond Pontoise village, was the unit, camped in a field by the flat road; behind were scrubby plantations, to the right a wood. A pleasant place; and pleasant things happened there—the first bath, and the first letters. Only a fortnight without any word from home, and it seemed a generation. At six on Saturday evening began a four-mile march (that lasted five hours) to Charlespont. Then, three hours' sleep at the top of the ditch by the roadside, and at half-past two off again. It was Sunday, but our march did not end at