

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

burst. He was thrown some distance off the floor of the wagon, but was none the worse. I went to have a look at the house where the old woman who was killed used to live. It was represented by a huge hole in the ground filled with a confused pile of shattered tables, chairs and iron bedsteads. The old woman and the baby were found at the bottom of this hole. Can you wonder that the French think hard and bitter things about the Germans, or that the entire people have thrown themselves into the struggle with a wholeheartedness that makes us feel, and I think rightly feel, that so far we have only been playing at war. Good honest beer for the British workmen, good sound trade unionism for the skilled worker, are no doubt very excellent things, but somehow the Frenchman has passed into another and a higher world of thought. It is not that he criticises these things; he simply cannot understand them. They leave him in a state of silent bewilderment.

April 14, 1915.

Last night I was looking at some wonderful photographs of Ypres taken in the middle of November, 1914—the Cloth