

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

dows. On the other side of the road there was a little military cemetery where the dead of the day were buried under cover of darkness. The little wooden crosses could just be made out against the dark sky. The whole scene recalled irresistibly some lines of Emile Caemmerer's, which I came across a few days ago, and of which the following is a translation:

A hundred yards from the trenches,
Close to the battle front,
There stands a little house,
Lonely and desolate.

Not a cry, not a sound, not a life, not a mouse,
Only the stillness of the great graveyards,
Only the crosses, the crooked wooden crosses,
On the wide lonely plain.

A low thatched cottage,
With doors and shutters closed,
The roof torn by a shell,
Standing out of the floods alone.

Not a man, not a cat, not a dog, not a soul,
Only a flight of crows along the railway line,
The sound of our boots on the muddy road,
And, along the Yser, the twinkling fires.

We entered the little house and found
it full of wounded. The regimental med-