

think to say. "I would have been so glad to get you one, but I didn't know."

"You couldn't, child. It's an unnatural thing of me to want it. But I tried to live it down—tried hard, I did, though what I'd have done without it I don't know. It's been such comp'ny just to have it to think of."

"Do you think, Miss Elspeth," she began again after a little, "that your ma would mind me wearing one like hers, or yer pa?—don't you think maybe you'd better speak to him about it? I wouldn't have him think I was oversteppin' my place."

"Father would be only glad, dear old Esther, and as sorry as I am that I didn't know how much you wanted a bonnet. Promise me that if there is anything else you ever want, you will tell me."

Old Esther's face grew very grave, and she said slowly: "If I was sick and wantin' medicine, or cold and needed warming, or if me bread-box was empty, I'd go straight to the rectory and thank God for the friends I know you'd be to me. But this bunnit feeling—it's different. I'm ashamed

of it. I never told a soul. I couldn't bring me tongue to say it, and in the summer I never durst look at the purple pansy flowers, for it seemed as if them and me had a secret and I was 'fraid they'd tell on me."

"Oh, nonsense," cried Elspeth, and then she fumbled in her bag and brought out a pot of honey and some gingerbread.

"No, dear, no," said Esther, waving the dainties away; "I couldn't take them. I'm going to fast to-morrow and live plain for a bit—I'm that ashamed of meself."

"Take them to Granny Sykes. She's tight in her wind-pipe, and the honey'll be good for that and her sore eyes."

"So Esther is going to fast to atone for her 'bunnit feelin'."

It was the rector who spoke. Elspeth had just been telling him of her visit.

"And I suppose you had taken her some Easter offering!"

"Yes, some honey and gingerbread and," with a half-laughing, half-troubled face—"another hood."

AN ARMY IN THE FIELD.

By Captain William Wood, Royal Rifles.

ORGANIZATION is the chief characteristic of the nineteenth century. It is everywhere around us—in the school, in the church, in the hospital, in works of charity, in every form of sport, society and the world of pleasure, in all the innumerable associations organized for every object under heaven, in all departments of government and in every other possible form of human activity. And, as nations compete during peace by the organization of their trade, so do their governments prepare to hold their own during war by an ever-increasing organization of armed forces both by land and sea. Under the old condi-

tions, which of course affected both sides alike, there were smaller, simpler and slower armies, which scattered for provisions, concentrated for battle, and regularly retired into winter quarters. But the advance of organization has changed all that.

The new conditions of warfare are all summed up in the one word *Mobilisation**; and the ideal modern army has the mutual relations of its *peace* and *war-footings* so highly organized, that the one word *Mobilise* will set every component part of the whole military

*NOTE.—*Technical Expressions*, which are all explained by implication in the context, are printed in *italics*.