

in depriving an orphan of the advantages held out to him?"

"Yes, if I can give him more than an equivalent for them."

"But when the boy grows up he may not consider that you give an equivalent for what he has lost. 'The child is father to the man,' and what he aims at now he will aim at when the impetus is gone."

"He is my servant for four years, sir. I do not choose to cancel the agreement. You, as chairman, would not break it without my consent?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I cannot conscientiously give it. At the end of his apprenticeship he will be free to choose between us. It will not be too late to make a buffoon of him then."

Mr. Vaughan's face was immovable. Mr. Glyn's very expressive. He looked seriously annoyed. Turning to Mariana, he said,

"May I ask your opinion, Miss Vaughan?"

Poor Mariana did not know what to answer. She had her own private opinions, and they did not quite coincide either with her father's or Mr. Glyn's. But she had not the courage to declare them.

"Speak out, Mariana," said her father.

"He is very happy here," she said after a pause. "I scarcely know what would be best for him. He is so excitable that music keeps him awake at night, and the servants say that he even sings in his sleep; perhaps a wholly musical life might affect his brain. On the other hand, he seems almost too sensitive and refined for a shepherd."

"The shepherd's life is useful and honourable," said Mr. Vaughan, the brows knitting.

"Yes, father, and Ivor loves it and his sheep. But he is not strong."

"We will not neglect his bodily state," said Mr. Vaughan.

"Whatever your prejudices against a

musical career, they will not clip Ivor's wings," said Mr. Glyn. "Sooner or later he will fly from the plough to the lyre. I am to understand that you will not release him, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Yes, sir. I hold him to his engagement, or rather I hold the parish, for four years."

"Then I will wish you a good-morning," said Mr. Glyn, rising and shaking hands coldly with Mr. Vaughan. "May I ask you where Ivor is?"

"In the field below Mynydd Mawr," said Mariana.

"I know the spot. Will you give Mrs. Glyn's love to your sister, and tell her that I am disappointed at finding her from home?"

While so many people were interesting themselves in Ivor's fate, he was keeping his master's sheep amongst the hills. Mr. Glyn had not made an inapt comparison when he named the shepherd King of Israel. There were many points of resemblance between their respective positions. Their vocations were the same, their talent was of the same order. As David charmed his master by his harp, so Ivor charmed his by the instrument he chanced to be handling. The talent of both was nurtured while watching the sheep and lambs, as they browsed and gambolled amongst the moss and heather.

Ivor led a happy life, even though his master was strict and stern, and frequently reprimanded him sharply for dreaming and playing instead of working. But Ivor loved all things, and he loved Mr. Vaughan. The heart must be callous indeed that can resist the love of childhood, and Mr. Vaughan tried in vain to resist Ivor's. He was fonder of him at heart than of any living thing.

Ivor instinctively loved nature. The life he lived amongst the hills braced both his mind and body. His mind imbibed music and poetry from the songs of birds, the melody of winds, the distant murmur of the ever-fretting ocean, the mysterious harmony of storms, the

low of cows, the bleat of sheep, the busy hum of insects: his body drew in strength and vigour from exercise and pure air. Here, as in Arcadia, the pastoral life is the happiest.

And Ivor had his genius always with him. The gifts of God to the soul of man are not dependent upon circumstances. The divine inspiration of poetry or music will withstand the rough assaults of hardship or labour, and will shed richness and warmth on the inner life, while the outer world seems barren and cold. Like the mouthful of sweet grass found by the sheep under the snow, genius will be found to live under the cold covering of poverty.

Mr. Glyn found him in his favourite retreat. This was a hollow on the hillside, so protected by turf and furze as to be generally dry. Hence he could watch his sheep and see them still if they wandered to a distance, for the view was extensive.

"I will ask Mr. Vaughan to let you come to Brynmawr sometimes, and you shall play to my children and teach them and me music," said Mr. Glyn.

Ivor smiled.

"And you will whistle again, sir? I can whistle now."

"Let me hear you."

Ivor imitated exactly the notes of the thrush and blackbird.

"Now listen, sir."

Mr. Glyn listened and heard an answering note from a bird in the distance.

"This is the lark," said Ivor, imitating her note. "We sing together in the morning until she flies away into heaven."

"Happy boy! Happy innocence!" said Mr. Glyn. "Why should we trouble you with this world's ambition? I believe Mr. Vaughan is right after all. Good-bye, Ivor—be patient and good."

"Yes, sir, I will try."

And Mr. Glyn went away more thoughtful than he came.

(To be continued.)

## HINTS ABOUT SUMMER AND AUTUMN TOURING.

By "MEDICUS."



DID intend going for a drive to-day, but I shan't. Personally I am as little likely to be scared by threatening weather as anyone; but there are tiny people who would insist upon driving with me, and

why should I expose their delicate frames to the buffeting of a blustering day like this, a day that we should hardly look upon with feelings of complacency were it the middle of December instead of the 19th of May? The sky is deeply covered with masses of dark rolling cumuli; a stiff nor-easter is roaring through my trees, swaying the giant poplars as if they were but fishing-rods, bending even the pine-trees, and bringing down the flat brown

flaky seeds from the wych elms like showers of leaves in autumn. Cold too, it is, aye, bitterly, searchingly cold. I have the courage of my convictions and did not shirk my bath this morning, but *that* was cold! I practise what I preach, and sit here writing by the open window; but would you believe it, my pen-hand is "daver't" as they say in Scotland, "daver't wi' the cauld and fushionless." Along the road that bounds my orchard the farmer folks are driving down to market; all are muffled up to their half-shut eyes in top-coats with the collars up and rugs about their brawny legs. They have got to keep their eyes half-shut, because, independent of the nor-easter, a select assortment of juvenile whirlwinds have been let loose for a gambol, and are sucking up the dust and blinding horses and men. Your Berkshire farmers are usually fat and rosy men, to-day they are pinched and violet.

The cold affects even the birds. On the lawn my thrushes have hardly the strength to crack a snail. For over a week every morning a yellow-billed cock blackbird has been trotting about on the grass with two of his nearly-grown-up family, stuffing them with beetles and worms. To-day I miss him. He has evidently gone on strike and told his wife to take the children out herself. At seven this morning I noticed a turtle-dove on the lawn, and thinking it must be a young one I made haste to go and catch it. I should have taken it to Ida, still in bed, to illustrate a little sermon on early-rising. But it turned out to be an old turtle-dove half-paralysed with the cold, yet with strength enough left to fly up into a cedar tree and spoil my good intention.

Well, but from this cold May day one may gain a lesson in the uncertainty of the weather. In April summer had really come, now blustering Boreas has mustered his forces and

driven us pell-mell back again into the middle of winter. We have to be prepared in this country for weather of any kind, in the spring-time at all events.

A week ago I rode round the hills above Henley, and I was not a little astonished to find old friends of the road, nodding to me by the wayside, that I seldom meet till June; I refer, of course, to wild flowers. And now these sweet-faced wildlings of nature are shivering in the icy blast, and death will be the doom of many of them. Yes, and sad though it may seem, this "cold snap"—which down here in Berks they call the "blackthorn winter"—will be the death of many a tender human flower if winter clothing has been too soon changed for summer.

I know of no more pleasant way of taking gentle exercise than that of carriage-driving through a beautiful country in the spring-time of the year. For spring and early summer, you know, are the most hopeful seasons of all the glad year; but there are many dangers peculiar to such exercise that delicate people who drive much would do well to remember.

And the few hints I give concerning these are applicable to carriage exercise at any time.

What I wish you to bear in mind then, is the utter folly of running risks that may easily be guarded against. Just before starting for a drive then, one is sure to take a glance at the sky and ask oneself the questions, "Will it be rain? and what should I take with me?"

You are moving about the garden, perhaps, when you put these queries to yourself, and you are therefore not cold, so as the sun shines *bonnily* now and then you answer, "Oh, it won't be rain! It is quite a charming day," and you even add, *sotto voce* of course, "I can wear my new dress to-day."

Well, I must confess that your new dress is most becoming, and with that bouquet of fresh flowers on your bosom and that bewitching love of a straw hat, you look quite the spirit of the season.

Ah, but you are not long in the carriage before you repent of your choice. "I ought to have taken a cloak," you say sadly, "for the wind is bitterly cold!" However, you won't give in, not even when a few spots of rain begin to fall and you remember that you have no umbrella.

Well, I do most sincerely trust you will not repent of your choice of dress in bed. Driving on a cold day does no harm if you are well wrapped-up against the searching wind. But if you are not so, Boreas soon finds out all your weak points. Perhaps your chest is not over strong, well, he notices this, and quickly sows the seeds therein of a cold that may end in acute bronchitis. You are subject to rheumatism he has been told, well, he will positively creep up your sleeves if he can't enter anywhere else, and stir up the racking old pains around your elbow joints and shoulders. Perhaps you have a soft side towards faceache or toothache; that blustering wind knows it, and takes a delight in serving you out, and you may think yourself lucky if a swollen jaw or a visit to the dentist's are the only evil results that accrue from your thoughtlessness. But besides more simple ailments, Boreas—the north wind—takes a terrible delight in introducing insufficiently-clothed young ladies to sore throat and tonsillitis. And mind you, it does not make trouble any the easier to remember that you have brought it all on yourself.

In order therefore to enjoy driving in summer or autumn in this country, it is absolutely necessary for safety's sake that you wear light under-clothing, and have extra wraps with you ready to put on if you feel the least chilly or cold.

The feet should be well protected without being par-boiled, if I may so phrase it. But I assure you the ankle protectors or spats that

many ladies now wear have a weakening or debilitating effect on the feet and legs. They may look pretty, that is a matter of taste, but they keep the ankle-joints too hot, and the wearer need not be surprised then if in time varicose veins or rheumatism be the result.

The upper part of the chest and shoulders should also be well protected when travelling in an open carriage.

As to the neck, it should be as hardy as the face, but it seldom is so; therefore some light little silken or Shetland wool wrap may be wound loosely about it, when driving against the wind.

Delicate girls or ladies should never go for a long drive without taking in the carriage with them the wherewithal to make a light repast should they feel hungry. Good eating chocolate is invaluable in such a case, so are oatmeal biscuits and milk. It is easy to carry these; but fruit should be taken also, the best of all being the banana. Ladies who are not so young as they were some years ago, may take a little good sherry with the biscuits or port, but whatever it be it must be good.

A great many people in this country have, for many reasons, no chance of getting a holiday until the summer is nearly gone, or autumn itself commenced. Perhaps they wisely go in for what is called a thorough change, and therefore make a long railway or steamboat journey. If at all delicate, they ought so to arrange matters as to be not only as comfortable as possible during the trip, but safe from risk of cold or sickness.

Travelling nowadays, whether by sea or by land, is very cheap. The railway companies issue tourist's tickets from one end of the country to the other; and although my own method of travelling is by caravan, still I have often gone on long trips north or south or west into Wales.

A most healthful change from London or any large English town would be a journey due north to, say, Inverness. Now this town is a long distance away, but when you get there how amply you are repaid! There is health and happiness in every breeze that blows across the shaggy woods, the crimson moorlands, or the purple mountains. In Highland glens, too, perfect rest and quiet are to be found, and something new to be seen and wondered at every day and every hour of the day. You are alone with nature, and who so pleasant a guide as she.

But let me tell you how I myself should go to Inverness and settle somewhere for a month. Well then, I should begin by writing to the post-master or mistress of some Highland glen village on the banks of Loch Ness, enclosing a stamped directed envelope and begging the favour of a reply. I would state what rooms and accommodation I required, and say that I preferred a private villa or house if perfectly quiet to a hotel. I should thus secure rooms perhaps at Fort Augustus, a grand and lovely spot, before I started.

I would pack my traps by degrees a week or two beforehand so as to avoid even the shadow of anything like hurry or worry. I would not take more luggage than would be essentially necessary. Warm clothing is a *sine qua non*, so are your favourite poets, and your fishing-tackle, for ladies fish in Scotland. Strong boots or shoes. Stockings suited to the hills can best be bought in the town of Inverness itself.

By the way, reader, don't expect to hear broad Scotch talked in the Highland capital, nor to see every man wearing the Scottish costume, as it is called. Few wear the kilt, fewer play the bag-pipes. You will hear the best of English talked, and very little Gaelic, and meet with civility and urbanity wherever you go.

Well, I should travel by the night express train from London with a tourist's ticket. It leaves St. Pancras or King's Cross about 8.30,

I think. It is the fastest train in the world, and very comfortable. If you have lots of money to throw away you can travel first class and take a bed. I do nothing of the sort. In short journeys of, say, fifty miles you may look for me in a first-class compartment, but when the trip extends to five hundred or seven hundred miles I am to be found reposing in a third class. If I have a companion the two of us will have no difficulty in getting a compartment to ourselves; we will give the guard our tickets and a bright half-crown for himself, and he will see we are not disturbed till morning. I and my friend can sit and talk till ten o'clock, then have supper, make our beds with plaids and mauds and an air pillow, stick our reading-lamps behind our shoulders and read ourselves to sleep. We awake like giants refreshed, and find it is daybreak and the train rattling into Edinburgh.

You can break your journey for a day or two anywhere. No one, of course, could pass through the most romantic city in the world without seeing it, and that city is "Edina, Scotia's darling seat."

The travelling provision-basket contains our breakfast as it did our supper. We heat tea by means of spirits of wine, and enjoy a meal in comfort.

But we still have a long journey before us, and having rested at Edinburgh we resume it.

We travel the next portion of it by day to enjoy the wild and beautiful scenery.

I have already mentioned tea, and if any girl wants to travel a very long journey comfortably and untired she will not forget to take this with her. It may be drank cold, and is far more refreshing than wine of any kind can possibly be. I speak from experience.

A journey to Inverness or to Ireland, south or north, can be made very pleasantly by sea if one is anything of a sailor.

For a short voyage like this, some little preparation should be made. You will, of course, be a saloon passenger. Well, sometimes the boats are crowded in autumn; you will do well, therefore, to secure a cabin or berth some days or even a week beforehand. In addition to your one or two not over-large boxes, which will be stowed away on deck under a tarpaulin or stuck down below—these boxes, by the way, should be very strong—you should have a lighter box that you can take into your cabin and which shall contain all the necessaries and nick-nackeries suitable for your comfort *en route*.

I have travelled all round the coasts of these islands, east and west, north and south, and I have always found the stewards and stewardesses civil and obliging; but just remember this hint, a small gratuity given at the outset will not be thrown away.

I have voyaged also to the Channel Islands, and although on board the boats the servants are civil, the accommodation is wretched. I know of no more horrid trip than that to Jersey by the midnight boat, and if you haven't secured a berth, look out for a most unpleasant time of it.

But Jersey and Guernsey and little Sark are very pleasant and beautiful islands and well worth suffering some inconvenience in order to see, only don't forget that the air is not very bracing. It is wonderfully pure, however, and a month spent in one or other of these islands would greatly benefit many people, especially those suffering from chest complaints of a chronic character, or those who are recently convalescent from inflammatory ailments of the respiratory organs. But the air is said to be unfavourable for cases of chronic rheumatism, liver complaints, dyspepsia and nervousness.

The young and aged would find the air tonic, however, from August onwards. And much good may sometimes accrue from a change from one island to another.