THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

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 impetuosity 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 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 tractable 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 brow 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 Ivor'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 insatiate comparison when he named the shepherd King of Israel. There were many points of resemblance between their respective positions. Their vocations were the same; the master was that of the shepherd, and Ivor took it as 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 shepherding 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 chafed him sharply for dreaming and playing instead of working. But Ivor loved all things, and he loved Mr. Vaughan. The heart must be cailous 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 led amongst the hills braced both his mind and body. His mind imbued 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 grew 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 and your sister can go to the children and teach them and me music," said Mr. Glyn. Ivor smiled.

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

"I can 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—he is patient and good."

"Yes, sir."

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

(The To be continued.)

HINTS ABOUT SUMMER AND AUTUMN TOURING.

By "MEDICUS."

I 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 any one; but there are tiny people who would insist upon driving with me, and why should I expose their delicate frames to the risks of exposure to the buffeting of a bursting 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 still northerer is roaring through the trees, baying the giant poplars as if they were but fishing-rods, bending even the pine-trees, and bringing down the flat brown

baly 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 shift 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 penis-hand is "daver" as they say in Scotland, "daver'it the cauld and fashonless."

Along the road that bounds my orchard the farmer folk are driving their market cattle; all are muffed up to their half-shut eyes in topcoats with the collars up and rugs about their branny legs. They have got to keep their eyes half-shut, because, independent of the northerer, 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 seed. For over a week every morning a yellow 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 Idas, 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 mastered his forces and
HINTS ABOUT SUMMER AND AUTUMN TOURING

Many ladies now wear a weakening or debilitating effect on the feet and legs. They may look pretty, that is a matter of taste, but they keep the other shoes for the day, and the weaker need not be surprised then if time varices veins or rheumatism be the result.
The upper part of the chest and shoulders should also be protected when travelling in an open carriage.

As to the neck, it should be as hard as the face, but it seldom is so; therefore some light protective bandage may be applied 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 luscious or port, but whatever it be it must be good.

A great many people in this country have, for many years, been getting a winter holiday until the summer is nearly gone, or autumn itself commenced. Perhaps they wisely go in for what is called a thorough change of air, even by railway or steamer. 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, or, upon your own method of travelling is by carriage, still I have often gone on long trips north or south west into Wales.

A most beautiful 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 the Highlands generally, it is to be found, and something new to be seen and wondered at every day and every hour of the day—wild life, wild 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 or two. By writing to the postmaster 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 to myself Fort Augustus, grand and lovely spot, before I started.

I would pack my traps by degrees a week or two beforehand so as to avoid the shadow of an hour. I would not take more luggage than would be essentially necessary. Warm clothing is a sine qua non, so are your favourite books 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.

For the remainder of the subject to bear bread Scotch talked in the Highland capital, nor to see every man wearing the Scottish costume, as it is called. Few wear the kilt, but fewer play the bagpipe, and you 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. Paneras 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 feel a heel. 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 likely to be in the third class. If I have a companion the two of us will have no difficulty in getting a compartment to ourselves; we will give 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 piles of warm wrappings and reading-lamps behind our shoulders and read ourselves to sleep. We awake like giants refreshed, and find the day broken and the train rate of 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 bread and cheese as well as our plates and glasses, and these are filled up by means of spirits of wine, and enjoy a meal in comfort.

But we still have a long journey before us, and are sailing at Edinburgh.

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 fond of a sea voyage.

For short visits, this little preparation is enough. As you will, of course, be a saucy 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 or even larger boxes, which will be stowed away on deck under a tarpaulin or stuck down below—these boxes, by the way, should be so strong—you should have a lighter box that you can take about your cabin and which shall contain all the necessaries and nick-nacks suitable for your comfort en route.

I have travelled all round the coasts of these islands and west and east, 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 pleasant 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.

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