

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

BY RICHARD F. JUPP.



REDLY on Tiber's waters quiver
 The last long lingering sunbeams fair,
 Where, 'mid the ripples of the river,
 Rises and sinks her golden hair.
 Is it of earth that gleam resplendent—
 Or, from the far-off glory, shed,
 Falseth a ray of light transcendent
 Bright circling round the fair young head?
 He, who walked the waters deep,
 Giveth His beloved sleep.

Darkens above the crimson heaven,
 Pales on the stream the rosy light;
 Like angel eye, the star of even
 Looks down in silver radiance bright.
 Onward, old Tiber, onward bear her,
 Soft star of evening light her brow;
 No evil influence hover near—
 Who can molest or hurt her now?
 Rocked upon the waters deep,
 Holy maiden martyr sleep.

For music, see "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (Novello & Co.), part ii,
 "The *Stichera* of the Last Kiss."

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"MOTHER, let us go home this Christmas. I have a present for grandfather, ten pounds, the whole of my year's savings," said Deborah, with a happy little laugh.

She was nearly twenty years old, and comely to look upon, with her slight graceful figure and her clever face. From her broad low forehead the wavy mouse-coloured hair was drawn back and knotted into a loose coil low in her neck behind. Pretty she was not, but very pleasing-looking, and the long pedigree of the Menzies betrayed itself in the small hands and feet and the aristocratic poise of the head. There was a certain self-reliant dignity about the girl which might be accounted for by the fact that she had already started upon her career as a reciter, and was establishing a connection in drawing-room circles, and was rather the rage just at present in fashionable society. Her earnings were not large, and she eked them out by teaching in the morning at the school where she had received her own education. That she was clever—unusually clever, her old grandfather had learned proudly to admit. He even boasted of it when her back was turned.

She stood now in front of the fire in the little London lodging with a sort of holiday air of leisure and freedom about her, and propounded her scheme for going home for Christmas.

"I had rather hoped for a good time in London," replied Mrs. Menzies, after a slight pause. "I get so sick of teaching; I loathe it, Deborah."

"Poor little mother! But there is a good time coming, you see. Father will be home in the spring, and he really has made some money this time in those Western Australian gold-fields. Perhaps when he comes back you will never have to work again. As for me, I love it. I am only just beginning, you see, and it is so nice to earn money and to feel oneself a burden to nobody."

"And very likely you will miss some engagement by being out of the way," continued Mrs. Menzies, reverting to the subject of spending Christmas at Boscombe Hall.

Deborah took a small note-book from her pocket and looked at it.

"Only the Dayrells, and I'm glad not to go there. I don't care about them."

"And you were just infatuated about her once."

"Perhaps I was, but even as a child I never liked Mr. Dayrell, and I don't like him a bit better now I'm grown up, and he is rich and a Q.C. He has still that half cynical, half jocosse manner that offends me. I suppose he and Monica do care for each other, but they often spar, before the children too, and I hate to hear it. Then Mr. Dayrell patronises me, and I resent it. He was at a party last week where I recited, and he shoved his way through the crowd almost before

I had finished. 'Why, Deborah, you will be making quite a name soon. That recitation of yours was really very clever,' and so on."

"Well, I'm sure he meant it kindly, and it is well not to quarrel with your bread and butter, Deborah. You had better go to them."

"No, no; we'll go to Boscombe Hall, even if it is only for a few days."

It had become the custom for Mrs. Menzies finally to yield to Deborah's wishes—the daughter was by far the stronger character of the two—so on Christmas Eve Deborah and her mother jogged slowly along in a dilapidated fly through the muddy lanes from Hailstone to Boscombe Hall. From the moment they entered the drive-gate Deborah's head was stuck out of the window. She was almost as joyous as a child over this home-coming.

"Oh, mother," she cried, in a tone of rismay, "the oak, the beautiful oak! Those two magnificent boughs that have been propped ever since I was a little child have fallen at last! What will poor grandfather say?"

"Well, I suppose everything must go some time or other," answered Mrs. Menzies phlegmatically, "and the oak has had a good turn—four or five hundred years, they say."

In another few minutes the fly had stopped at the door, and old Mrs. Menzies was waiting to welcome them.

"Aren't you glad we've come?" asked