

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hotel—
O, no matter where the place!
Would that never storm assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power thence with beauty flows:
Woman's first the streamlet's guidance,
From it soul with body grows—
(Grows on for the good or evil,
Sunlight streamed or tempest hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon the mortal soil:
Yours to keep the young heart open
To the life breath of God!
All true triumphs of the people
Are from mother love imperiled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Father, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky.
Mingle where no tempest darkles,
Rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BRENT.

Author of *Love's Redemption*, &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDWARD DANVERS.

Laurence Drayton had settled steadily to work when he left the cottage on the morning of the day on which the betting-man took his fatal evening walk over the cliffs. Mr. Drayton lost no time now. His purpose was definite. The future lay before him clearly. There were some rather imprudent habits to drop—a careless disregard for stray sovereigns, that went to little friends, as a rule did the idle friends more harm than good, and as careless a disregard for time—days wasted in purposeless rambles with men who laid claim to his company on the score of good-fellowship, and nights divided through over-eating, and coffee, and gossip at his club. He had no very evil habits to get rid of; but such as he had stood seriously in the way of his determination to save money for the sake of Julia Temple.

Laurence was very well known in his own circle, though he had not run the gamut of Modie, nor toiled through a succession of three-volume novels at the fixed rate of a hundred pounds a book. The critics knew him little, perhaps, of him as he knew of the critics; but for all that there were few whose works had a wider range of readers.

He did not care for the reputation which is made as much by advertisement as by industry. He was in some sort a man of the people. His sympathies were with the people, and he found his proper place and best price in the literature that appeals directly to the people.

He had few friends in London. He was not a Bohemian, and he was not a society man. He could not spend his evenings after the manner of his brethren at large, and he found the selfish personality of a club as distasteful to him as the artificial stupidity of the drawing-room. He had apartments in a quiet old Chelsea house, where he ate and drank, and worked, and spent most of his time, and he shared chambers in the Temple with a literary barrister who edited one of the metropolitan journals.

Mr. Drayton's partnership in the chambers was a matter of self-defence rather than anything else. True, in the early days of his career, when the days did not seem long enough for the work to be done, and an interruption, however momentary, filled him with a savage hatred for the interrupter, he had visions of going quietly by boat from the old riverside parish to the Essex-street pier, with its dirty alley and slippery flight of breakneck steps.

He cherished in those early days of his innocence a fixed idea of writing by system, working so many hours a day, and in those hours filling so many sheets of foolscap with a given number of lines.

He would get through his toll at his chambers, he thought, and keep his private apartments for his friends and home enjoyment; but he found his genius, or whatever he chose to call his literary faculty, stronger than himself, and the children of his brain set method at defiance.

He tried early rising and walking exercise, so as to collect his thoughts, and settle down pen in hand before the traffic in the street began; but the early rising made him sleepy, and the walking exercise tired him, and he was wont to yawn, and doze, and nod, and keep his fingers forming a pen, and his head nodding. Then a few friends dropped in—just one or two—who were friends in the way; but then the literary barrister had just one or two who were never in the way. And so, between them, though the time went pleasantly enough, they got very little work done. So, finally, Laurence gave a few hours a day to the droppers-in at chambers, and did his work at home, where he saw no one except by appointment.

Laurence called upon his friend the editor on the evening after his return from Brookdale. He found that gentleman in much the same condition as usual, surrounded by books for reference, papers from all parts of the world specially devoted to the sciences and the past-poi, MSS., in bundles, appalling piles of distractions, in undecipherable calligraphy as a rule—and heaps of letters on every possible and impossible subject, and enclosing *cartes de visite*, locks of hair, postage-stamps, and carefully-written specimens of hand-writing.

"I suppose, Ringers, you extract a little order out of so much chaos," said Laurence, as they shook hands. "Do you ever, by any chance, find ten lines worthy of insertion in the daily literature?"

"Occasionally," smiled Mr. Ringers. He was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, with a thoughtful face, indicative of kindly patience and persevering industry. "Some of the correspondence is frivolous and trifling, some impertinent, and a little of it simply stupid; but the majority ask questions the answers to which have a general interest, and are really useful. You might find many a less curious and interesting study than the correspondence pages of the journal."

"They always do amuse me," said Drayton. "I did not believe they could be genuine till I became one of the initiated. It is curious to speculate on the motives that induce your correspondents to address you as they do—taking

you fully into their confidence even on the most delicate topics."

"Not so curious as it seems. You see they can write to me in perfect confidence. I am their lawyer, physician, confessor, and private counselor—and I have to be all these at times. My advice costs them nothing, and it has the advantage of always being honest and impartial. It has the added advantage of being given in the strictest secrecy, although it is made public. They can write to me, a stranger, on matters which they could not mention even to their nearest and dearest to them."

"Having that feeling towards them," said Drayton, "you are the right man in the right place. Poetry, I see, is plentiful enough. I suppose every girl and boy has the fancy for writing it at some time or other, and it does them good; but the rhymes are wonderfully alike, and they are always sad and lonely. Their imaginary sorrows are, I hope, deeper than they're real."

"Their rhyme are sure to be alike," said the good-natured editor, "for the reason that there are only certain words that rhyme with certain other words, and then the writers unfortunately restrict themselves in their choice of subjects. We get a creditable poem now and then. That envelope you have just picked up is from some young fellow who shows promise, I think. It bears the stamp of the Invaluable Insurance Company, does it not?"

"Yes."

"I think he is a clerk there. He has sent me a few short prose sketches of American life, and

"Crude as yet. All prose is crude at first. Byron did not begin by writing 'Child Harold,' and there have been, I suspect, few great poets who would not very willingly write 'Out of print' across some of their juvenile effusions. The same rule applies to prose; but a man must try his pen before he can be said to be able to make Mr. Edward Danvers printably."

"Going through" was rather a merciless operation with Mr. Ringers. He was a deadly foe to redundancy, repetition, and ultra-sentiment. Many a young contributor shed tears of anguish at his remorseless excisions; but those same young contributors, grown old and wiser, gave him grateful *keels* when comparing the carefully-edited sketch with its rude original in MS. The editorial duty was not an easy one to perform; but he went in for it conscientiously, and if he did not always succeed in pleasing everybody, he could, like the hero in *Cato*, claim to have deserved success.

"What name did you say?" said Laurence.

"Edward Danvers."

"Is there no surname?"

"Danvers would be the surname, I suppose."

"And he writes American stories," mused Laurence; "gives a bit of Pennsylvania scenery from the life! How long is it since he first wrote to you?"

"Two months ago, I daresay."

"I wonder whether he is related to the new master of Brookdale," said Laurence, thoughtfully. "His name is Edward Danvers Temple, and he came from that Pennsylvania. The in-

don. The demand is greater than the supply, though we will be willing to take them ever so much diluted; but a second Tennessee might walk barefoot from Paternoster-row to Piccadilly with something more tender and beautiful than 'Locksley Hall' in his pocket and never get two lines of it read."

"This does not say much for the poetic spirit of the age."

"The spirit of the age is not to blame. We get too much society imitation, too little of the genuine thing. You can scarcely open a comic periodical, or a serious magazine, without finding a point suggestive of Byron or Prout, Tom Hood or Barham. The fatal facility of the society verse-makers has destroyed the public and the publisher's faith in poetry. The new minstrel, whoever he may be, will have to hammer his way in with the strong, rude iron of his genius."

"I am glad you think there is a chance for this young man," said Laurence. "And you could advance a meeting with him?"

"Easily. I shall have his proofs on Thursday. I can ask him to correct and bring them here on Saturday at five. Then you might meet him."

"Yes; that would do," said Drayton. "It is merely a fancy of mine, and nothing may come of it. But I want to see what he is like, and hear how he became acquainted with Edward Granville."

Laurence spent the next few days chiefly at his chambers, busily engaged upon a serial story for the journal Mr. Ringers edited. There were

ing face of Clarence Temple, as Clarence Temple looked in the Brookdale picture gallery—as dark, as proud, as gentle; and when he spoke there was just the soft, hesitive, high-bred accent which belonged to Eugene and most of his race.

He had to its fullest extent the natural attributes of a gentleman—self-possession; but there was a slight nervous flush of pleasure on his handsome face as he entered the editor's chambers. He bowed across the table to Mr. Drayton, prepossessed by a moment by that gentleman's glance of kindly interest.

"You have brought the proofs of your little story, I suppose?" said Ringers, giving the young clerk his hand. "Take that chair by the fire, Mr. Danvers. I can give you a quarter of an hour or so. We can talk before Mr. Drayton; he is an old literary man, and he has just been saying some kind things of you."

"I shall try," said Edward, simply, "to deserve them."

"You will see that I have taken some liberties with your text," Ringers went on. "The exclamations of spare energy are rather unmetrical. The little story itself is smooth enough. I see you have left in the paragraph I queried."

"On reflection, sir, I saw no reason to alter my opinion."

"Your opinion is earnest, perhaps, and it shows observation," smiled the editor; but it may be a little too severe. What do you think, Mr. Drayton?"

Laurence took the proofs, and read the marked paragraph. It drew a comparison between American men and Englishmen of a similar class.

"In America," it ran, "the young middle-class man is more self-dependent and less moral courage than the young middle-class man here. There his father keeps a store, or he works at one, and he is not a member of his father's work. The London clerk, on the other hand, likes to be thought a gentleman, and nothing else. He never, if he can help it, admits that he has to work for his living, or that the money he earns is all he has taken on. He is afflicted with a somewhat abject reverence for rank and money, and a snobbish contempt for poor men, and men who labour with their hands. He is apt to think more of men for their position than their individuality. To respect money more than character."

"That is the result of personal experience," said Edward Danvers, in a tone of quiet conviction, when Drayton finished. "I have served in a store over the Atlantic, and I have edited a clerk in London, and I have written what I feel to be the truth."

"You have written what to a great extent is the truth," said Laurence, "and it shows that you intend to use an honest pen. Where your impression as they come to you, Mr. Danvers; trust to your instinct, and set down what you think. You want a logical literature as it progresses?"

"I should like it above all things."

"Well, I think you have a considerable chance, and you could not have fallen into a better one than Mr. Ringers'. Have you been long in London?"

"Only a few months. I came over with Mr. Barrill, one of our directors now—a gentleman who was very kind to me, and it was through an introduction he gave me to Mr. Granville that I got my present situation."

"You were born in America?"

"Yes, sir—born and bred there, and never left my native place till I made the voyage here."

"Are you related, do you know, to a gentleman named Edward Danvers Temple, who I think came over with Mr. Barrill at the same time?"

"I never heard of such a person," said the young man, quietly. "Certainly, no such person came over in Mr. Barrill's company. No one travelled with him but myself."

"Edward Danvers Temple, son of Ellen Danvers and Clarence Temple. The lady was a native of Philadelphia."

"My mother's name was Ellen, and she was born there."

"What was your father's name?"

"I believe he and my mother were cousins; but this is a point on which I can say but little. He was brought up by my grandparents, and, in common with the rest of my relatives, always seemed pained by my questions. My father and mother were drowned at sea, while on their way to England. That is the most I have learned."

"Are you your mother's only child?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you," said Laurence, after a pause, "never to mention this conversation to Mr. Granville or Mr. Barrill. I have a motive for asking this favour, with which at some future time you will be fully satisfied."

"Yes, sir; you have my promise, though I must admit you have touched my curiosity. I pledge my honour to give you an explanation at no very distant date," said Laurence, "and your silence will help me. I leave you to Mr. Ringers now. With his help, and a proper use of your own natural advantages, you may, I am sure, soon reckon upon as fair a future as you could desire."

CHAPTER XXV.

JULIA.

There was no such person as Edward Danvers Temple, or if there were, no such person had travelled from America with the gentleman named George. The simple truth had been told by him who knew it best. The clerk at the hotel was the son of Ellen Danvers, a Philadelphia lady, and it was to a Philadelphia lady Clarence Temple had been married.

The journalist pondered over it deeply; but it opened the way to such a tangled web of thought that he gave it up and set down to work. He had never given a definite shape to his own suspicions. His instinct told him there had been foul play—a subtle and mysterious plot, in which Brookdale and Edward Granville were always together in strange associations.

He was sitting pen in hand, jotting down a few stray notes as they occurred to him in the midst of his reverie. He was thinking of Eugene, and then through him of young Danvers, and the singular chain of circumstances which had brought him there; and he was thinking of Julia, when a gentle tap at the door made his heart listen—that gentle tap was so familiar to him—he had heard it often—or something singularly like it at his study door in the grand old house by the sea.

Laurence looked up from his papers, and said "Come in," and there when the door opened stood Julia herself. Her face was wistful, and her beautiful large eyes were red with unshed tears—but the sense of safety, the expression of relief and hope which came across her when she saw him touched every individual instinct in his nature.

"My darling," he said, taking the soft velvet-voiced figure tenderly in his arms, "how is it you have come that long journey alone?"

The pride which had sustained Miss Temple so far gave way now that she was safe in the sacred refuge of her love. She put her forehead on his breast, and sobbed bitterly, those intense heart-broken sobs that tell of sorrow long pent up—anguish endured in silence.



JULIA VISITS LAURENCE DRAYTON AT THE TEMPLE.

In one of them his description of a Pennsylvania house is very good—clearly taken from life."

"He may be laying the foundation of a successful literary career," said Laurence, taking the enclosure from the envelope. "There must be a beginning and this may be his. It is a little poem—a song rather, as he writes 'for music' in the corner."

"Read it."

"There are twenty-four lines."

"Enough lines if good, not so many as to be tedious even if bad."

Mr. Drayton read them aloud, and the young clerk at the insurance office had the advantage of pure articulation and a sympathetic voice for his unpretending little bit of verse. It took its titles from the first five words, and ran as follows:—

"To love thee like this, 'twere but madness, I know;

But the heart you turn back is too fondly thine own.

I cannot hope to kindle in yours, sweet, a glow
Like the passionate yearning I have for thee alone.

For you tell me this useless—so faintly, yet kindly,
In your own gentlest tone—when my prayer you repeat.

I see the sad truth, yet my soul sees it blind;
You may give me despair, but you must let me love.

"To love thee like this! In the long time of years
There may come an old memory of one ever true.

Heaven grant you may never recall it with tears—
I would not, in the love thou hast tenderly shielded.

Let your heart thrill the chords of its own and refrain
To a song hushed in tears, in a prayer unrequited.

To a faith like mine own, mutely quenched in its pain.

"To love thee like this, I would live to the last.
If it were but, my darling to dream on my dream.

And there may be an hour when this shall be past:
And your soul, out of bondage, meet mine on love's stream.

It were joy but to hope, it were rapture to think
I have built the glad fancy on one pitying kiss;

And if only a letter for pain, let me drink it,
For 'twere sweet in itself but to love thee like this."

"Yes," said Mr. Drayton, "it is some such thing as you might meet set to a pretty jingle in soft octaves, and sung by sentimental young ladies or a Christy Minstrel tenor. The idea is not new—the shape may be. Simply, it is not poetry."

"There is not much poetry written in these days," said Mr. Ringers, "and very little of what there is finds its way through the post to the editor of a weekly periodical—a very, very little. Yet, Mr. Drayton, that waste-basket under the table is the grave of many better things than the monthly magazines give us—the *vers de société*, as they call them, with an affection which, like the verses themselves, is peculiarly the property, thank heaven! of the civil service literary swell and the drawing-room amateur."

"There I can meet you half-way most heartily. Amateur literature should be confined to the album and the scrap-book, just as amateur acting should be confined to the friends of the actors. But there is promise in this young man, Ringers. He writes with feeling, and if he is slightly vague, we must remember vagueness is an early and enduring symptom. What is his prose like?"

vulnerable! I have heard of that office in connection with some one. Let me see!"

He took the *Daily News*, and looked at the advertising columns. The prospectus of the United Invaluable Life and Fire Insurance Company met his eye first, with a well-written statement concerning participations, policies, premiums free of risk, a new system of dividing profits, and a wonderful arrangement for limiting the liabilities. He looked down the list of directors. There was the usual admiral, the inevitable baronet, the several right honours, the regulation quantity of colonels and majors, the one M. P., the two well-known merchants, and the maker-weight of respectable addresses. Amongst the latter he saw the name of George Barrill, Esq., Russell-square, and in the post of honour, between Admiral Sir some-thing Bink and the Right Hon. Sir Jenkins Dash, there was the name of Edward Granville, Esq., Brookdale.

There was, to say the least, something singular in this association of names, and Mr. Drayton felt anxious to see the young aspirant for literary honours. It occurred to him that Edward Danvers might be related to Edward Danvers Temple, on the mother's side—was perhaps a cousin, and if so, it did not seem generous on the part of the inheritor of Brookdale to let him earn his bread as a mere clerk under Granville.

"Are you ever likely to see him?" he asked Mr. Ringers, who was busy picking out those short paragraphs for which periodicals have such an insatiable appetite.

"Young Danvers?"

"I do not know. We shall see one or two of his little stories presently, and the proof will be sent to him. He will have a cheque by and by, and then, I daresay, he will call. We are generally rather overwhelmed by the gratitude of the new contributors when our appreciation takes the monetary shape."

"I should like to see him," said Laurence.

"If he is related to a Philadelphia family of which I have heard in connection with some friends of mine, he may be able to throw a light on certain points that have not satisfied me yet."

"It would be no trouble to arrange for you to see him," said the editor. "Some few weeks ago he wrote me a long letter that I have not had time to answer yet. It was written in a very manly and sensible tone, asking me frankly whether I thought that what I had seen of his writings would justify me in advising him to adopt literature as a profession."

"And you have not answered him yet?"

"I have not. I have had no time for one reason, and for another I am not prepared to give him a reply. It is a grave question, and the answer to it must depend upon the kind of man he is. If he has the misfortune to look upon himself as a genius, and literature as a Tom Tiddler's ground, I should earnestly advise him to stick to his desk or go for a soldier; but if he does not mind hard work, can bear disappointment patiently, and is prepared to remain at the Invaluable till a literary position grows upon him, I say there is a chance for him."

"Then his prose is better than his poetry?"

"Considerably; and if his poetry were a hundred times as good, I would rather advise him to put it behind the fire than think of making a living by it. A man must find his way some distance into the public heart before he can induce the publisher to take out his cheque-book. There is room and welcome in plenty for the disciples of Charles Dickens and M. E. Brad-

times when he liked to have some one near him while he worked—when the sound of another voice kept his own going—just as there were times when every footstep that ventured near the door of his room was to him the footstep of a deadly foe, for whom annihilation was the mildest penalty. The two gentlemen spotted the oak—kept the outer door closed, that is to say, except to those who came with the mystic signal, which was the only "open sesame." Each kept to his own chambers, separated by a middle passage, and two small bedrooms—except at luncheon, tea, and when a short interval of rest became necessary.

Many a time while he was at work did his thoughts revert to the change of fortune which had befallen Eugene; and he remembered, now and then, the strange man who had spoken to him when the new master of Brookdale added to his tenantry from the balcony. When the London papers gave a few lines to the fact that a man, name unknown, had lost his life by falling from the cliff beyond Hastings, Laurence thought of his interrogator, strange to say.

Their luncheon had been brought upon Saturday by the handmaid—a wonderfully antique person, who always wore a dirty apron, and was always afflicted with asthma—being fizzy, she called it when a boy from the telegraphic office ascended the stairs with conscientious deliberation. He whistled an inaudible tune, now and then, and beat time to it on the banisters with the telegram he had to deliver.

Mr. Drayton took it in surprise, and read it with more. Eugene had been away three days, and Julia had not heard from him since. Laurence felt his heart sink involuntarily.

"For it is just such quiet men as Eugene who do desperate things," he thought. "They have trouble to the last, with the same unflinching pride and eagerness—when the brain gives way it is for ever. I recalled when we stood together at the door of Vale Cottage how strangely he looked at his old house on the hill. He bore the latter change like a stoic; but then it is the stoic who sets least value on his own life."

He sent an answer back, asking for full particulars, and requesting Julia to write; but that request was put in only to let her think he was in no way alarmed. And then he passed a wretched afternoon, trying to occupy his mind with the work he was engaged upon, and finding that a hundred strange old fancies had taken possession of him—shadowy and gloomy as he could picture it under the sombrero sky—in every one of them.

"An eerie place always," he pondered. "A dimly, old-fashioned desolation, with a haunted look about it; long dark corridors filled with mystic sounds, that make one shiver when the night comes; salutes of armour, the unnatural emptiness of which seems to suggest a sort of spiritual life; and the very pictures look more like phantoms than the painted portraits of men and women long since dead. I am not a superstitious man; but I know many a thin man who has gone to the door of the big bedroom I had there and listened—then come back to me and put his nose on my knee, as he always does when a stranger comes in."

They were not lively fancies to amuse himself with when his best-loved friend was missing, but he could not help them. He was glad when five o'clock came, and almost at the final stroke of the hour the young clerk from the office of the Invaluable made his appearance.

The instant he uncovered his head, and before he spoke, Laurence knew him. It was the liv-