

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER I.

Late one evening in April, in a private sitting room on the first floor of a hotel in Albermarle street, a member of the British House of Commons was lying back in an easy chair, having just begun to read, in an afternoon journal, an article about himself. He was a man approaching fifty, with hair becoming prematurely quite silver white. This was what he was reading:

"By his amendment of last night, which was defeated by an overwhelming majority, the member for Slagpool has once more called attention to the unique position which he occupies in contemporary politics. Consistent only in his hopeless inconsistency, and only to be reckoned on for the wholly unexpected, one wonders for what particular purpose the electors of Slagpool ever thought of sending Mr. Winterbourne to Parliament. A politician who is at once a furious Jingo in foreign affairs and an ultra-revolutionary at home; an upholder of the divine rights and liberties of the multitude, who, at the same time, would, if he could, force them to close every public house in the country, alike on Sunday and Saturday; is a good deal more dangerous to his allies than to his enemies, while ministering to his own inordinate vanity."

"It sounds like the writing of a young man," he was thinking. "But perhaps it is true. Perhaps that is what I am like. I wonder if that is how I appear to Yolande?"

He heard a footstep outside, and immediately thrust away the newspaper from him. The next moment the door of the room was opened, and the framework showed a living picture, that of a young girl of eighteen, singularly tall and strikingly fair, who stood there hesitating, timid, half laughing.

"Look," she said, "is it your idea?"

"Is it your idea?" he repeated peevishly. "Yolande, you are getting worse and worse. Why don't you say, 'Is this what you meant?'"

"Is this what you meant?" she said

that I may take a wretched school girl for her holidays and show her things she can't understand; and plow through museums and picture galleries to fill a mind that is no better than a sieve? Just think of it. The British Empire going headlong to the mischief all for the sake of an empty-headed school girl!"

"Do you know, papa, I am very glad to hear that?" she said, quietly, and she sat on the hearth rug before him, "for now I think my dream will soon be coming true."

"Your dream?"

"My dream. The ambition of my life," said she, seriously. "It is all I wish for and hope for. Nothing else—nothing else in the world. It is to make myself indispensable to you. Listen now, papa. Surely it is a shame that you have wasted so much time on me, through so many years—always coming to see me and take me away. I have more sense now; I have been thinking; I want to be indispensable to you; I want to be in London with you—always; and you shall never have to run away idling, and you shall never have to think that I am wearying for you—when I am always with you in London. That is it now; I wish to be your private secretary."

"No, no, Yolande," he said, nervously. "London won't do for you—it wouldn't do at all. Don't think of it even."

"Papa, what other member of Parliament, with so much business as you have, is without a secretary? Why should you answer all those letters yourself? For me I will learn politics very quickly; I am studying hard. And just to think that you have never allowed me to hear you speak in the House! When I come to London the ladies whom I see will not believe that I have never once been in the House. They know all the speakers; they have heard all the great men; they spend the whole of the evening there, and have many come to see them—all in politics. Well, you see, papa, what a burden it would be taking

fast table, papa?"

"Take Jane with you, then."

"Oh, yes."

So that was settled; and he went upstairs with her to see that her little silver reading lamp was properly lit, and then bade her the real last good-night. When he returned to the sitting room for his hat and coat, there was a pleased and contented look on his face.

"Poor Yolande!" he was thinking; "she is more shut up here than in the country; but she will soon have the liberty of Outlands Park again."

He had just put on his coat and hat, and was giving a last look round the room to see if there was anything he ought to take with him, when there was a loud, sharp crash at the window. A hundred splinters of glass fell on to the floor; a stone rolled over and over to the fireplace. He seemed bewildered only for a second; and perhaps it was the startling sound that had made his face grow suddenly of a deadly pallor; the next second—noiselessly and quickly—he had stolen from the room, and was hurriedly descending the stairs to the hall of the hotel.

CHAPTER II.

The head waiter was in the hall, alone, and staring out through the glass door. When he heard some one behind him, he turned quickly, and there was a vague alarm in his face.

"The—the lady, sir, has been here again."

Mr. Winterbourne paid no heed to him; passed him hastily, and went out. The lamplight showed a figure standing there on the pavement—the figure of a tall woman, dark and pale, who had a strange, dazed look in her eyes.

"I thought I'd bring you out!" she said, tauntingly, and with a slight laugh.

"What do you want?" he said, quickly, and under his breath. "Have you no shame, woman? Come away. Tell me what you want?"

"You know what I want," she said suddenly. "I want no more lies." Then an angrier light blazed up in the impassive, emaciated face. "Who has driven me to it, if I have to break a window? I want no more lies and hidings. I want you to keep your promise; and if I have to break every window in the House of Commons, I will let everybody know. Whose fault is it?"

"What madness have you got hold of now?" he said, in the same low voice; and all his anxiety seemed to be to get her away from the hotel. "Come along and tell me what you want. I suppose I can guess who sent you. I suppose it was not for nothing you came to make an exhibition of yourself in the public streets. They asked you to go and get some money?"

"I will take them some money, if you like," she said, absently. "They are my only friends now—my only friends; they have been kind to me—they don't cheat me with lies and promises—they don't put me off, and turn me away when I ask for them. Yes, I will take them some money."

By this time they had reached the corner of Piccadilly, and as a four-wheeled cab happened to be passing, he stopped it, and himself opened the door. She made no remonstrance; she seemed ready to do anything he wished.

"Here is some money. I will pay the driver."

She got into the cab quite submissively, and the man was given the address, and paid. Then the vehicle was driven off; and he was left standing on the pavement, still somewhat bewildered, and not conscious how his hands were trembling.

He stood uncertain only for a second or so, then he walked rapidly back to the hotel.

"Has Miss Winterbourne's maid gone to bed yet?" he asked of the landlady.

"Oh, no, sir! I should think not, sir," the buxom person answered; she did not observe that his face was pale and his eyes nervous.

"Will you please tell her, then, that we shall be going down to Outlands Park again to-morrow morning? She must have everything ready; but she is not to disturb Miss Winterbourne to-night."

Then he went into the coffee room, and found the head waiter.

"Look here," said he, "I suppose you can get a man to put in a pane of glass in the window of our sitting room—the first thing in the morning? There has been some accident, I suppose. You can have it done before Miss Winterbourne comes down."

He stood for a moment apparently listening if there was any sound upstairs; and then he opened the door again and went out. Very slowly he walked away through the lamp-lit streets, seeing absolutely nothing of the passersby, or of the rattling cabs and carriages; and although he bent his steps Westminster-ward it was certainly not the affairs of the nation that had hold of his mind. Rather he was thinking of that beautiful fair young life—that young life so carefully and tenderly cherished and guarded, and all unconscious of this terrible black shadow behind it. The irony of it! It was this very night that Yolande had chosen to reveal to him her secret hopes and ambition; she was to be always with him; she was to be "indispensable;" the days of her banishment were to be now left behind; and the two, father and daughter, were to be inseparable companions henceforth and forever. And his reply? As he walked along the half-deserted pavements, anxiously revolving many things, and dreaming many dreams about what the future might have in store for her, and regarding the trouble and terrible care that haunted his own life, the final summing up of all his doubts and fears resolved itself into this—If only Yolande were married! When he passed into the House it was to seek out his friend, John Shortlands, whose rough common sense and blunt counsel had before now stood him in good stead and served to brace up his unstrung nerves. The tall, corpulent, big-headed ironmaster, he at length found with two or three companions. Winterbourne touched his friend lightly on the shoulder.

"Can you come outside for a minute?"

"All right."

(To be continued.)



SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

By Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.
Text—"And when he had opened the seventh seal there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."—Revelation viii:1.

I am one of those who believe that this book is not yet open; that in a great measure it is a sealed book, and that by and by, in the development of the years, men will understand the book of Revelation.

So I have found this verse. I do not understand its relationship; I would not undertake to give an exegesis of it, and I do not believe any man can. But there is a thought in it which we can comprehend. There is something here that is very useful; and as a marvelous illustration of a great gospel truth, there is nothing finer to be found in any of the literature of the world.

Think of the angels folding their wings and bowing in silence for half an hour in that eternal land above. Wonderful saying, this half an hour of silence in heaven!

It says here that when the seventh seal shall be opened, or was opened, as John related it in a vision he saw—there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. It calls attention to that which is to follow. It calls the whole mind's thought to that one great purpose of living in the earth—viz.: the heavenly things that are to come. It was the coming of the end. It is the judgment day; all mankind have reached the end of earthly existence, and it is a time when every man is to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. There is half an hour of silence—a perfectly awful thought. Yet, being here, it is here to be meditated upon and studied. Oh, what voices there are in the silence!

The coming of the King makes silence. Christ is come! I recall vividly a great demonstration in St. Petersburg, Russia, when the Czar Alexander was coming with the Czarina up the river into the city. He was to be announced by the firing of a gun on one of the bridges of the city, and the streets were thronged with people—the streets were black with the crowd, in their dark clothing of that north-land. They surged back and forth like the restless ocean bay. They were in the windows and doorways. The roofs and cornices were covered with people. They crowded in by the tens of thousands to welcome the Emperor on that fete day. When the time arrived, as announced, at quarter-past two, all were waiting for the gun. They waited and waited; and oh, the silence of that multitude of people, immovable, scarcely breathing. There was something so solemn, so oppressive that it seemed as though the earth must open unless they were permitted to move or speak or in some way to make a demonstration. But when the gun boomed then the people moved. Then they shouted. Then they swung their flags and their handkerchiefs, and the military uttered their huzzas, and it broke forth into a salvo of welcome, so great that the heavens themselves seemed to reply. But the silence that preceded it seemed to emphasize it and those who witnessed it were more impressed with the silence than with all the acclaim and all the parade and music afterwards.

The lesson to teach is the importance of men in every spare stopping, and meditating for half an hour. If you are going to change your business; if you are going to a new place; if you are going to be married; if you are going to join the church through your heart having been turned to Christ; if you are undertaking any new thing, stop for half an hour and in silence meditate. If you are undertaking the accomplishment of a day's work only, in the morning in silence meditate, meditate in your bed before you rise or afterwards sit by yourself and think a few minutes. It will save you time through the day, and will greatly increase your ability to do. It will give to you that day, no matter what your sphere, success, if you but stop and meditate.

NEED OF MEDITATION.

By Rev. W. C. Covert
The conditions of life are unfavorable to the practice of religious meditation. This is the noisiest stage of the world's life. The world never was so filled with the loud jargon of men and the harsh clatter of things. Our civilization is a shrieking, roaring thing. A modern city is a perfect bedlam. Industry goes forward with a thousand coarse, grating

voices that spoil the silence and ravish our nerves. It knows no night of rest. It knows no Sabbath of quiet.

We are a thousand years from the silent life of our forefathers of fifty years ago. But the noisier the age the more men hunger for quiet. This is the day of all days for the practice of a sane, healthy religious meditation. Religious life will die amidst the noisy and superficial things of the day when we break our companionship with great religious thoughts. In proper religious meditation in this day there must be complete detachment from surroundings. Not because men are to despise the hard work and clamor of life, and seek to leave it, but that in a moment or an hour of detachment they may feed on food that will strengthen them for the battle and turn with renewed courage to it.

Let men think on lines suggested by the great problems and duties of a practical, religious life and they will escape the peril of a fruitless meditation, and keep in helpful touch with their day.

THE VISITOR FROM HEAVEN.

By Rev. Ebenezer Rees.
Text: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, I will open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Revelation iii, 20.

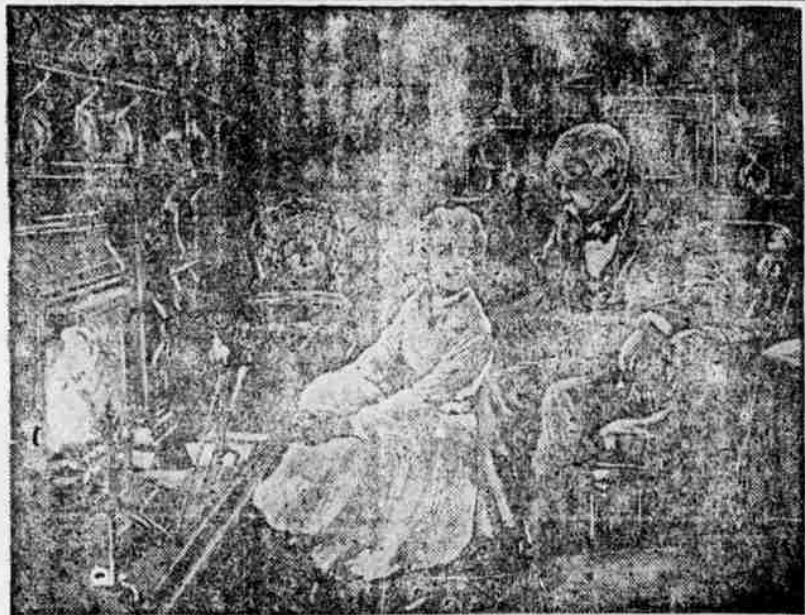
In reading the Bible, do you ever see pictures? Sometimes to me the pages glow with life. May I tell you my picture of this text? It came one evening long ago. I thought that I was journeying along a country road on a tempestuous winter's night. The sky wept upon a dreary world. It was dark and desolate and very lonely, as I journeyed up the hills and down the valleys, with nothing but a pale, young moon to cheer the way. Presently I saw in the distance a light. I watched it wonderingly, drawing nearer and nearer to it, until at length I stood beside a cottage. I went up to the door and knocked; a man within unbolted the door and opened.

The stranger drew near to the householder and took hold of his hand, gripped it kindly yet firmly. Oh! the touch of that hand said much. The light and gladness of the one face passed over into the other.

There are two kinds of welcome. There is the skippy little welcome—if you will pardon a word which is more expressive than classical; as when we say, "I am so glad to see you;" while you really mean—and somehow show—that we shall be gladder still when he has gone. That is not the welcome which we must give the Savior. There is another welcome. Let me try to translate it into words. "Come in!" Oh! we see it in the face; we feel it at the door; the very gate as it swings on its hinges learns the secret and rings with it. "Come in; I rejoice to see you. This is my house; let it be yours; go upstairs, downstairs; sit where you like; roam where you will. This is my home; let it be yours." That is welcome. We go to that house again. And there is a sense in which the human heart is very like a house. It has many rooms and corners, some of which have not been swept out, maybe, since the house was built. Christ must have entry to those corners. We must say: "Come in, Jesus; live with me. Thou shalt know all about me. Thou shalt read every secret in my heart. Thou shalt know my motives. Thou shalt hear the things I have not whispered to others. Thou shalt hear me praying and watch me working. Welcome, Master! Live with me. Correct me. Chastise me. Bring the rod upon me when I deserve it. Only stay with me evermore." If we could but give Him such a welcome, how happy would we be!

Short Meter Sermons.

- Toll disarms temptation.
- Perspiration proves inspiration.
- No man can keep his sins to himself.
- Revenge is sweetest when renounced.
- Great faith is the secret of great facts.
- There may be backbone without bigotry.
- He has no faith in God who has no hope for man.
- This would be a bitter world but for our tears.
- Destiny is decided not by definitions but by deeds.
- He knows nothing fully who knows nothing beside.
- No man ever bought fortune by the sale of his friends.
- The church with a mission never dies for lack of money.
- You cannot tell much about God's army by its church parade.
- A life is to be known by its outgo rather than by its income.
- The man who boasts of never mining matters is likely to be chopping up somebody's reputation pretty fine.



SHE SAT ON THE HEARTH RUG BEFORE HIM.

promptly, and with a slight foreign accent.

"Come to the mirror, child, and put on your hat, and let me see the whole thing properly."

She did as she was bid, stepping over to the fireplace, and standing before the old-fashioned mirror, as she adjusted the wide-brimmed Rubens hat over the ruddy gold of her hair. For this was an experiment costume, and it had some suggestion of novelty.

The plain gown was of a uniform cream white—of some rough towel-like substance that seemed to cling naturally to the tall and graceful figure, and it was touched here and there with black velvet. She wore no ornaments but a thick silver necklace round her throat and a plain silver belt round her waist.

"Is it what you meant?" she repeated, turning to him from the mirror.

"Oh, yes," said he, rather reluctantly. "I thought it would suit you. But you see, Yolande, to drive in the park in London—wouldn't it be a little conspicuous?"

Her eyes were filled with astonishment; his rather wandered away nervously to the table.

"But, papa, I don't understand you. Everywhere else you are always wishing me to wear the brightest and lightest of colors. I may wear what I please—and that is only to please you, that is what I care about only—anywhere else—if we are going for a walk or a drive at Outlands Park, I cannot please you with enough bright colors; but here, in London, everything is too conspicuous! And this time I was so anxious to please you—all your own ideas; not mine at all. But what do I care?" She tossed the Rubens hat on to the couch that was near. "Come! What is there about a dress? It will do for some other place, not so dark and smoky as London. Come—sit down, papa—you do not wish to go away to the House yet!"

"Well, now, Miss Inevitable, just listen to this," said he, laying hold of her by both her small ears. "Don't you think it prudent of me to show up as often as I can in the House, so that my good friends in Slagpool mayn't begin to grumble about my being away so frequently? And why am I away? Why do I neglect my duties? Why do I let the British Empire glide on to its doom? Why but

off your hands. You would not always have to come home and dine with me, and waste so much of the evening in reading to me. Then all the day here, busy with your letters. Oh, I assure you I would make prettier compliments to your constituents than you could think of."

"They seem to think there," he said, with a sardonic smile, and he glanced at the newspaper, "that the country would be better off without me."

It was too late to recall this unfortunate speech. The moment he had spoken she reached over and took up the journal, and found her father's name staring her in the face.

"Is it true, Yolande?" he said, with a laugh. "Is that what I am like?"

As she read, Yolande tried at first to be grandly indifferent—contemptuous. And then, in spite of herself, tears rose slowly and filled the soft gray-blue eyes—though she had kept her head down, vainly trying to hide them. And then mortification at her weakness made her angry, and she crushed up the paper twice or thrice, and hurled it into the fire; nay, she seized hold of the poker and thrust and drove the offending journal into the very heart of the coals. And then she rose, proud and indignant, and with a toss of her pretty head, she said: "It is enough time to waste over such folly. Perhaps the poor man has to support a family; but he need not write such stupidity as that. Now, papa, what shall I play for you?"

"I must be off to the House. There is just a chance of a division; and perhaps I may be able to get in a few words somewhere, just to show the Slagpool people that I am not careering about the Continent with my school girl. No, no; I will see you safe in your own room, Yolande; and your lamp lit, and everything snug; then—'Good night!'"

"No. Not until you say, 'I love you.'"

"I love you."

"And I may go out to-morrow morning as early as ever I like, to buy some flowers for the breakfast table?"

"I don't like your going out by yourself, Yolande," said he rather hesitatingly. "You can order flowers. You can ring and tell the waiter—"

"The waiter!" she exclaimed. "What am I of use for, then, if it is a waiter who will choose flowers for your break-