

Friday, June 9, 1894.

## A CAMP MEETING IDYL.

[CONCLUDED.] "Oh, Lucy, is it real? Could you really care for me? I have loved you, always, dear—did you know it? But till to-night I could not speak it. Will you really be my love and wife, Lucy?"

"Yes, Kane." Never sounded words so sweet as those three "Yeses" breathed in that fairy whisper. Kane put out his hand—little fingers met and clasped it; and just then somebody stirred, and Deacon Atwater, at the far end of the tent, gave a species of snort and half raised himself. With frightened hands the locked hands unclasped. In half a second Kane and Lucy, to all appearance, were fast asleep. And from that time till morning not a sound broke the stillness of the tent.

Brother Parker was perplexed next day, at the attitude of mind in which he found his young disciples. She was very sweet and gentle, bore his questioning patiently. And when asked did she feel as if she loved God, she said yes, and she hoped always to love Him now, for he had made her very happy. But when the further inquiry was propounded, was this feeling so strong, that she felt justified in becoming the wife of a minister of the Gospel, the answer was immediate: No! She could never have married a minister any way; and besides—

"Besides what?"

She had promised Elkanah Robbins to marry him. But when had the promise been made? Long and sorely did Brother Parker puzzle over the matter, and as did Mrs. Wilder, who, in the heat of her astonishment at "that child's thinking of a husband," was heard to say, that she couldn't think how they got at each other. Kane and Lucy kept their own counsel, and the affair got to be spoken of as "happenings" at the camp, which fact made it more than usually interesting to the neighbors. Small and transient opposition had our young couple to contend with. They were married the next year, both are members of the church now, and Kane was on the conference committee for the last camp-meeting. When people ask if he got religion at Cadillac, he is wont to answer that "that's a matter between him and the Lord; but if he got something more so good,"—his eloquent glance flitting over the sentence, "that's a matter between him and the Lord,"—we may be pretty sure that he will be conveniently blind and deaf to what is going on, remembering how sweet once his Lucy's voice broke the stillness with "Yes, Kane."

[From the Lakeside Monthly.]

## SUBSTITUTION.

"Too much! too much!" murmured Charlotte Ashley, as she walked backward and forward through the long parlors, in which at either end a magnificent mirror reflected her advancing form, and the long images seemed to be always in good company. "My cup is full, pressed down and running over. Such perfect happiness cannot last forever. If tender there is no interruption to it!"

This was Charlotte's pet luxury—to pace up and down the drawing-rooms after everyone else had retired for the night, and to let the long images seem to be always in good company. "My cup is full, pressed down and running over. Such perfect happiness cannot last forever. If tender there is no interruption to it!"

Let her dream. It is a sad waste of gas-light, certainly; but when will eighteen come to her again, with its beauty, its light-headedness, its springing, elastic step that makes no sound on the rich Moquette carpet as she crosses its velvety surface? Is it her hour; let her enjoy it while she may.

What will you give for a peep at her as she marches to and fro, her head a little bent forward under its weight of pleasant thoughts, her hands clasped, leaving in full view the elegant ring—an opal set with a double row of diamonds? Turn one of the shutters, just a little; she will never know it—she is too busy with her thinking. There—that will do—those clear, gray eyes, radiant with hope and love; that soft skin, neither dark nor fair, but glowing with rosy health; the glossy hair, wavy enough in itself to disappear with the texture of crimping-pin or curling-tongs (we forget which was in vogue in her day, for we speak of long ago); straight eyebrows, a nose not so Grecian as to be ineffectual, smooth whose firm curves express determination as well as sweetness. Her tall, well-developed form moves perhaps a thought too proudly; but possibly that effect is produced by the blue silk dress, her firm curves express determination as well as sweetness.

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When she is young to be the mistress of a household and a promised bride, but the former place she has filled for two years, and the latter, since her twentieth birthday, two or three months ago. She was an only child; her father died before she could remember him, and her mother returned to her old home to pass the remaining years of her widowhood. Charlotte had seen first her grandmother, and a few years later her mother, borne away from the door they were never to enter again, and had, perhaps, been in the place of both. She was all in all to the old man—not as old in years as in feeble health, which had bowed him down before his time. Perhaps it was the necessity, thus laid upon her of sustaining others instead of leaning on them, that had matured her looks and character so remarkably. No one guessed her to be less than one-and-twenty, such womanly dignity was in every look and action. The winter in which we see her had witnessed her first entrance into society, and certainly had she expected to be a success, she had before any of the less adventurous youths who hovered about her had found courage to ask the decisive question.

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