

The beautiful days of summer glided smoothly along. The nights were calm and refreshing. Under the exhilarating rays of the evening moonlight, Fred and Clara frequently strolled out pleasantly together. Feelings were reciprocated. Ideas of future prospects towered higher than the moon. A happy home, brightened by the golden beams of the honeymoon was seen peeping through the sylvan avenues of imagination. A few months, perchance only a few weeks had only to pass by, and their souls were to be pressed so closely together by the legal stamp of matrimony that nothing but the chisel of death could be able to separate them.

What a delightful picture of future life is often sketched by the artistic fancy of the soul. What beautiful delineations of all that is exquisitely pleasing and profitable! The scenes are of the grandest descriptions: the coloring, of the richest hues, admirably shaded and intermingled. Even the darkest spots are glistening by the surrounding beauty. All appears as an enchanted dream; a glimpse of fairyland, or as a primeval paradise modernized, and rendered suitable in every part to gratify the desires of the mind.

But, alas! too frequently these prospects of ideality are built only upon corner pillars, and tower to so great an altitude above their slender bases, that their summits, like the top of Babel become mystified by the clouds; and when the