

were the complement each of the other, and it was not long ere he had wooed and won her, and obtained the consent of her guardians to make her his wife.

They were married one beautiful day in the bright Spring-time, when nature had donned her loveliest dress, and the air was fragrant with the breath of flowers and vocal with the songs of birds. As they stood together at the altar—he with his wavy raven locks swept back from his broad brow, with his dark eyes flashing with intelligence; she with a face that rivalled in fairness the wreath of orange blossoms that crowned her luxuriant tresses of gold—they presented a picture of manly strength and sweet, womanly beauty that is seldom equalled and scarcely ever excelled.

As the guests congratulated them upon the happy consummation of their ardent desires, and expressed the hope that life would be to them as a summer's day with few clouds, they had every reason to believe their most sanguine hopes would be realized. Alas! many a day that has had a rosy morn, sweet with the breath of flowers and jocund with the voice of birds, has been dark with clouds and flashing angry lightnings ere noon. What a blessing it is that God in His mercy allows us to revel in the sunshine of the present, and does not darken our clear sky with the clouds of coming woe.