NOTHING LEFT TO BE DESIRED.

I wandered in regions of affliction,
I stood on the mountains storms
I sank on the pave of the valleys
By Light that never shall leave.

I wandered by day with the Pleiades,
I walked with the moon of the night
Hooked upon the sun in the firmament
And heard in the darkness the light.

I stood with the howling monsoon,
I saw over its mouth hung mists
By which fixed horizons of knowledge
Were suffered to open. My soul
Reach over all the kingdoms of science
And view the universe with the whole.

I walked in the ways of the Spirit,
In paths which no mortal hath trod
I lived in communion with God
And with the spirits of just men made perfect.—Parley Pratt in Walsh's Literary Thoughts.

A GHOSTLY BANQUET.

The Rev. Mr. E——, traveling on a pleasural tour through the south of Ireland one autumn day, found it impossible to reach his place of destination, yet different many miles, before the end of a night, which already announced its rapid approach by its somber hued twilight. During the day his guide had been respective of military movements, as the portion of the country through which he journeyed was, owing to the grandeur and diversification of its scenery, one of the most picturesque in the kingdom.

His path had wound through gorgeous shadowed and to the rank luxuriance of the fields and brambles and past deserted homesteads, the histories of which were rife with tales of violence, bloodshed and family calamities and he had left with tact and difficulty guided his road wind through many of those deep laterite glens and rocky fens and several fastnesses in which the hand of the chieftain's clansmen.

In the latter part of his journey a few comfortable houses and farmhouses had been visible to Mr. E——, but as the day wore on the way grew increasingly gloomy and disheartening, and glimpses of the human face divine were rare and severe. At last it became epoch's to think of obtaining a lodging for the night, and he paused to reflect and consider. Not far from him, beyond the curves of a somewhat wide and which clustered trees of an uncommon growth and height, whose new trunks, gnarled and overhanging branches and somber foliage seemed as if anxious to keep each the secret of journeymen and prevented the main body of the building from being seen.

A sloping lawn led down to a deep, silent lake, as still and so glassy that not a ripple disturbed its calm surface. Behind some pine a range of mountains, rising in bold relief against the murky sky and adding additional stillness to the lake's sleep. Altogether the aspect of the place was so rapt, so quiet and so sombrely dreamy that the desolate wanderer involuntarily turned away.

Meanwhile the darkness increased apace, and no other habitation was in sight but one—that of a person whom he will never be expect to be at in the gloomy haloes of religion and its mission. Alternative therefore there was no between seeking admission as an unwelcome guest, from which he imagine silently shrinking, and remaining exposed to the fury of a storm which gave warning of being in preparation by hoarse musings of thunder, the mighty utterance of the elements and bold gleams of fire.

He hesitated for some time, but determined at length to try whether the voice of hospitality might not plead his cause and gain for him at least the shelter of a roof, whatever might be his entertainment and entertainment, any refuge greater preferable to exposure to the pelting of the storm. His home also begins to exhibit unpleasant symptoms of disturbance, at the prolonging calm of affairs, and plainly detained a disposition to seek better quarters by means of stampings and bellowings. Mr. E—— accordingly rode to the door of the house and knocked.

A tall, dark lad, I can apparently Mr. E—— intimate, I himself, apologized for the intrusion and solicited accommodation for the night. The gentleman replied that he would with pleasure furnish him supper and find room in the stable for his horse, but regretted that there was not in the house a vacant chamber.

"But are you a coward?" he demanded sharply.

"I hope not."

"Because if you are not yonder is the castle across the park of which I am agent. No one is to it, so the owner is traveling on the Continent. I will not dispose from you, however, that strange tales are told of its being haunted, which is in fact the principal reason for the absence of the Earl of L——'s family. If, as you say, you are not afraid and feel willing to brave the risk of meeting visitors, you are welcome to a bed there."

Not sending to the more which announced the last words, Mr. E—— accepted the offer with thankfulness, reasoning that, however he might prefer society, yet, as a minister of the Gospel, he had no cause for fearing even the powers of darkness, should they begin against him.

"Very well, then," said the host, when we may designate as Mr. D——, "I will take supper, and while you are partaking of it send servants over to the farm to prepare a bedroom and a fire and let you should be in any doubt as to the sincerity of my invitation I will attend you there myself and assist in warming your room and the adjoining one."

After supper, having ascertained that his guest had been well attended to, Mr. E—— expressed himself in readiness to attend the host to his destined lodgings, as he was much fatigued with his journey and longed for repose. The hour had not yet commenced, but the flames of lightning and the howling of the winds through the shrubberies and other prompted the reasoning clergyman and suggested to the imagination of Mr. E——

Be Room of you seen a night and thus for a duel of blood, and he shuddered to thy thousand the glowing eyes, or many a bit of murdered wretches that had fallen in keyhole cracks forward in his mind.

In the face of such sudden death, for an appalling aspect, but under such circumstances as these, apart from all that is living, alone and unpitied, it seemed bestial terrible. Thus again he would think on the unexpected hospitality of Mr. D—— and smile at the morbid which fancy had conjured up.

As they drew near the castle, its desolate appearance was not much calculated to reassure him, or calm his disquiet apprehensions. Mr. D—— noticed it, the first gateway of which only served to make darkness visible, as it fell on the green sward and old grey stones. Only paved the courtyard. The frame of their steps and voices disturbed a crazy recognition of each, late and rather, the only human beings thinks of the thrown, with startled and affrighted. Bow about flapping their wings and uttering dismal cries at the mere and invasion of their premises.

A chill ran through Mr. E——. How he wished for even the neighborhood of human, or anything but lonely life, the company of a dog could have been a valuable! Life would be have crouched himself in the stable, but, dreading to awaken the sarcasm of his grim host, he said nothing. They reached the grand entrance. On opening, the door groaned heavily and sorrowfully on its rusty hinges and a rush of night winds blowed bodiarly as they entered.

While searching for the staircase dim shadows seemed to gather and form around them, with fantastic gestures beckoning their company, a thousand spirit eyes peered inquisitively out of the arches and form in the millions crevices of floor, rose echoed through the spacious, gloomy hall and half formed voices flitting about in corners, and whispers and sighs floated on the air. Mr. E—— again called at his companion, and making a courageous effort forty shook off all further unusual apprehensions. They descended, to assembled the room destined for him and the adjacent one, and afterward looked through those below, one of which was a hall of marvellous dimensions superbly carved and gilded to the old style.

His companion referred his uneasiness that he being being into Ulster would be in the castle, and, with an intention to breakfast at his house in the morning, bade him good night. Mr. E—— attended him to the door, double bolted and chained it after him, and then retended to his own apartment, which he also carefully bolted and secured. He certainly was situated very pleasantly.

The rain now came down in torrents, but the tempestuous peals of thunder above him and the vivid flashes of lightning which occasionally pierced they way through the heavy curtains only so much the more enhanced the value of his comfortable retreat and made his feelings those of unalloyed satisfaction. A bright fire blazed on the old fashioned hearth, and two wax candles stood lighted on an elegant inlaid table beside it.

The room was richly furnished in an antique style, and the curtains costly, and the carpet, and the furniture comfortable, and the chairs of the elegantness inclinatorily turned away.

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