

NO DEATH.

There is no such thing as death— In Nature nothing dies; From each sad remnant of decay Some forms of life arise.

OUR STRANGE VISITOR.

A LIGHT-HOUSE MAN'S STORY.

It was a wild night in November. The wind raged and swept round the light-house in fitful gusts, driving the sand in showers against the wall. Below, the sea heaved, beating against the rocks with an ominous roar.

had spent itself; but the weather was still unsettled, and we were on the lookout for more storms. No human being, except our wail, had come near us for more than a fortnight; and for all we knew of what had taken place in the world during that time, England might have become a republic, or France a monarchy again.

"Why, mate," said Will, looking at him in surprise, "I didn't know as you'd take such an interest in this affair. As for Tom and me, why, we have known the poor girl, child and maid, and are keen about it. Here, take the paper and read it for yourself, then."

PORTLAND.

The Great Commercial Center of the Northwest. Its Present and its Future.

It has a population of 23,000. It is to Oregon, and the Territories of Washington and Idaho, what New York City is to the State of New York, and bears the same relation to that State and those Territories that Chicago does to Illinois, St. Louis to Missouri, Philadelphia to Pennsylvania, and New Orleans to Louisiana.