

AT SUNRISE.

LIGHT swaying in the nightly breeze,
 Now heard—now hush'd, are the tall pine trees—
 The needles thrill and click, as they
 Drink the rich wine of the coming day—
 Up springs the bird with a single note,
 A gush, unconscious, from his waking throat—
 The black pool smiles, for floating by
 Is the silvery wing of the dragon-fly—
 Out from the mould creeps the spotted newt,
 Where he slept all night in the yellow root :
 The serpent glides from moss and brake
 And all his rattles glow and shake—
 'Tis the mystic flame of an inner life—
 Sweetness and beauty, and gladfulness rise ;
 'Tis the subtle hour of life at best—
 Spirit—and soul—and youth and zest—
 'Tis the Psychic wing that touching the rose
 Exhales a sweetness more than it knows.
 The brief, bright hour on which the fern

Has garnered seed, and ceased to yearn—
 The moment when the seven-string'd lute
 Is sweeter for its being mute—
 When the lily sleeps in crystal bed,
 Fairer for being left unwed—
 To live—to breathe is boon so sweet,
 It lights the eye and wings the feet :
 Oh, Sun of suns in far-off space,
 Unclosing thy pavilion'd face—
 Centre of hope, of life to be—
 Emblem of immortality—
 Bearer of missals, rightly read,
 Potent as message from the dead—
 Star-hiding blaze—how thou dost ring
 Life's golden chalice to the brim !
 And we the sparkle drink of that full being,
 That scarcely lies beyond our seeing !

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NOTES FROM A TEACHER'S DIARY.

APRIL 3d, 18—. I have just returned to my school after a restful two weeks' vacation. I have been so happy in the home of my youth that I feel like a new being. How I pity my next-door teacher friend who has no father's house to rest in, no sisters to welcome her back when her toilsome term is over. In one thing we have full sympathy—we are both motherless. On my way back I stopped in New York City to call on the phrenologists in Broadway, to purchase books on mental science and to obtain a chart of my head. I can never again doubt the truth of this wonderful science, since by the touch of the hand and the sight of the eye my character, with its peculiarities, has been so clearly given. I shall take up the works I have bought and reduce them, if possible, to practice. I hope by this fascinating study to grow in mental power, to become more considerate of the imperfect character daily before me, and to learn how to insure success in reaching my pupils' hearts and of leading them up higher in all that is noble and true.

May 1st.—A month has slipped by ; a month of close study of character and ability. I am getting "quite expert" in

this thing, I am told, and often "guess" right. It is not guessing so much as they think. I gave a stranger's character so truthfully last evening that there was a round of applause. But it is not to amuse people that I have studied Phrenology. I trust this "noblest study of mankind" will lead me to see my own faults and the way to correct them.

May 12th.—I was writing a note to the principal this morning when a feeble voice near, said, "Please, where shall I sit?" "Wait a moment, dear," I replied, without looking up. The up-stairs monitor was waiting to take my note to the principal. As soon as she had left I turned to the new-comer, a very slender girl with an exceedingly long and narrow face that looked very much as if some one had taken it between strong hands and squeezed it. I knew at once that some of the faculties were not active if, indeed, they existed. There was nothing pretty about this child except her neatness, and there was nothing repulsive. She gave me no unnecessary trouble nor any pleasure. I at once perceived that the organ that should make her a mathematician was wanting, there being but the slightest distance between the outer angle of the