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NOTES.

MORN.—

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

—*Shakespeare.*

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

—*Tennyson.*

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

—*Longfellow.*

LITTLE THINGS.—

“Not alone in trees and flowers
The spirit bright of beauty dwells;
And not alone in lofty towers
The mighty hand of God is seen :
But more triumphant still in things men count as mean.”

“In one word, know this, that the humblest and meanest products of nature are those from which the sublimest properties are to be drawn.”—*Lytton.*

HEARING.—Lytton in “Zanoni,” his wonderful work of idealistic, mystical, almost supernatural fiction, has thrown out a thought that will impress itself more and more, that will arouse new ideas, and perhaps demand an attention and assent not at first accorded: “For there is a sense of hearing that the vulgar know not, and the voices of the dead breathe soft and frequent to those who can unite the memory with the faith.”