Preface

Each door-step has its own blossoms and these are mine. The fragrance of their breath is in the air I breathe and their roots are deep. Yet here is no new kind of flowering, for every April smells of lilacs and every mid-summer smells of the rose. We are each brought forth by the same mother, under the same apple tree - - the human creature after his kind.

Happily there comes a time in most of our lives when "flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. The fig tree putteth forth the green figs and the vines with tender grapes give a good smell".

There comes my time today - my day of fond content - and between the morning and the evening of this day there is only time to call hail and farewell - before it will be gone.

I hold these things to be lovable now and memorable against that time when the winds come, and the years begin their ripening. "For no great thing" says Epictetus "is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me you desire a fig, I will answer that there must be time. First, let it blossom, then bear, then ripen".

These blossoms were gathered while the sun was on them and while the heart was still warm - the ripened fruit will bear the seeds of future blossoms - in a future spring - for as it has been, so it is now and ever will be - world without end. beautiful world.

NELL DORR