

**BLOSSOMED HOURS:
BOOK OF THE MIND
AND THE HEART**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649075355

Blossomed Hours: Book of the Mind and the Heart by Edward Howard Griggs

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BLOSSOMED HOURS

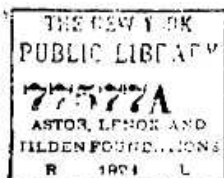
Book of the Mind and Heart

BY
EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS

ORCHARD HILL PRESS

Croton-on-Hudson
NEW YORK

1922



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PRINTED IN U. S. A.

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Rosemary, pansies, heart's-ease, rue:
These are my garden flowers;
Memories, thoughts and responses true:
These are my blossomed hours.

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The Stuff of Dreams

[July 13, 1915]

MORE and more the drama of life grips one: the kaleidoscopic, incessantly moving stream of human beings, poured multitudinously forth from the prolific horn of Time, passing quickly across the film of life, into the dark and fathomless chasm of Eternity. Each unit in the innumerable throng living as if no other had ever been, tortured with heart-wrung agonies, lifted with wild hopes and desires, broken with thwarted dreams; yet ever driven swiftly on and away.

What does it mean—this passing spectacle of the stuff of dreams? Is it a transient shadow, cast on Immensity by a bewildered Mind? Is it the momentary revelation of Eternity on the screen of Time? All Thought ends in an unanswered question, to which only the Will replies.

Song

O THE lilt of music that words can carry,
The lights and shadows that rise and
fall,
The liquid lifting of sounds that marry
A deep heart's mood to the voice's call.

The gift of song is the key unlocking
All the doors to the inmost heart;
It can echo the wild sea's rocking,
The whisper of leaves in the wood apart.

Then weave the lyric of liquid measures,
Touch and waken the soul that sleeps;
Mingling in one the pains and pleasures
That brood in the spirit's ocean deeps.

THE USE OF BONDS

[Glen Hill Farm, Twin Mountain, N. H., July 22, 1906]

NOTHING else is so barren as complete freedom for which one has no use. We chafe under bonds; but only through them does life get meaning. Every just limitation straightens the path we must travel, instead of leaving us to wander aimlessly in the forest. The one need is that we *travel the path*: when we do, every right restriction helps us go forward. Thus the sentimental yearning for an impossible freedom of caprice merely evidences weakness in meeting life's challenging opportunity.