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MY GARDEN IN THE WILDERNESS

BY
KATHLEEN L. MURRAY

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TO
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INTRODUCTION

“MAN,” said a writer in the *Spectator*, “was originally a pastoral creature; at the beginning of things he lived in a garden; a garden set all about with the wilderness into which he was soon to be driven, keeping always, through his exile, some memory of his first estate, so that in the middle of the wilderness he will still make himself a garden.”

I did not know that I was obeying a primitive instinct in making myself a garden in my wilderness; I imagined that love of beauty and of order were the chief incentives to work that was often disappointing. But now the thought comes that the instinct goes deeper, and that we are all, mentally, creating for ourselves some little, lovely garden in our own especial wilderness—gardens of dreams, of hopes, of ambitions, of love—and that without these gardens in the wilderness life would scarcely be tolerable, and exile be bitter indeed.

I would ask that this little volume be not accepted as a guide, even by beginners. It is merely a rambling record of some years in a garden or gardens, for there are two gardens about which my memory clings, and the thought of which will always be pleasant to me, although both are now gone from me for ever.

K. L. M.