

in the depression of wondering whether it was quite fair to try to follow her charming fashion, I have explained that I really have to write about my garden ; I was turned out in it, I had no more choice than Nebuchadnezzar ; and that I sincerely hope I have not plagiarized her plants. And I assured her it is a thing I would never do, that those hereinbefore mentioned grew for me, every one, from seed or bulb—that I would not ever plagiarize from Mr. Johnson, whose Japanese lilies were glorious to behold this year and very moderate.

Notwithstanding these meek statements I feel, here at the end of the book and the end of the summer, highly experienced and knowledgeable about gardens. I long to pour out accumulated facts, and only a doubt of the relative value of advice produced at an altitude of seven thousand feet in the middle of Asia prevents my doing so. In more serious moments I hardly dare hope that I have not already talked too much about my garden and other things, but nobody should be severe upon this who has