



A CHILD OF NATURE

living was not possessed by, but in possession of, the spirit of the dead. There was no subjugation of personality, no passive surrender to another will; there was complete sympathy and perfect comprehension.

In Parkman's rich but unrationalised experience the story told by Foster's notes was a torch held aloft in a dim treasure-house filled with things of priceless value brought together from the ends of the earth, but lying in confusion, without the illumination of order or light. Its effect upon his unripe intelligence was like the quickening of the sun at the hour when the earth is in a passion of fertility; it brought him

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