



A CHILD OF NATURE

and cold; and yet husbanding all the potentialities of life and beauty in them. Upon this rude text Parkman worked with the loving skill of a monastic scribe; and these dormant seeds, in the warm soil of his imagination, yielded their secret and imperishable vitality.

It was a little book which finally went forth in the early summer from the old house, but it was very deep and beautiful; like a quiet mountain pool, it was far from the dust and tumult of the highways, and there were images of stars in it. With the generosity of a fine spirit, the young man interpreted the life of the older man through the rich atmosphere of his own temperament

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