

Let Not Man Put Asunder

and position as well as in character, I should attempt to give you some very strong advice."

"It would be useless, mother dear. I am not one of those natures who ever need advice, or who ever take it. You know that I don't say that through lack of affection."

"I know, dear child. And yet at moments like this I regret that I am not your own mother."

"I like the situation best as it is. If you were my own mother, I should feel obliged to yield in many things in which we are now each independent of the other. As it is, we are good friends, and yet we are both free."

There was another pause, which was also broken by Mrs. Faneuil.

"I think you said Mr. Vassall was coming to tea this afternoon?"

"Yes; he arrived at the inn last night. I wrote him that he might come. He has a friend with him, whom I said he could also bring."

"Who?"

"A Mr. Lechmere. One of the Brookline family."

"The only Brookline Lechmere now is Dick."

"That's his name. Do you know him? He lives abroad, I think."

"I've seen a good deal of him at one time and another."

"He's a great friend of Harry's. What is he like? Is he nice?"

"He's very good-looking, and very — how shall I say? — very mystical and *dix-septième siècle*. He looks like a Vandyke Charles I.; and you might easily ascribe to him all the virtues which the Royalist loved, as well as all the weaknesses the Puritans hated."