

Let Not Man Put Asunder

ent when Titanic forces first flung up those hills out of the world's abysmal womb—she who had hardened them into beauty, clothed them with tree and fern and flower, and waited for the eyes of man—might well have cried: "Lo, this one at last is mine! This is no delver. This is no reaper. This is no dullard seeking for bread and finding a stone. This is my lover for whom I have waited and to whom I will reveal myself. He is the first-fruits. After centuries that man cannot count he has come, and others will follow in his footsteps."

So Peter Faneuil bought the hill, the country people wondering why. From time to time in after-life he found his way back again to the spot where his heart had first leaped at the call of Nature. It was his dream to make himself a home on this bold inland bluff; but, like David with the Temple, that task was for his son and not for him.

The next Peter Faneuil had built the large, square brick house, to which his second wife had given a touch of modern luxury and beauty. This was before the days of pretty wooden cottages perched on every rocky cape or pleasant country knoll. It was before the days when every prosperous citizen thought it necessary to have not only a house for work, but also one for play. There was nothing bizarre about the plain brick dwelling on Faneuil Hill. It was simple, solid, and spacious, built as a place to live in, and not merely as a shelter from the summer's heat or as a refuge from a life of labor.

It was the second Mrs. Faneuil, now at breakfast with Petrina, whose taste had clothed the bare brick walls with climbing vines and relieved the monotonous lines with balconies, bow-windows, and verandas. The result was a loss of stately New England simplicity,