

Let Not Man Put Asunder

"Glorious God!" the young man had gasped, his breath caught, his heart startled, by the sudden splendor of the vision.

Far below, at the foot of the great wooded bluff on which he stood, a lake, irregular in form, indented in shore-line, and fringed by the forest, lay sparkling in unspeakable purity. To the south the low hills rose singly, brokenly, each trying to climb higher than the last, till, with one mighty heave, Majestic raised his gigantic shoulder, wooded right up to its highest granite ridge. To the west and to the north the billowy hills rolled onward into the horizon — tier rising beyond tier, chain interlacing chain, crest soaring above crest, valley traversing valley, and glen springing out of gorge. Here and there, held in the folds of loving hills, little lakes glinted with the glimmer of silver; while unseen rivulets could be heard forcing their way through fern and over crags on their long journey to the sea. High above, the noonday summer sun had dispelled every trace of cloud from the sky, every shred of vapor from the mountain-side, every veil of haze from the serried ranks of hills; the far seemed near; the near seemed at one's feet; but no brightness of light nor closeness of scrutiny could make the primal freshness of that view less inviolably pure.

Peter Faneuil was a young Boston merchant, stalwart, stolid, and a Puritan to the heart's core; but there was in him some strain other than that of aptness for the counting-house. As he stood with feasting eyes, dilating nostrils, and spirit exulting in the sight of earth and sky, he lifted his arms heavenward and cried aloud, out into the reaches of that vast solitude:

"Glorious God! O glorious God!"

There was no response but in the myriad voices of forest life; but Mother Erda—she who had been pres-