

Let Not Man Put Asunder

did any more than I; but what you do believe, you believe with the same fervid sense of belonging to the elect. You don't live for the same ends as they did; but what you do live for, you live for with the same eager determination to work your ideals out. You and I are no longer vexing our righteous souls with questions of Church government, but we are vexing them about something else—just as surely as Bradford ever did at Austerfield or Brewster at Scrooby."

"But if we are living for purely personal ends?"

"Then we are living with the same intensity. Intensity is the quality which, before every other, pervades all our joys and sorrows; it may be veiled; it may be hidden; it may be kept down under an exterior of petrified calm; but it is always there, a passion in the heart, in the conscience, in the thought, inspiring us to good or to evil as the case may be, but always driving us on. If we go right, we do it nobly; if we go wrong, it is as if urged to it by whips of fire."

"And if we keep going round and round the world as you do?"

"It is because we can't help it," Lechmere laughed.

"It is because up there in Basset Lawe something was bred into the blood which makes it impossible that we should take things easily, or let our trials sit lightly on our lives."

"So that even caprice becomes a passion."

"So that there is no caprice. So that the same whips of fire which send Vassall there every day doggedly to his office, as though there were no such thing as pleasure, send me from land to land and from sea to sea, as though there were no such thing as rest. I wonder if you feel that?"

"I am asking questions," said Petrina with a light laugh, "not answering them."