

Let Not Man Put Asunder

tell me. If you were to settle down there for a little while, don't you think that in the end you would like that best?"

"One grows like the man in Kipling's poem—

"'I must go, go, go away from here.
On the other side the world I'm overdue.'

If I were to settle in Brookline, and live at the Meerstead, some reason would arise for starting off elsewhere."

"You find reasons, then? You don't act on mere caprice?"

"Under certain circumstances caprice is reason enough."

Petrina laughed.

"I like that," she said. "It requires so much courage to say it, here in New England."

"And yet to me it is only one manifestation of the New England spirit. For isn't caprice often an outlet for intensity? And isn't intensity the distinguishing quality that marks the true New-Englander out from among the rest of men?"

Lechmere's voice was deep, soft, and very pleasant to Petrina's ear. He spoke without enthusiasm, but without effort.

"I speak of the true New-Englanders," he went on, "of those who, like you and me, inherit the blood which founded Plymouth, Salem, and Boston. What stamps us is not our opinions, but the way in which we hold them; not the things we do, but the way in which we do them."

"You mean that our Puritan inheritance is not one of creed, but of temperament."

"Precisely. You don't believe as your ancestors