

wedding day, and as Rosiland and I went towards the home which was hers, and which she gave to me, the ringing of the bells in the old Launceston church tower came to us as a benediction.

The anniversary of that day is sacredly kept, for not only was our boy Roderick born on the same day of April a year later, but Rosiland declares it was the day when God began to lead us into the light.

THE END