

## “LET THE ROOF FALL IN”

boats sailed once more from out the harbour. For Sonny, the roof that had fallen in was restored; tower and turret rising again to be a landmark in the valley.

But before the end came, the time when it might have been awkward and difficult for any of them to set before her, however gently, that it was Derry, and not Sonny, to whom all the land belonged, God spoke. He spoke abruptly, but who could doubt it was His voice speaking, when the horses took fright in the thunderstorm, and the fatal accident happened that swept Terence's son, and Terence's mother, into His own safe keeping, with the secret still untold, and the title and estate still undivided?

All that Terence's mother would have done for him, she did for his son, that would have had neither name, nor father, had not Derry fathered him. But, in the end, it was Derry, and Derry's sons that profited. For that was God's way.

There are three of them already, worthy children of their parents, sturdy and strong, black Ranmores all, Protestant and fearless, with their wills in their own keeping, obscured by no incense, directed from no confession-box. They are loyal to their King, and faithful to their faith; spreading peace upon their land, singing “God save Ireland” with a single heart.

THE END

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