

write. The meeting between Sir John and Rosiland, his kind words to Rachel Marlow, and the journey home, while of interest to me, will give those who read this history but little pleasure. Besides, when I try to recall it all, the very wonder of it keeps me from truly describing what took place. Neither can I tell of Rosiland's tender care of me during the many weeks during which I gained enough strength to travel, or of my father's loving solicitude as he watched me day by day during my recovery. During that time I had to tell my story over again and again, while the many questions that came into my mind were asked and answered.

As my father had said, long before I had strength enough to rise from my bed the first great Civil War was at an end. The west of England was conquered even to Land's End; Charles Stuart was a hopeless wanderer along the Welsh coast; Prince Rupert was a fugitive; while many of the bravest Royalist generals had deserted the King's cause. Indeed, as all the world knows, Sir Jacob Astley said a little later to his conquerors, "You have done your work now, and may go to play, unless you fall out among yourselves."

Not that there were not long years of trouble before the country; nevertheless, I was no longer needed, even if my health would have allowed me to fight. And so I went back to Cornwall with my father and Rosiland, who was also accompanied by Rachel Marlow, and whom she took to her heart as a sister.

To this Master Marlow offered no demur. He was so busy founding Independent churches that I think he was glad that his daughter had found such a home and such a friend, especially as he hoped his daughter