

## “LET THE ROOF FALL IN”

it was only Rosaleen who could tell her what she wanted to know.

*“I had thought to hear thy children  
Laugh with thine own blue eyes,  
But my sorrow's voice is silent  
Where my life's love lies.”*

*Was it? Was it? Was it?*

She had been so quiet, so patient, trying to get strong, questioning no one, hardly speaking, except to ask if Rosaleen were found, if Derry had come with his wife. She must *know*, she must.

She had borne the long journey from Dunstans to Ranmore quite well. The Duchess had discovered that her mother would keep quiet, taking her nourishment, obeying directions of nurse and doctor, if only Sonny were in sight or hearing. Therefore he shared their saloon with them in the train, was allowed to run in and out of their cabin on the boat. And here he had Terence's old rooms, where she could hear him at play.

But it wasn't for little Terence she was listening now. She had heard the carriage drive up ten minutes ago, a quarter of an hour ago, half an hour ago. Her patience was all exhausted, her quiet was all broken up.

“Biddy! Where are you, Biddy?” And old Biddy hurried panting to her call.

“And haven't they come? Go and fetch her to me. Why doesn't she come?”

“An' why must they be hurrying so? An' why don't you sit still, and not be tiring yourself?”

But, before Biddy had time to answer question with question in the true Irish way, Rosaleen was in the room, the same room where, three years ago, she had knelt, and called out in her anguish, and been rebuffed. It