

T H E W A Y H O M E

He remembered that by saying it in a certain way it had a sound like the booming of cannon—or was it the ringing of bells? It had a throb and a measure to it, too. One could walk to it. One could walk to it like a priest or a soldier or a mourner or a man who was going to die. Armies might have walked to it. Holy men and martyrs might have walked to it. Driven slaves might have walked to it. His uncle Frank might have walked to it when he marched toward Gettysburg. His father had walked to it, out of the little church at Horsehair Hill. He himself had walked to it then. He himself was walking to it now. He was walking to it now as he followed when they picked up Remnant's body and carried it down the aisle—down the aisle and out into the porch. He was walking to it alone, with no companionship of friend or wife or child. He was walking to it with shoulders squared, with head erect, with eyes steady, and with something new and unconquerable in his heart. He was walking to it resolutely, undismayed. He was walking to it as along a Way—a Way leading to a Glory—a Glory that seemed to be—a Door.

THE END