

THE WAY HOME

tality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory!"

"Death is swallowed up in victory! Death is swallowed up in victory! Death is swallowed up in victory!"

He repeated the words as one who says "Amen! Amen! Amen!" He repeated them because they came back to him stored with memories long laid aside, but all at once become living. He repeated them as a phrase too heavily laden with prophecy for him to comprehend as yet, but of which comprehension might not be far away. He recalled the evening—the very first evening his mother lay in her grave—when he had asked his father what the saying meant. It came back to him as if it had been last night. The little study, with the photographs of English cathedrals on the walls; the desk in the middle of the room; the portly figure; the handsome, heavy-lidded face; the pen poised in the hand; the words "My dear Bishop," legible upside down; the odor of boiling fruit and sugar, because Julia had been making raspberry jam. He lived it all again, as though there never had been any such thing as Time.

"Do you understand it?" he could hear his father asking when he had finished his explanation.

"I think I understand some of it, papa."

"Some of it is all you can be expected to understand now. The rest will come when you're older."

Would it come when he was older? Was it coming—now?

He repeated the words again. "Death is swallowed up in victory! Death is swallowed up in victory! Death is swallowed up in victory!"