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## HOME

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like living pictures, all the time her letters were there, too, underneath. They were always there. And the little sentences kept repeating themselves in his poor tired brain.

“I’ve waited, oh, I’ve waited for you both,” she said, “and now you’re coming and he’s here. Since he came it’s a different world. It must be the same, of course, yet everything is different somehow.”

That was the phrase of hers that stuck. “Everything is different, somehow.”

She used the same word as he. So the world had changed for both of them! But would she, could she, understand *his* difference?

He lay quite still. More words of hers came floating up to him.

“Don’t think till you come home again. Leave everything; let it go. He’s waiting for you just as I am. He drinks you in from me, he drinks in love of you with every drop of milk I give him. Believe me, when you take him in your arms he’ll heal it all.”

And then again, “If we could come to meet