

## CHAPTER XXII

The Bishop and Catherine, a few weeks later, walked side by side up the murky length of St. Peter's platform. The train which they had come to meet was a quarter of an hour late, and they had fallen into a sort of reminiscent conversation which was not without interest to both of them.

"I left Mr. Stenson only an hour ago," the Bishop observed. "He could talk about nothing but Julian's Orden and his wonderful speeches. They say that at Sheffield and Newcastle the enthusiasm was tremendous, and at three shipbuilding yards on the Clyde the actual work done for the week after his visit was nearly as much again. He seems to have that extraordinary gift of talking straight to the hearts of the men. He makes them feel."

"Mr. Stenson wrote me about it," Catherine told her companion, with a little smile. "He said that no dignity that could be thought of or invented would be an adequate offering to Julian for his services to the country. For the first time since the war, I think labour seems wholly and entirely, passionately almost in earnest. Every one of those delegates went back full of enthusiasm, and with every one of them Julian, before he has finished, is going to make a little tour in his own district."