

"Good has come out of it, at any rate," she minded him. "Westminster Buildings is now the centre of patriotic England. Labour was to have brought the war to an end—for Germany. It is Labour which is going to win the victory—England."

The train rolled into the station and rapidly disgorged its crowd of passengers, amongst whom Julian was one of the first to alight. Catherine found herself trembling. The shy words of welcome which had formed themselves in her mind died away on her lips as their glances met. She lifted her face to his.

"Julian," she murmured, "I am so proud—happy."

The Bishop left them as they stepped into the cab.

"I am going to a mission room in the neighbourhood," he explained. "We have war talks every week. I try to tell them how things are going on and we have a short service. But before I go, Mr. Stenson has sent you a little message, Julian. When you go to your club later on to-night, you will see it in the telegrams, or you will find it in your newspapers in the morning. There has been wonderful fighting in Flanders to-day. The German line has been broken at half a dozen points. We have taken nearly twenty thousand prisoners, and Zeebrugge is threatened. Farther south, the Americans have