

‘Did Rich—did your father say that?’ cried Pauline, and Muriel looked up to see a soft flush in her face, while her eyes shone. ‘The King’s daughter is all glorious within,’ she repeated slowly, ‘her clothing is of wrought gold.’ Then she chanted in her clear, triumphant voice:—

““ They have clean robes,  
White robes ;  
White robes are waiting for me !”

‘Ah! little one, “the court dress of heaven differs somewhat from that of earth.”’

‘But, princess,’ said Muriel wistfully, ‘farm work and cooking and washing dishes over and over—it seems such drudgery.’

A great light broke over her face, and she cried in a low, exultant tone:—

““Blessed be Drudgery!” Christ bore