

NINETEENTH DAY

He rested well content that all was well.

Enid.

TWENTIETH DAY

I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every Winter change to Spring,

In Memoriam.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

A word, but one, one little kindly word.

The Princess.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

The years with change advance;
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

The Two Voices.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

Well I know

That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.

The Golden Year.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

The time draws near the birth of Christ

In Memoriam.