

	PAGE		PAGE
"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried . . . . .	406	He that holds fast the golden mean	266
Cousin Edward, what do these scientists mean . . . . .	437	Her eyes were bright and merry .	153
Dear ole untie, I dot oor letter .	46	Her lips were so near . . . . .	154
Death sent his messengers before .	308	Here is my hand . . . . .	250
De massa ob de sheepfol' . . . .	205	"Here rests in God." 'T is all we read . . . . .	319
Diogenes, surly and proud . . . .	421	Here, you, policeman, just step inside . . . . .	334
Do I love her? . . . . .	133	His hand at last! By his own fin- gers writ . . . . .	360
Do you hear the scandal-mongers Do you remember, when we came from school . . . . .	390 326	How do we know what hearts have vilest sin? . . . . .	294
Doth Life survive the touch of Death? . . . . .	314	How fair thou art, O little book .	430
Draw down thy curtains close, O heart! . . . . .	136	"How many miles to Baby-land?"	37
Dru as I leev, most efry day . . .	62	How peacefully the sunlight fell .	116
Each life has one grand day: the clouds may lie . . . . .	236	How prone we are to hide and hoard . . . . .	192
Each thin hand resting on a grave	412	How should I choose to walk the world with thee . . . . .	118
Elswitha knitteth the stocking blue	203	How strong they are, those subtle spells . . . . .	104
Evening was falling, cold and dark	63	"How's your father?" came the whisper . . . . .	438
Far away under skies of blue . .	106	How tired one grows of a rainy day	173
Fleet-flying gem, of burnished crest	94	Human hopes and human creeds .	160
Fold ye the ice-cold hands . . . .	312	I am dying, Egypt, dying! . . .	143
Forever and ever the reddening leaves . . . . .	180	I believe if I should die . . . .	128
Friendship doth bind, with pleas- ant ties . . . . .	161	I cannot check my thought these days . . . . .	175
Friendship needs no studied phrases . . . . .	160	I can see <i>you're</i> a gentleman; time has been . . . . .	332
From morn till noon the golden glow . . . . .	336	I count my treasures o'er with care	81
From saffron to yellow, from purple to gray . . . . .	111	I dare not ask a kisse . . . . .	153
From the elm-tree's topmost bough	91	I dreamed that we were lovers still	131
Git yo' pardners, fust kwattilion!	435	I haf a vunny leedle poy . . . .	62
Give me a man with an aim . . .	249	I hear her rocking the baby . . .	229
God hath so many ships upon the sea . . . . .	322	I hear thee speak of a Western land . . . . .	446
Goldenhair climbed upon grand- papa's knee! . . . . .	58	I hold him great who for love's sake . . . . .	255
Golden head so lowly bending . .	53	I hold it better far that one should rule . . . . .	248
Good-night, dear friend! I say good-night to thee . . . . .	358	I hold that we are wrong to seek .	157
Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair . . . . .	59	I know a duke; well, let him pass . . . . .	424
Have you heard of Santa Rita? .	154	I know that deep within your heart of hearts . . . . .	210
Heads that think and hearts that feel . . . . .	247	I lay my finger on Time's wrist to score . . . . .	283
Hear the fluter with his flute . .	449	I live for those who love me . .	277
He does well who does his best .	272	I note this morning how the sun- shine falleth . . . . .	270
He left a load of anthracite . . .	301	I read to her, one summer day .	434
He preached but little; argued less	401	I see her where the budding May	190
He stole from my bodice a rose .	152	I seldom ponder the "future life"	317