

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
A baby's boot and a skein of wool	174	Apron on and dash in hand . . .	391
A barefooted child on the crossing	382	As I walked by myself I talked to	
A bit of ground, a smell of earth .	118	myself	450
A busy dream, forgotten ere it		As sailors watch from their prison	167
fades	109	As two proud ships upon the path-	
A cloud came over a land of leaves	120	less main	360
A dainty, delicate swallow-feather	93	Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty	
A dubious, strange, uncompre-		thing	70
hended life	280	Beautiful snow! Beautiful snow!	370
A Hindoo died; a happy thing to		Beside the River of Tears, with	
do	442	branches low	320
A little elbow leans upon y-		Beyond the light-house, standing	
knee	225	sentinel	158
A little peach in the orchard grew	428	Billy's dead and gone to glory . .	330
A little Pull-Back sought one		Bleak winds of the winter, sobbing	
day	433	and moaning	367
A little stream had lost its way .	29	Bounding like a football	44
A lover gave the wedding ring . .	151	Boy	439
A maiden once, of certain age . .	431	Bright-faced maiden, bright-souled	
A narrow home, but very still it		maiden	251
seemeth	316	Bring him not here, where our	
A pair of very chubby legs	41	sainted feet	305
A poor little bird trilled a song in		By Nebo's lonely mountain . . .	310
the west	385	By the flow of the inland river . .	413
A Rabbi once, by all admired . . .	432	By the merest chance, in the twi-	
A sodden gray in the chilly dawn .	444	light gloom	126
A song for the girl I love	156	By thine own soul's law learn to	
A whisper woke the air	367	live	302
Across in my neighbor's window . .	61	Christ died for all; and on the	
Across the heath and down the hill	137	hearts of all	82
Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed	149	Clowns are capering in motley . .	341
Across the rapid stream of seventy		Cold! so cold! and the night looks	
years	277	down	368
"Aim not too high at things be-		Come, my wife, put down the	
yond thy reach"	217	Bible	182
Alas! how hardly things go right!	260	Comes little Maud and stands by	
Amid the myriad troubles that meet		my knee	47
us day by day	239	Come to the home of the friendly	
And this is the end of it all! . . .	356	mosquito	439