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LILLIAN LESLIE PAGE.



# FORGET-ME-NOTS

BY

LILLIAN LESLIE PAGE



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DEDICATION

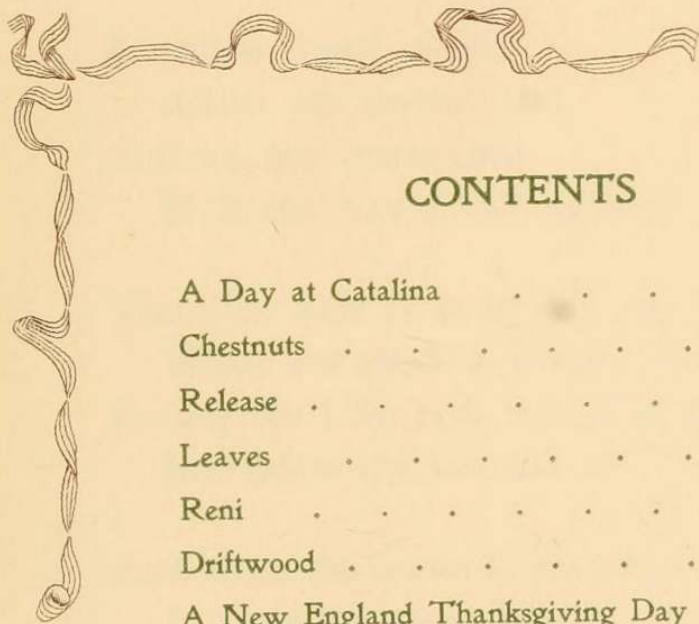
**T**HIS LITTLE CLUSTER OF FORGET-ME-NOTS IS  
DEDICATED IN TENDER REMEMBRANCE TO  
THE HAPPY HOURS OF MY LIFE, AND TO  
THE DEAR FRIENDS WHO HAVE MADE THEM SO.

LILLIAN LESLIE PAGE.

27078  
L. L. P. P.

L. of G.





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## A DAY AT CATALINA

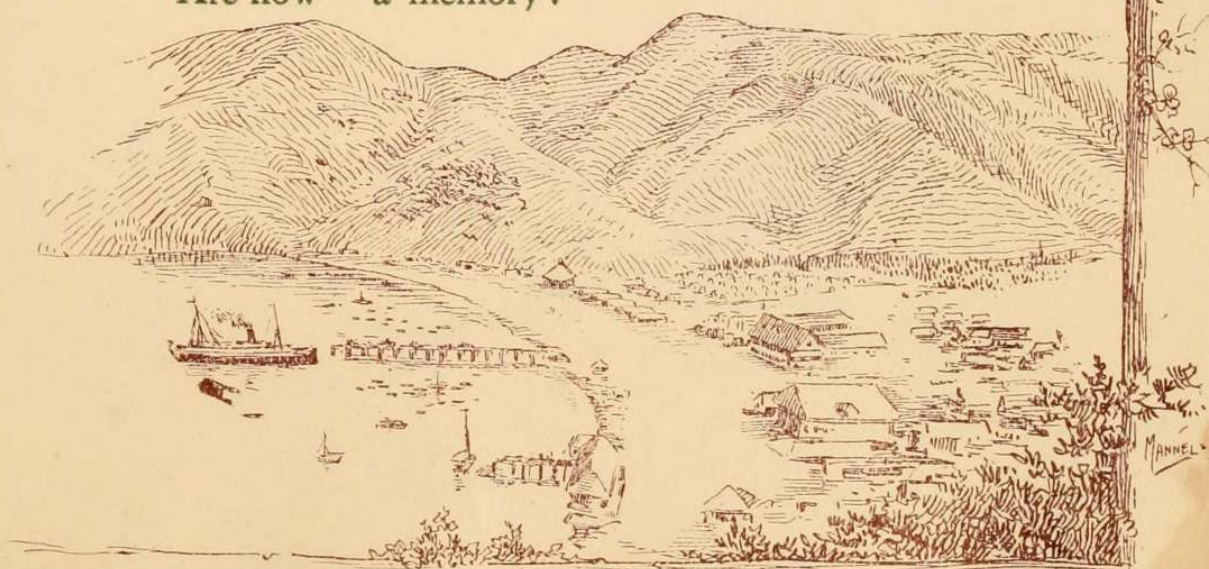
When the day is sifting  
Dusk shades into the glen,  
And twilight gray is drifting  
Into the haunts of men —

A mellow sunset gleams  
Aslant the western sea;  
A-dream our senses seem  
With the waves' soft lullaby!

There are tints of opal, and amethyst  
Where the shade and shine have met  
Among the hills, and, rapturous, kissed,  
Just before the sun has set.

And, when the waves lie sleeping,  
In Santa Catalina's bay,  
Have we no cause for weeping  
O'er our fleeting day?

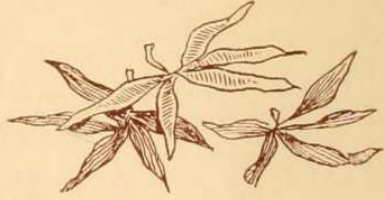
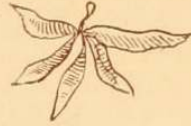
And that the golden sunlight  
By the sunset sea,  
With the tinted twilight  
Are now — a memory?



## CHESTNUTS

### I

The time was when the winds were cold,  
And golden-rod had lost its gold,  
And summer days were fully told.



### II

And Nature, with her magic wand  
Turning to beauty all the land,  
Dispensed her gifts with generous hand.



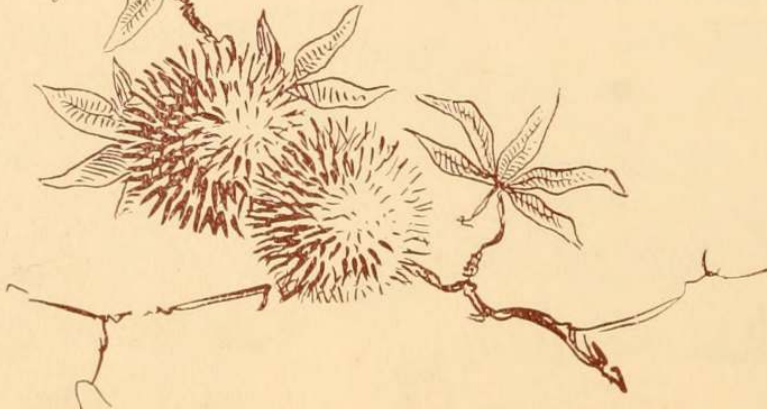
### III

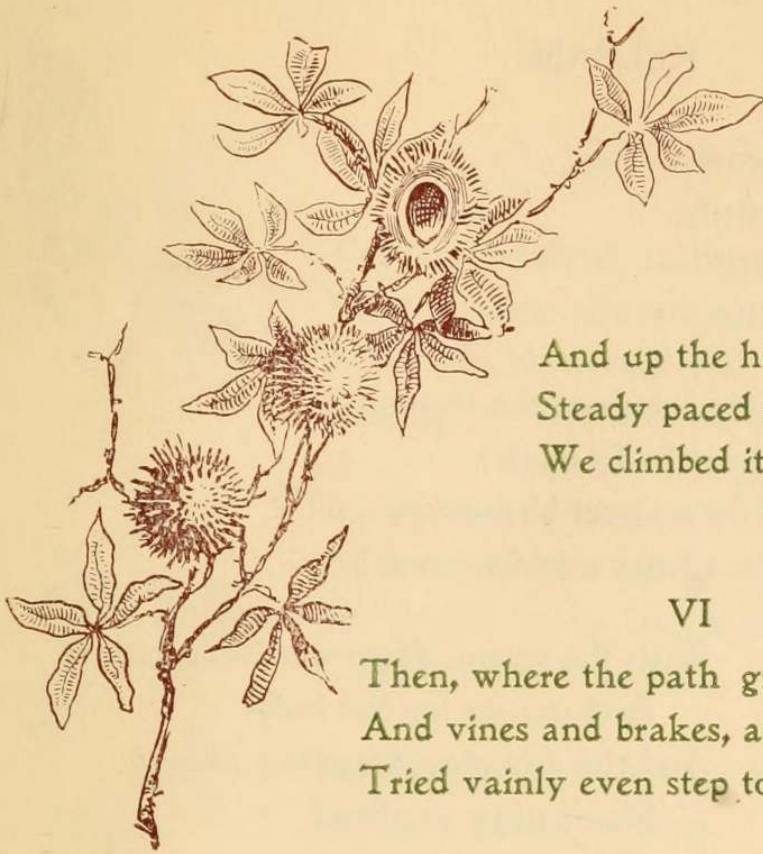
And lovely are the hues she weaves,  
Into the bright October leaves,  
'Gainst the pale gold of harvest sheaves.



### IV

Upon the hills, ripe chestnuts, brown  
The autumn winds had scattered round  
Among the leaves upon the ground.





V

And up the hillside, all the while  
Steady paced and "Indian-file,"  
We climbed its pathway half a mile,

VI

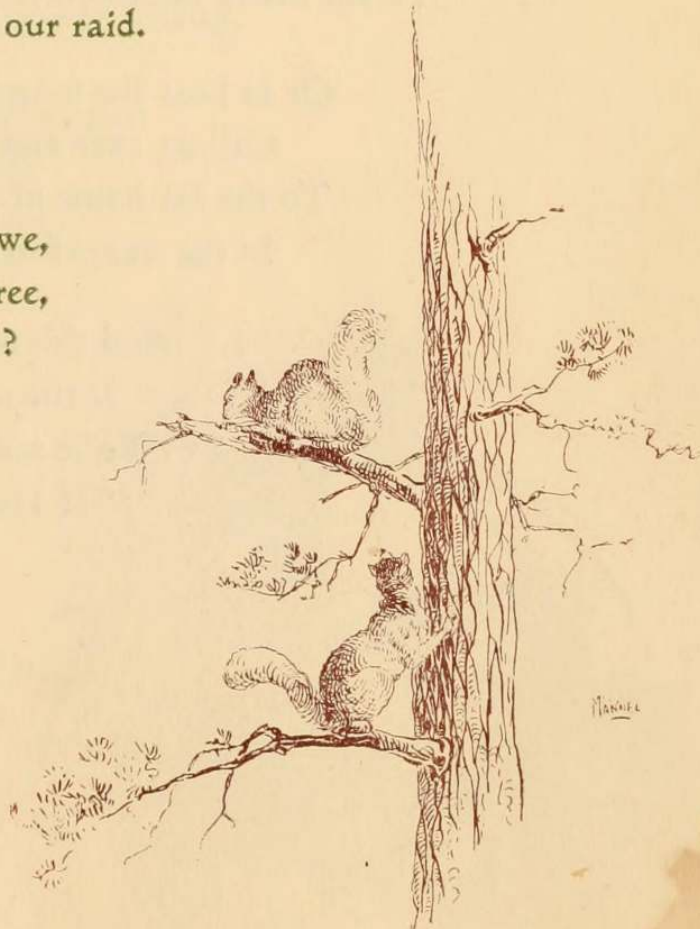
Then, where the path grew rugged, steep;  
And vines and brakes, and briars creep,  
Tried vainly even step to keep.

VII

And squirrels young, and squirrels staid  
Viewed our movements, undismayed,  
Nor feared to suffer from our raid.

VIII

They knew better, perhaps, than we,  
The way to the richest chestnut tree,  
But kept their secret well, you see?



## RELEASE

From all the care, the worry,  
The jostle, and the strife,  
The bustle and the hurry  
Along the path of life —



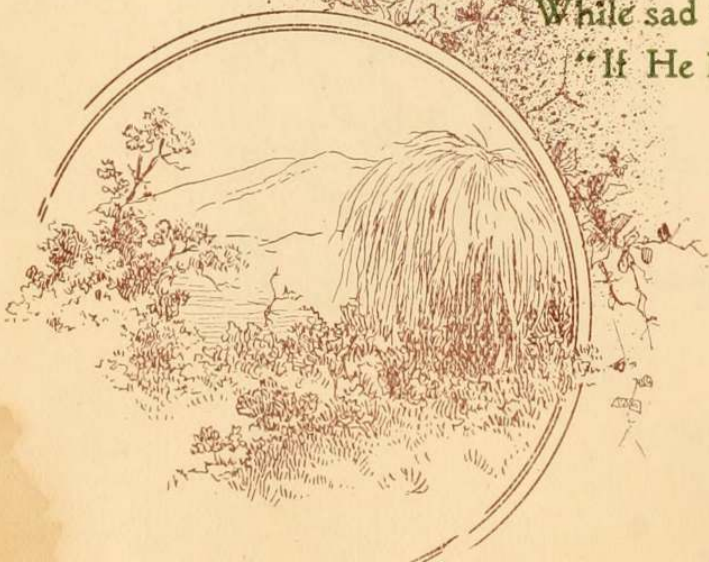
To slip aside from out the throng,  
Into some shady nook ;  
Hallowed by a sweet bird-song,  
And by all the world forsook !

With the warm, damp earth for pillow  
And mosses for our bed,  
And the drooping, swaying willow  
Shadowing overhead —

To dream that angel fingers  
Smooth the brow of care,  
And lead, while daylight lingers,  
To the many mansions fair ;



Or to hear the long-hushed voices  
Call us, ever and anon,  
To the far home of those we loved  
In the years forever gone.

And this sigh of earnest longing,  
Is the soul's oft-told request,  
While sad thoughts the heart are thronging)  
"If He loves He'll give us rest."

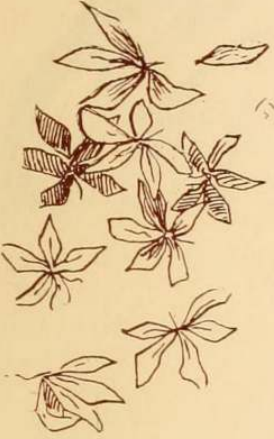




## LEAVES



The day is bright ; and golden  
Fall the leaves about my feet,  
While fancies strange and olden,  
Throng my memory, sad yet sweet.



A requiem, seems the wind's low sigh,  
As the dead leaves flutter down ;  
All meekly at my feet to lie,  
Golden, red and brown.

As Hope, with folded hands  
Across a pulseless breast,  
Lies down calmly  
In sombre garments drest ;  
Then I cry, "To love there's not one."  
Life seemed too short  
When blooming Hope was young.

But now, with the bitter past  
My thoughts are wed,  
And life is far too long,  
When Hope is dead !



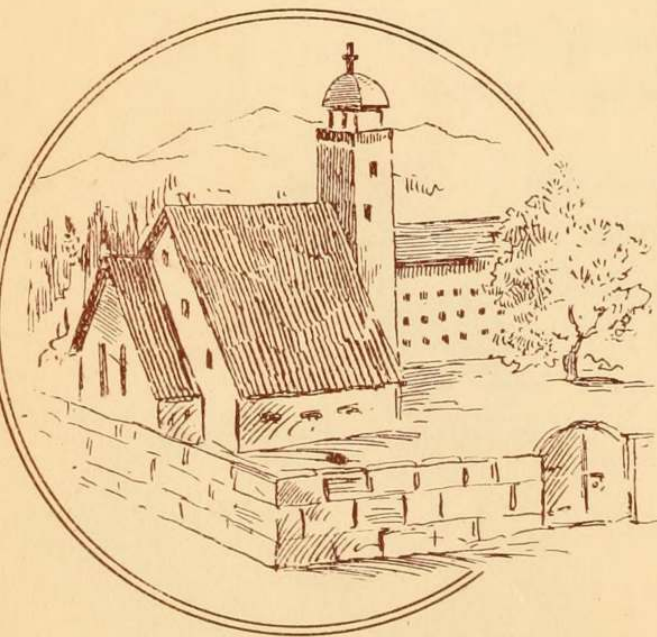
## RENI

Ofttimes, when over the sunset  
Cloud-curtains, with fleecy fold  
Hang, purple, opal and amethyst  
With edges of crimson and gold,  
Memory speaks of a hamlet  
With a quaint old Spanish name,  
Nestled among the foot-hills,  
Where the Sierras slope to the plain.



And I see again the convent  
St. Ursul, rising high  
Where happy were the hours we spent  
My playmate Reni and I:  
For neither had known a heartache —  
A burden or a care;  
The clouds of life were hidden,  
And the sky was bright and fair.

She was lovely as the sunlight;  
Fair as a poet's dream!  
Changeful as the shadows  
That steal the boughs between;  
But I loved her for her merry heart,  
The gentle, graceful ways;  
And prized her friendship dearest  
Of all, in childhood days!





We played among the orange trees,  
Where the petals fell like rain ;  
Then fate led my footsteps far away,  
And we never met again.  
She rests beyond the shadow  
Of the gray old convent wall ;  
And, about her cold, damp home,  
The sycamore shadows fall.

Perhaps 't is well ; they tell me  
'T were better she had lain  
Beneath its shadow, ere she left  
Behind a tarnished name.  
I find it easy to forgive  
When there's no one to defend,  
And tho' others may upbraid  
I still may own my friend.

“Thou hast been called, dear Reni!  
A Magdalen, I've heard ;  
Yet I would not mock thy memory,  
With one bitter, taunting word ;  
For I hold our friendship dear,  
Just for the olden time,  
When we played beneath the shadows  
Of that cluster-laden vine.”



## DRIFTWOOD

Adown the Spring-clad valley,  
The river ran deep and wide ;  
Whirling weeds and branches  
Away with its turbid tide.



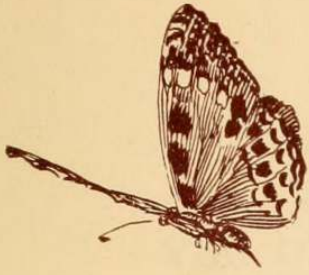
And, as I watched them floating,  
Helpless and hopeless tost,  
Like unto some ship-wrecked mariner,  
Till they in the mist were lost —

I remembered having read  
That life was like a stream ;  
With here and there a shadow  
And, anon, a sunny gleam.

And, 't was said that joy and sorrow,  
With its ripples fled away ;  
Even as this blackened driftwood  
Floated out upon the bay !

And my mind was much perplexed ;  
I could not understand ;  
For I had seen no shadows  
In youth, "Life's Summerland."





But in later years, I've read  
Those words with eyes of truth ;  
With eyes that were not dazzled  
By the rosy dawn of youth !

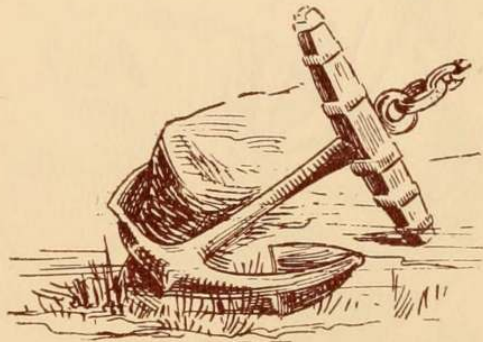
Yes! Life is like a stream  
And we, who float along  
Over its waves or ripples,  
With either a sigh or song —

Between banks, all green and grassy,  
With many a sunny slope ;  
Or, strewn with blackened driftwood,  
From many a ship-wrecked hope !

Are leaving behind us scenes  
We never may visit again ;  
The landscape fair of peace,  
Or, years of weary pain.

Yet pleasant the voyage, albeit  
Clouds along the horizon lie,  
If Hope's bright bow of promise  
Is hung athwart our sky —

And we know, with the loved and loving ones  
Who drift from our clasp away,  
We shall be anchored safely  
Within the Crystal Bay !



## A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING DAY

11-22-'82

### I

Clouds that golden glow at dawn,  
Woods with autumn's glory gone,  
Withered leaves to tread upon —  
In the gray November.



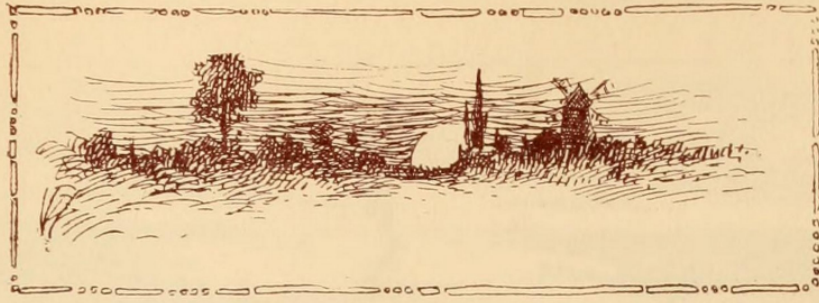
### II

Panes that gleam with frozen dew,  
In the dawn-light streaming through  
Midday skies of sunny blue;  
Noontide in November.

### III

Over the hilltop's leafless crest  
Paler daylight glows in the west;  
To restless winds a transient rest.  
Evening in November.





## AUGUST

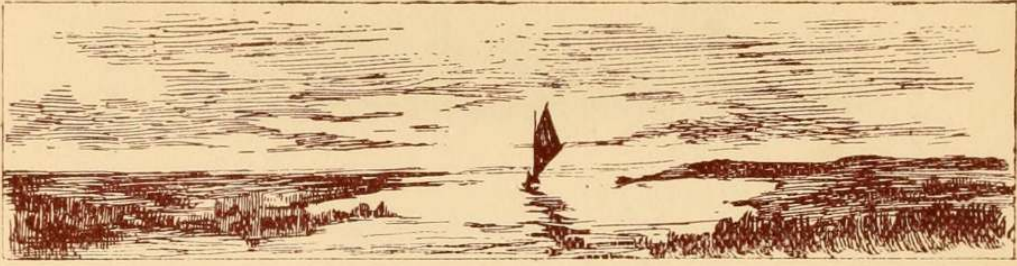
The hour is sultry; and the breeze  
Steals so slowly 'mong the trees  
That it faintly stirs the leaves.

And there are shadowy clouds that lie  
Like snow-drifts 'gainst the August sky;  
And eventide is drawing nigh.

When silent is the street and mill,  
And upon the woody hill,  
Lonely, sings the whip-poor-will —

Then the dew shall bathe the feet  
Of the flowers as they sleep,  
And the moonbeams guard shall keep.





## A REVERIE

A hush of eventide is on the vale ;  
No bough is stirring ; not a wail  
Of wind or tempest comes to lift  
The silence or to mar the calm ; I drift,  
And over unknown seas, to foreign lands,  
And one I love is leading me  
And holds my hands.

My senses dream, tho' eyelids slumber not ;  
And voices, seemingly, so long forgot,  
Speak to me low, as in the time gone by ;  
I dream and drift ; the moments fleeting fly.  
Oh ! do not wake me then, for I would give  
As much as may be in such dreams to live  
And never waken !







### BABY EARL

Dear little golden head,  
Asleep on my breast;  
Lovingly fondled,  
Kissed and caressed.

\* \* \* \*

Sadly I miss the pattering feet,  
The dear, busy fingers  
And lispings sweet.

While hot fall the tears  
On the soft little curl  
That kissed the fair brow  
Of my baby Earl!

Ah me! has Heaven another so fair  
As my brown-eyed baby with golden hair?



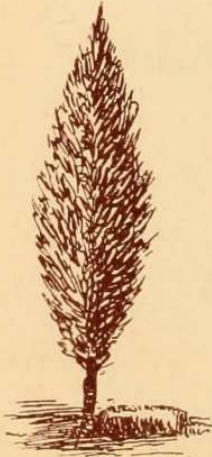
## AN EXILE

Where Minnehaha in the sunshine smiles  
And the beautiful river of a "Thousand Isles"  
On Niagara's turbulent waters, foam-crested,  
And New England's hills mine eyes had rested ;  
Yet the old, old home, 'neath blue, blue skies,  
Was the dearest picture of Memory's eyes.



I had stood on the Hudson's bank to gaze  
On the Highlands, in the summer's haze.  
The stately palaces of stone  
That lined its banks were grand, I own,  
Yet none in splendor could outshine  
My dear old home in the sunset clime.

In the stranger's land I could not stay  
But over the prairies wandered away ;  
And to the south, where the cypress' bend  
Over the grave of a well-loved friend ;  
For the fever's breath was in the air,  
Blighting the flowers we deemed most rare.



Where the Texas red-bird sings to the sun  
I went, yet found my search not done.  
And, northward again, my face I turned  
Beyond where the Menuaches' camp-fires burned.  
Gray and high in the solitude  
The crumbling walls of Fort Riley stood.

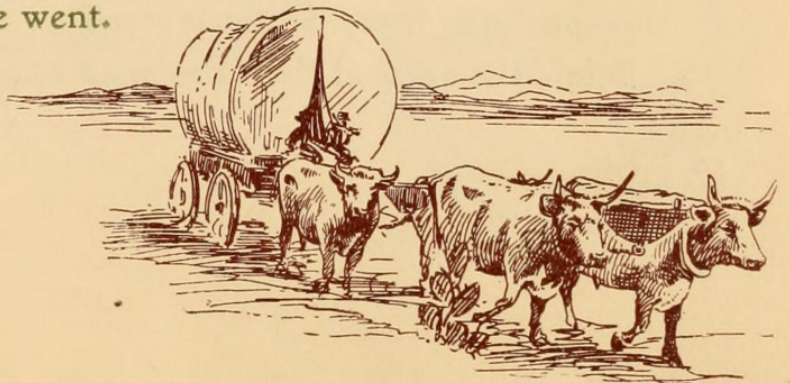


As the moonlight fell on the barrack walls  
It 'minded me of castled halls  
Of which I'd read; and I nearer drew  
From the chilling wind, which ever blew  
Through the doorless ways, moaning, sighing,  
Like the voice of one in sorrow crying.

Some of the walls were crumbling down,  
With rough-hewn stones strewing the ground;  
Others in the long row seemed to stand,  
Pointing to Heaven, like spectral hands.

I stood alone in the midnight cold,—  
And loneliness is grand; I hold,  
Our noblest, holiest thoughts we speak  
But to ourselves alone;  
When joy, or grief, is great, we seek  
Close intercourse with none.

Then, back to the camp I turned,  
And wearily sought my rest,  
To dream of the mountains dividing me  
And my far-away home in the West.  
All were busy at early dawn  
Packing the baggage and tents;  
The cover at last was drawn,  
And again on our way we went.



The prairie lilies and roses  
Nodded "good-morning" to me,  
But the shy, tender mimosas  
Bowed, so their faces I could not see;  
The fragrant wind from the prairie  
Gently urged me to stay,  
But I looked to the sunset, and answered,  
"I cannot," and hastened away.



Beyond the land of the "Menuaches,"  
I sought the coveted blossom "heartease."  
In a hunter's cabin I slept, and dreamed  
That life was not so dark as it seemed,  
That clouds and sunshine came as bidden,  
And sorrow left us alone when chidden,  
'Till I startled, 'wakened at the sound  
Of my Indian pony pawing the ground.  
Impatient and restless ever, he  
By nature was surely a Menuache!

Then I went on my way with a lighter heart,  
While our clattering hoofs set the deer a-start;  
Though I had not found the heartease yet,  
The old home I could not quite forget  
As afar I saw the Sierras rise  
Guarding the gates of my Paradise;  
As one may fancy Sentinels stand  
Before the gates of the "Promised Land."





Half satisfied then, I journeyed back,  
Crossing again the olden track ;  
And the blossom sought, my restless eyes  
Found, blooming beneath New England skies,  
Thankful now, with the kindness sent,  
Wisdom has taught me to be content ;  
Yet ever that far away, "Ranche" will be  
My Beulah Land of memory !

And busily, busily all the day  
Glide the fleeting hours away ;  
Unrestful, till the sun goes down  
Behind the hill, with smile or frown,  
With never a wish to call it back,  
Or a murmur if the clouds are black ;  
I watch the close of each passing day.  
And tho' Fate would eastward hold my eyes,  
The dearest to me are the Sunset Skies.

Often with hands my gaze I shield,  
And in fancy see those yellow fields  
By the west wind rippled, as a waveless sea  
Kissed by the southern breezes free,  
And oh ! of all the pictures  
Mine eyes have ever seen,  
The Vale of the Sacramento  
To me the fairest seem.



DEC 28 1899





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