

**DAY DREAMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649560035

Day Dreams by Ida Eckert Lawrence

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**IDA ECKERT LAWRENCE**

# **DAY DREAMS**



# DAY DREAMS



*Yours Truly  
Lida Eckert Lawrence*

# DAY DREAMS

BY

IDA ECKERT LAWRENCE

*Aye, time may change but love is still the same—  
A lamp whose light is never dim*

Illustrated

"Little do men perceive what solitude is, nor how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."—Bacon

CINCINNATI  
THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY

1900

## Dedication.

---

*To you who have watched this restless soul of mine through all  
the gladsome days of sunshine,  
and all the tempest-tossed nights of despair,  
with the same unfaltering fidelity;*

*To you who loved me, and reached out the hand of kindness or  
called to me in sweet assurance  
as I toiled amid discouragements that have confounded  
many stronger and wiser than I;*

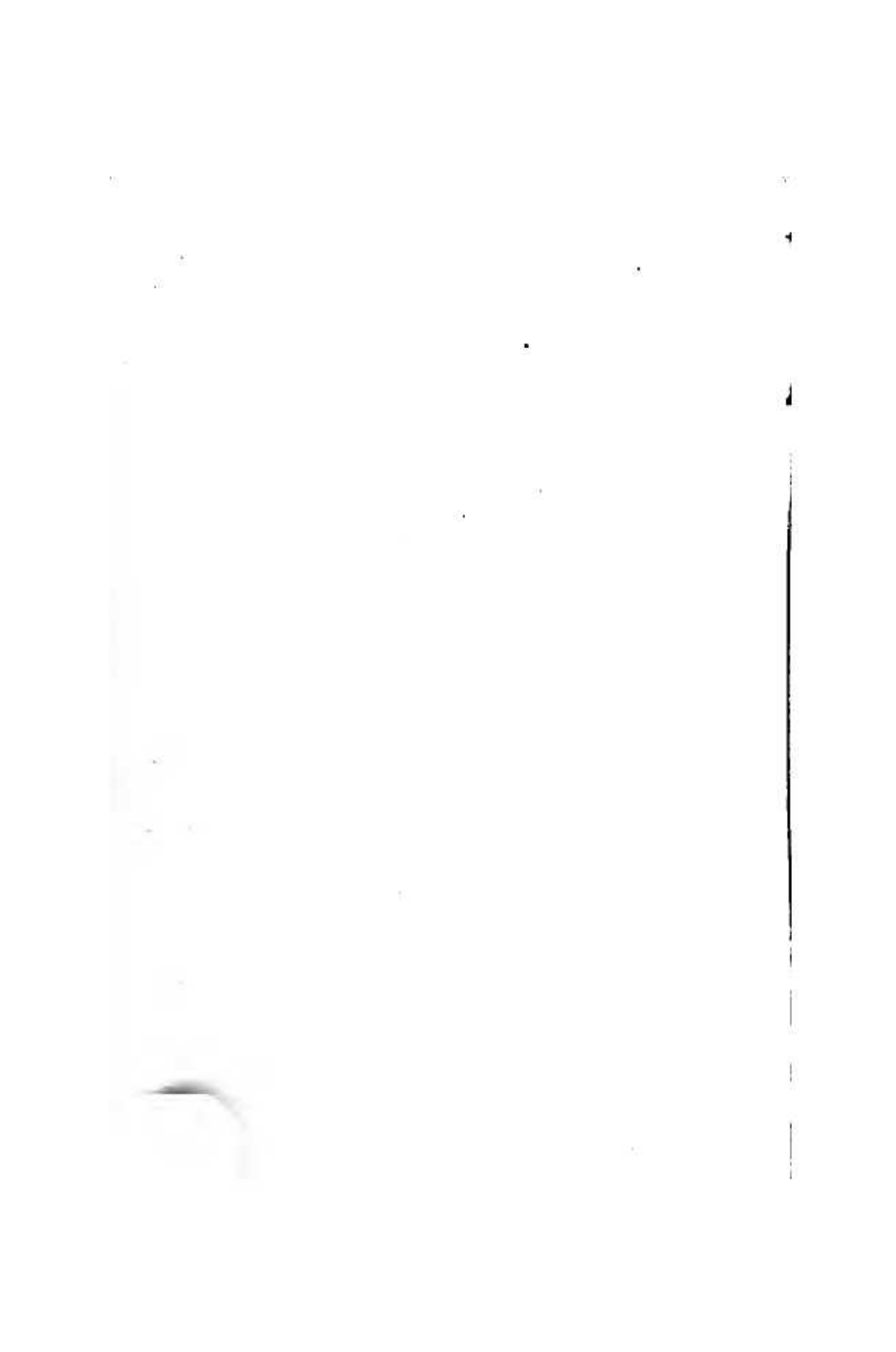
*To you who taught me the light of faith and hope,  
to measure by lines of nobility, to count by deeds and worth;*

*To you who gave me a wealth of love  
more prized than royal crowns of kings;*

*To you, dear father and mother,  
let me inscribe these trifling lines of mine.*

I. E. L.





## PREFACE.

---

Some dreamy dreamers dream best, when the senses are lulled by sleep, and the self goes out into other realms of which we remember often a little, oftener nothing. Other dreamers dream best with the senses awake, eyes open, but seeing not, and the materialist says "we are looking into space," but we remember all in these sweet, soulful tours into the memories of the past, the evanescent present or the iridescent future, and we call these "day dreams."

If little I have added to the world's great store, creditable to it or myself, if only a few, by these lines of mine, are carried, as by some talisman, to live again the happy measured past, or feel one added delight in all the dim unexplored future, I am well repaid.

Some of these little ventures have "gone

---

the rounds of the press." I saw "Sweet-heart of Mine" copied from the "Inter-Ocean," in which it first appeared, into twenty-one periodicals within the year, with "Day Dreams," "I Never Slep' a Wink," and "Monette" following closely, for which appreciation and acknowledgment I am most grateful.

If it is true, that there is as much pleasure in pathos as in wit, I may hope to contribute, in some measure at least, to the pleasure of others, for—

The world's not filled with roses,  
The purtiest face may frown,  
An' many have lost in battles won,  
An' many-a good ship's gone down.

I. E. L.