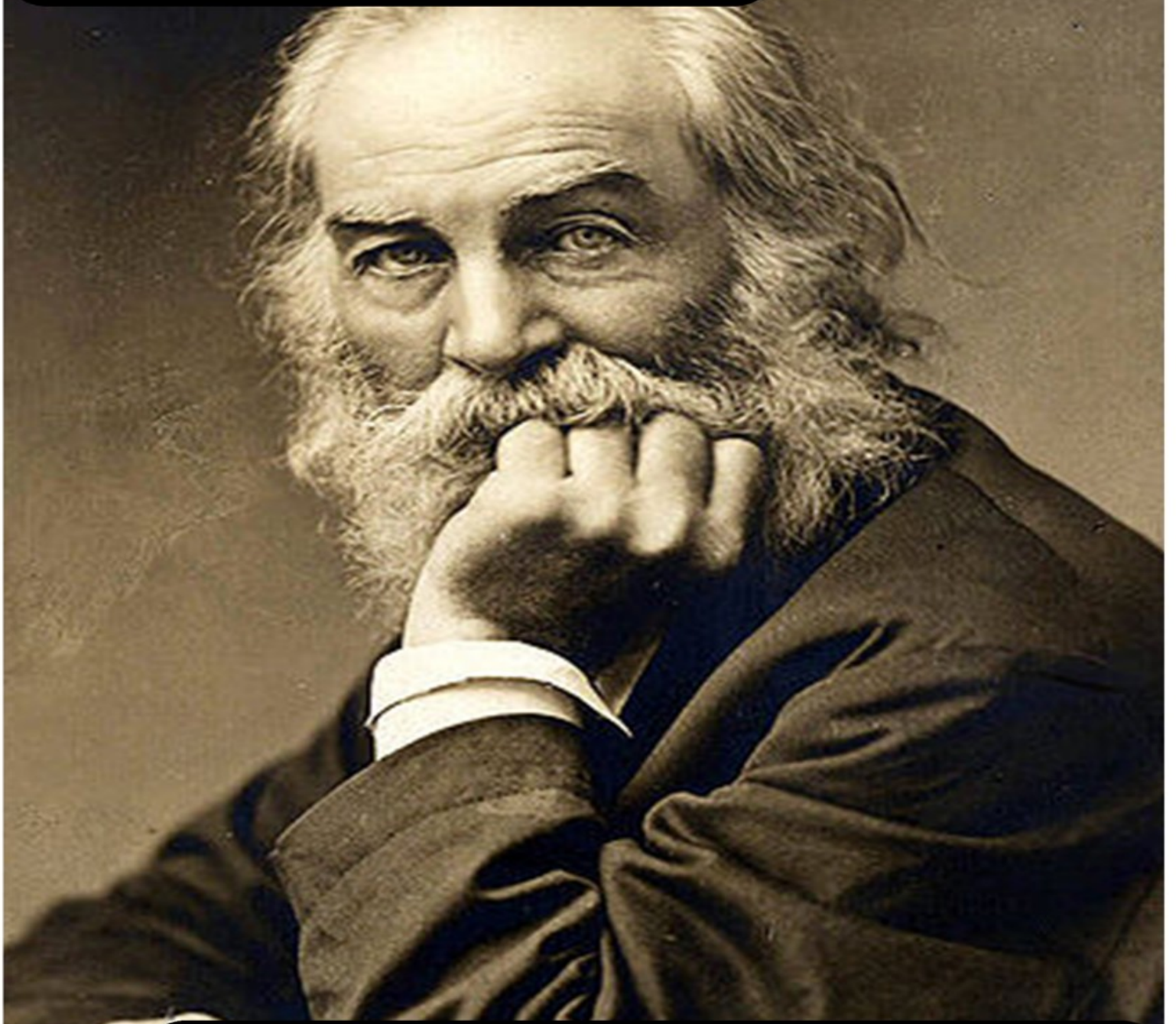


***ELIZABETH  
PORTER GOULD***



***STRAY PEBBLES  
FROM THE SHORES  
OF THOUGHT***

**Elizabeth Porter Gould**

# **Stray Pebbles from the Shores of Thought**

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

POEMS OF NATURE.

TO WALT WHITMAN.

TO SUMMER HOURS.

A TRUE VACATION.

A QUESTION.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

IN A HAMMOCK.

O RARE, SWEET SUMMER DAY.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

ON JEFFERSON HILL.

ON SUGAR HILL.

BLOSSOM-TIME.

THE PRIMROSE.

JOY, ALL JOY.

AMONG THE PINES.

CONSCIOUS OR UNCONSCIOUS?

POEMS OF LOVE.

LOVE'S HOW AND WHY.

LOVE'S GUERDON.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

THREE KISSES.

IF I WERE ONLY SURE.

ABSENCE.

A LOVE SONG.

IN HER GARDEN.

LOVE'S WISH.

IS THERE ANYTHING PURER?

LONGING.

YOUNG LOVE'S MESSAGE.

A DIARY'S SECRET.

A MONOLOGUE.

A PRICELESS GIFT.

THE OCEAN'S MOAN.

LOVE'S FLOWER.

LOVE DISCROWNED.

RENUNCIATION.

A WIDOW'S HEART-CRY.

TOGETHER.

SHADOWED CIRCLES.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A SONG OF SUCCESS.

THE UNDER-WORLD.

SHE KNOWS.

AT PITTSFORD, VERMONT.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

AN ANSWER.

WHERE? WHAT? WHENCE?

HEROES.

A MAGDALEN'S EASTER CRY.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF MRS. BROWNING'S DEATH.

ROBERT BROWNING.

TO NEPTUNE, IN BEHALF OF S. C. G.

TO THE PANSIES GROWING ON THE GRAVE OF A. S. D.

A BROKEN HEART.

MY RELEASE.

THE GOD OF MUSIC.  
TO WILHELM GERICKE.  
FOR E. T. F.  
TO C. H. F.  
AN ANNIVERSARY POEM.  
A COMFORT.  
AN ANNIVERSARY.  
A THANK-OFFERING.  
AT LIFE'S SETTING.  
GRANDMA WAITING.  
DOES IT PAY?  
AUXILIUM AB ALTO.  
LIMITATIONS.  
THE MUSE OF HISTORY.  
AN IMPROMPTU.  
TO MRS. PARTINGTON.  
LINES  
SONNETS.  
THE KNOWN GOD.  
TO PHILLIPS BROOKS.  
AT THE "PORTER MANSE."  
OUR LADY OF THE MANSE.  
TO B. P. SHILLABER.  
TO OUR MARY.  
A BIRTHDAY REMEMBRANCE.  
JOSEF HOFMANN.  
I.  
II.  
ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

LUKE 23:24.

TO THE MEMBERS OF MY HOME LUB.

FOR MY LITTLE NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

A MAMMA'S LULLABY.

WARREN'S SONG.

BABY MILDRED.

ROSAMOND AND MILDRED.

'CHILLA.

CHILDISH FANCIES.

WHAT LITTLE BERTRAM DID.

"EAR LITTLE MAC."

WILLARD AND FLORENCE ON MOUNT WACHUSETT.

A LITTLE BRAZILIAN.

THE LITTLE DOUBTER.

OUR KITTY'S TRICK.

A MESSAGE.

# **POEMS OF NATURE.**

[Table of Contents](#)

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## **TO WALT WHITMAN.**

[Table of Contents](#)

"I loafe and invite my soul."  
And what do I feel?  
An influx of life from the great central power  
That generates beauty from seedling to flower.

"I loafe and invite my soul."  
And what do I hear?  
Original harmonies piercing the din  
Of measureless tragedy, sorrow, and sin.

"I loafe and invite my soul."  
And what do I see?  
The temple of God in the perfected man  
Revealing the wisdom and end of earth's plan.

August, 1891.

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## **TO SUMMER HOURS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

DAY.

Trip lightly, joyous hours,  
While Day her heart reveals.  
Such wealth from secret bowers  
King Time himself ne'er steals.  
O joy, King Time ne'er steals!

NIGHT.

Breathe gently, tireless hours,  
While Night in beauty sleeps.  
Hold back e'en softest showers,—  
Enough that mortal weeps.  
Ah me, that my heart weeps!

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## **A TRUE VACATION.**

[Table of Contents](#)

IN A HAMMOCK.

"Cradled thus and wind caressed,"  
Under the trees,  
(Oh what ease.)  
Nature full of joyous greeting;  
Dancing, singing, naught secreting,  
Ever glorious thoughts repeating—  
Pause, O Time,  
I'm satisfied!  
Now all life  
Is glorified!

Porter Manse, Wenham, Mass.



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# A QUESTION.

## Table of Contents

Is life a farce?  
Tell me, O breeze,  
Bearing the perfume of flowers and trees,  
While gaily decked birds  
Pour forth their gladness in songs beyond words,  
And cloudlets coquette in the fresh summer air  
Rejoicing in everything being so fair—  
Is life a farce?

How can it be, child,  
When Nature at heart  
Is but the great spirit of love and of art  
Eternally saying, "I must God impart."

Is life a farce?  
Tell me, O soul,  
Struggling to act out humanity's whole  
'Midst Error and Wrong,  
And failure in sight of true victory's song;  
With Wisdom and Virtue at times lost to view,  
And love for the many lost in love for the few—  
Is life a farce?

How can it be, child,  
When humanity's heart  
Is but the great spirit of love and of art  
Eternally crying, "I must God impart."

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# TO A BUTTERFLY.

## Table of Contents

O butterfly, now prancing  
Through the air,  
So glad to share  
The freedom of new living,  
Come, tell me my heart's seeking.  
Shall I too know  
After earth's throe  
Full freedom of my being?  
Shall I, as you,  
Through law as true,  
Know life of fuller meaning?

O happy creature, dancing,  
Is time too short  
With pleasure fraught  
For you to heed my seeking?

Ah, well, you've left me thinking:  
If here on earth  
A second birth  
Can so transform a being,  
Why may not I  
In worlds on high  
Be changed beyond earth's dreaming?

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# IN A HAMMOCK.