

**LIFE LINES; POEMS
BY ELLIS REYNOLDS
SHIPP**

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Faithfully Yours
Ellis B. Shipp

LIFE LINES

POEMS

BY

Ellis Reynolds Shipp, M. D.



*And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.*

—Shakespeare

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.
SKELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
1910.

Dedication

To my beloved children who through all their lives have been the strongest incentive to my best thought and endeavor: my purest, tenderest, truest joy, my highest inspiration. my life-line linking with Eternity, these heart-throbs are lovingly dedicated by their mother.

THE AUTHOR

Introduction

THE author has chosen for this book a peculiarly fitting title, that is depicted in vivid outline on the cover of the volume of poems, now to be launched forth into the world of letters.

The verses herein contained indicate life in varying lines: some heavily drawn, that vibrate with deep emotion, that will reverberate to the lightest touch in years to come when recalled by the flashlights of memory; other lines attuned to sweet music, that falls rhythmically upon the sensitive ear, and touches the human heart with tenderest sympathy—and again themes that are light and winsome, as songs of birds in verdant groves in springtime, when nature's heart is beating in unison with sweetest living things.

The true, genuine love of nature and of humanity is apparent in some of the subjects portrayed in verse, and in a way to uplift and strengthen the mind in ideals, that are the most exalting to the intelligence of men and women.

The ills of life are touched with delicate skill, and a gentle hand, that seeks to ameliorate and lessen sorrow, and excess of grief; wonderful indeed is the magic influence of words into which one's soul has been brought with "the form of a ready writer."

In the heart of the author of the book, whose title is so significant of her life in its various phases, there lives and vibrates a depth of feeling, that is in touch with all things beautiful in nature, and humanity; full of hope and faith in God, the Giver of life and of all good gifts—the fountain of all knowledge and intelligence.

We commend "Lite Lines" to the world, and especially to the people of these mountain valleys; to the Doctor's many, many friends, already familiar with her writings, commendation is quite unnecessary. We believe the book will be a blessing and inspiration to those into whose hands it may come, because of the spirit of love in which it is sent forth; and we would say, read and consider its value, and it will be more precious than rubies, for it will give you gems of thought for daily need and comfort.

EMELINE B. WELLS.

Greeting

WITH wellings of the heart beyond control,
I come, dear friends, in confidential mood
To ope the inner portals of the soul,
Believing that I will be understood.

For poetry is not alone a "rhyming ware"
Though poets e'en themselves have called it
so;
It tells us what no other language dare,
The throbbings of the heart that mortals
know:—

The burning pain of disappointed hope,
The untold joy and love—the unshed tear,
The frailties with which we have to cope,
The tenderness and bliss of all that's dear:—

Of all things good, and pure, and just below,
Of all that's beautiful and true above:
An inspiration filled with radiant glow,
Sweet message of a great and perfect Love.

POESY.

'Tis Inspiration's precious thought,
Pure language of diviner sphere;
The flowers tender love hath brought,
Sweet harmonies the angels hear;
The power prompting noble deeds,
That make us pure, and good, and free;
The Manna which the spirit feeds—
God's priceless gift of Poesy.

LOVE'S SYMPHONY.

It came in the mists of the morning
With whispering, mystical voice,
It tapped at my door in the dawning
And bade me awake and rejoice.

'Twas music of exquisite sweetness
Like cadences ringing above,
Enwrapping my soul in completeness—
This beautiful message of love.

It breathed of a time in the future
When turmoil and warfare should cease,
When through all the world there should usher
A reign of most infinite peace.

When love with electrical swiftmess
Should thrill every struggling soul,
Cast malice from out of it's fortress,
And substitute Peace for it's goal.

True sympathy binding together
The rights of each nation and land.

When man shall meet man as a brother,
God's children will walk hand in hand.

When heaven of peace in it's grandeur,
Shall bring all our souls to one shrine,
To worship forever and ever,
One Being—One Father divine.

SCATTER SWEET FLOWERS.

Scatter your flowers in paths of the living!
Now! while they may enjoy the perfume!
Give while warm lips may respond to the giving,
Wait not to strew them on bier and on tomb!

Recognize here the virtues of mortals,
Approbate now their works and their worth,
Wait not till dear ones have passed through
death's portals,
Love and be loved while yet of the earth.

Utter the words thy spirit is prompting,
Breathe gentle tones of sympathy sweet,
Soothe the sad heart that breaks with it's aching,
Guide now in love the wandering feet.

Pour in the soul the balm of believing,
Faith in mankind and the Maker above,
Let not life's vanities, ever deceiving,
Make thee forget the greatness of love.

Scatter the flowers of love for the living:
Kind words and good deeds through life's flit-
ting hours:
Give for the grace and the goodness of giving—
Scatter sweet flowers! Oh, scatter sweet flowers!