
Garnered Treasures from the Poets ...

Intelligencer Friends'

Title: Garnered Treasures from the Poets ...

Author: Intelligencer Friends'

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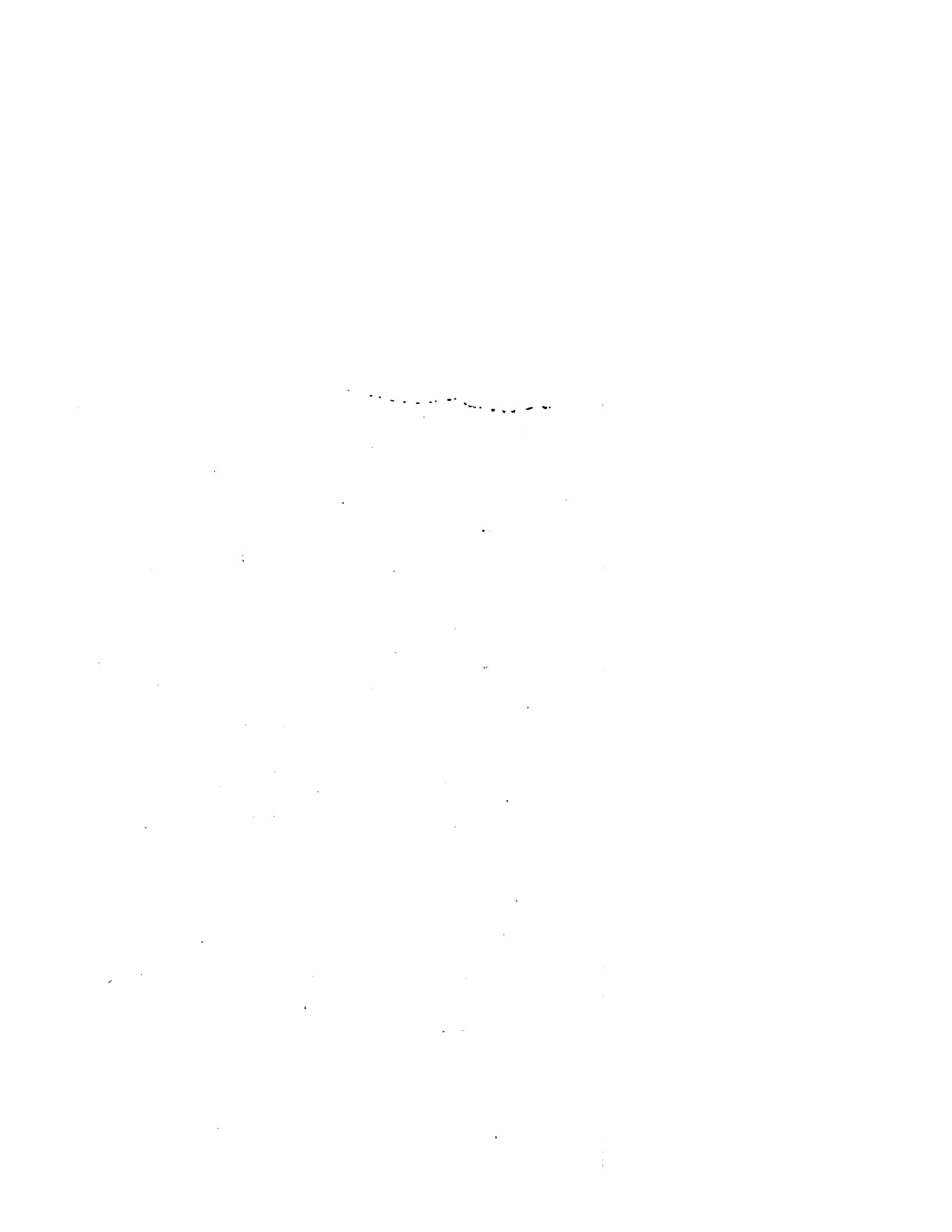
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James M. Smith
B. 1811

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GARDENED
TREASURES.

The title 'GARDENED TREASURES.' is rendered in a blackletter or gothic font. The word 'GARDENED' is on the top line, and 'TREASURES.' is on the bottom line. The letters are highly decorative, with the 'G' and 'T' featuring large, ornate flourishes. The text is intertwined with a detailed illustration of a vine with leaves and small clusters of berries or flowers, which winds around the letters and extends horizontally across the top and bottom of the text.



Harnered Treasures

FROM THE POETS.

2013

NOT the least among the blessings,
Which around our pathway throng,
Lifting us above earth's level,
Is the poet's gift of song.

PHILADELPHIA:
FRIENDS' BOOK ASSOCIATION,
706 Arch Street.
1878.

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PREFACE.

1819

THE readers of Friends' Intelligencer have so often expressed their appreciation of the poetry which has from time to time appeared in its columns, that the editors^h have been induced to collect into a volume some of its best original and selected pieces.

They do not assume that this collection is superior in poetic merit to many that have preceded it; but it contains some original poetry of simple beauty, and nothing, they believe, at variance with a pure and healthful religious sentiment.

It is offered in the hope that it may prove acceptable to many households.

The names or initials of the authors are not always given, having been omitted when previously published, and it was found impossible to supply this deficiency in all cases.

H. J. To the Rev. Friends, of the Yearly Meeting, 1819.

Harnered Treasures.

FROM

WHITTIER'S "QUESTIONS OF LIFE."

WHY idly seek from outward things
The answer inward silence brings;
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near?
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
A nearer view of heaven to gain?
In lowliest depths of bosky dells
The hermit Contemplation dwells.
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,
And lotus twined his silent feet,
Whence, piercing heaven, with screened sight,
He sees at noon the stars, whose light
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to feel and know