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Mary D Benedict Book

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*A B C D E F G H I J K L*
*M N O P Q R S T U*
*V W X Y Z.*

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*a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p*
*q r s t u v w x y z.*

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# BEAUTIES

OF

# *THE NEW-ENGLAND*

# PRIMER.

*NEW YORK:*

Published by Samuel Wood & Sons,

261 *Pearl-street.*

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1818z

## PREFACE.

THE New England Primer of latter times having become almost useless, unless on account of the Catechism, which is likewise printed in a separate pamphlet, it appears likely to become nearly, if not quite obsolete. As it contains matter worthy of being preserved, the publisher has made a selection, with some alterations, and put it in the shape in which it now appears, hoping it will be acceptable to the children of the preseut day, and to those who may follow: and afford an opportunity to gather some good hints from a work that for generations has been a first book for their forefathers.

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Am. P. Jan. 11, 1912

# BEAUTIES OF
## THE
# NEW-ENGLAND PRIMER.

LORD, if thou lengthen out my days,
  Then may my heart so fixed be,
That I may lengthen out thy praise,
  And never turn aside from thee.

So in my end I may rejoice;
  In thy salvation joyful be:
My soul shall say with loud glad voice,
  JEHOVAH, who is like to thee?

Who takest lambs into thine arms,
  And gently leadest those with young:
Who savest children from all harms;
  Lord, I will praise thee with my song.

And when my days on earth shall end,
  Aud I go hence to be no more,
Give me eternity to spend,
  My God to praise forever more.

A.
Adam and Eve
Their God did grieve.

B.
Thy life to mend,
This Book attend.

C.
The Cat doth play,
And after, slay.

D.
A Dog will bite
A thief at night.

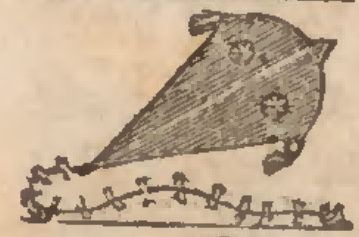
E.
An Eagle's flight
Is out of sight.

F.
The idle Fool
Is whipt at school,

G.
As runs the Glass
Our life doth pass.

H.
Wrought by the hand
Great works do stand.

J.
Job felt the rod,
Yet bless'd his God.



K.
The paper Kite
Is boys' delight.

L.
The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold.

M.
The Moon gives light
In time of night.

N.
Nightingales sing
In time of Spring.

O.
The Owl at night
Hoots out of sight.

P.
Peter denied
His Lord, and cry'd.

Q.
Queens & kings must
Lie in the dust.

R.
The Rose in bloom
Sheds sweet perfume.

S.
Samuel anoints
Whom God appoints.

T.
Time cuts down all,
Both great and small.

U.
Urns hold, we see,
Coffee and tea.

W.
Whales in the sea
God's voice obey.

X.
Xerxes the great
Shar'd common fate.

Y.
Youth should delight
In doing right.

Z.
Zaccheus, he
Did climb the tree
His Lord to see.

I In the burying place may see
Graves shorter far than I:
From death's arrest no age is free,
Young children too may die.
My God, may such an awful sight,
Awakening be to me!
Oh! that by early grace I might,
For death prepared be.
Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span;
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.
Then sow the seed of grace while young,
That when thou com'st to die.
Thou may'st sing forth that triumph song,
"Death, where's thy victory?

## AGUR'S PRAYER.

Remove far from me varity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.

---

## A CRADLE HYMN.

By Dr. Watts.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
And without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended,
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features!
Spotless, fair, divinely bright:
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger,
Wicked sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus offend the Lord?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard,
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to tell the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their king,
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky ;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a dressing :
Lovely infant how he smil'd ;
When he wept the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo ! he slumber'd in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox about thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days!
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire,
Not a mother's fondest wishes,
Can to greater joy's aspire.

## *A Child's Evening Prayer.*

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

---

## *Duty to God and our Neighbours.*

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbours as yourselves;
Be faithful just and kind.
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

---

Have communion with few,
Be intimate with one,*
Deal justly with all,
Speak evil of none.

---

* Thy Maker.

*The Burning of*

# JOHN ROGERS.

JOHN ROGERS, minister of the gospel in London, was the first martyr in queen Mary's reign, and was burnt at Smithfield, in the winter of 1554. His wife, with nine small children, and one at her breast, followed him to the stake · with which sorrowful sight it is said, he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience, died courageously for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

*We are informed, that, a few days before his death, he wrote the following advice to his Children.*

Give ear, my children, to my words,
Whom God hath dearly bought,
Lay up his law within your hearts,
And print them in your thoughts.

I leave you here a little book,
For you to look upon,
That you may see your father's face,
When he is dead and gone.

Who for the hope of heavenly things,
While he did here remain,
Gave over all his golden years,
To prison and to pain.

And where among my iron bands,
Enclosed in the dark,
Not many days before my death,
I did compose this work.

And for example to your youth,
To whom I wish all good,
I send you here God's perfect truth,
And seal it with my blood,

To you, my heirs of earthly things,
Which I do leave behind,
That you may read and understand,
And keep it in your mind.

That as you have been heirs of that
Which once shall wear away,
You also may possess the part
Which never shall decay.

Keep always God before your eyes,
With all your whole intents:
Commit no sin in any wise,
Keep his commandments.

Abhor that arrant whore of Rome,
And all her blasphemies,
And drink not of her cursed cup,
Obey not her decrees.

Give honour to your mother dear,
Remember well her pain,
And recompense her in her age,
With the like love again.

Be always ready for her help,
And let her not decay,
Remember well you father all—
Who should have been your stay.

Give of your portions to the poor,
As riches doth arise,
And from the needy naked soul,
Turn not away your eyes;

For he that doth not hear the cry
Of those who stand in need,
Shall cry himself, and not be heard,
When he does hope to speed.

If God hath given you increase,
And blessed well your store,
Remember you are put in trust,
And should relieve the poor.

Beware of foul and filthy lusts,
Let such things have no place:
Keep clean your vessels in the Lord,
That he may you embrace.

Ye are the temples of the Lord,
For ye are dearly bought,
And they that do defile the same,
Shall surely come to nought.

Be never proud by any means,
Nor build your house too high,
But always have before your eyes,
That you are born to die.

Defraud not him that hired is,
Your labour to sustain,
But pay him still without delay,
His wages for his pain.

And as you would that other men,
Unto you should proceed,
Do you the same to them again,
When they do stand in need.

Impart your portion to the poor,
In money and in meat:
And send the feeble, fainting soul,
Of that which you do eat.

Ask counsel always of the wise,
Give ear unto the end,
And ne'er refuse the sweet rebuke
Of him that is your friend.

Be always thankful to the Lord,
With prayer and with praise,
Begging of him to bless your store,
And to direct your ways.

Seek first, I say, the living God,
And always him adore,
And then be sure that he will bless
Your basket and your store.

And I beseech Almighty God,
Replenish you with grace,
That I may meet you in the heavens,
And see you face to face.

And though the fire my body burn,
Contrary to my kind,
That I cannot enjoy your love,
According to my mind;

Yet I do hope that when the heavens
Shall vanish like a scroll,
I shall see you in perfect shape,
In body and in soul.

And that I may enjoy your love,
And you enjoy the land,
I do beseech the living Lord
To hold you in his hand.

Though here my body be adjudg'd
In flaming fire to fry:
My soul, I trust, will straight ascend
To live with God on high.

What! though this carcass smart a while,
What! though this life decay;
My soul I hope will be with God,
And live with him for aye.

And through our Saviour's precious blood,
Which on the cross was spilt,
Who freely offered up his life,
To save our souls from guilt,

I hope redemption I shall have,
And all that in him trust,
When I shall see him face to face,
And live among the just.

Why then should I fear death's grim looks,
Since Christ for me did die:
For king and Cæsar, rich and poor,
The force of death must try.,

When I am chained to the stake,
And faggots girt me round
Then pray the Lord my soul in heaven
May be with glory crown'd.

Come, welcome death, the end of fears,
I am prepared to die,
These earthly flames will send my soul
Up to the Lord on high.

Farewell my children to the world,
Where you must yet remain,
The Lord of hosts be your defence,
Till we do meet again.

Farewell my true and loving wife,
My children and my friends,
I hope in heaven to see you all,
When all things have their ends.

If you go on to serve the Lord,
As you have now begun,
You shall walk safely all your days,
Until your life be done,

God grant you so to end your days,
As he shall think it best,
That I may meet you in the heavens,
Where I do hope to rest.

## CHOICE SENTENCES.

Praying will make you leave sinning, or sinning will make you leave praying.

What we are afraid to speak before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

# A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*Christ, a Youth, and the Devil.*

---

## YOUTH.

THOSE days which God to me doth send,
In pleasure I'm resolv'd to spend,
Like as the birds in lovely spring,
Sit chirping on the boughs and sing:
Who straining forth those warbling notes,
Do make sweet music in their throats.
So I resolve in this my prime,
In sports and plays to spend my time:
Sorrow and grief I'll put away,
Such things agree not with with my day.
From clouds my morning shall be free,
And nought on earth shall trouble me.
I will embrace each sweet delight
This earth affords me, day and night:
Though parents grieve, and me correct,
Yet I their counsel will reject.

## DEVIL.

The resolution which you take,
Sweet Youth, it doth me merry make;
If you my counsel will embrace,
And shun the ways of truth and grace,
And learn to lie, to curse and swear,
And be as proud as any are,
And with thy brothers will fall out,
And sisters with vile language flout:
Yea, fight and scratch, and also bite,
Then I in thee will take delight.
If thou wilt but be rul'd by me,
An artist thou shall quickly be.
In all my ways which lovely are,
There's few with thee who shall compare;
Thy parents always disobey;
Don't mind at all what they do say;
And also proud and sullen be,
And thou shalt be a child for me.
When others read be thou at play,
Think not on God, don't mind to pray;
Nor be thou such a silly fool,
To mind thy book, or go to school,
But play the truant; fear not, I
Will straightway help thee to a lie,
Which will excuse thee for the same,
From being whipt, and from all blame.

Come, bow to me, uphold my crown,
And thee I'll raise to high renown.

YOUTH.

These notions I will cleave unto,
And let all other counsel go;
My heart against my parents now,
Shall stubborn be, and will not bow.
I won't submit at all to them,
But all good counsel will contemn;
And what I list, that do will I,
And stubborn be continually.

CHRIST.

Wilt thou, O Youth! make such a choice.
Aud thus obey the the Devil's voice?
Curs'd sinful ways wilt thou embrace,
And hate the ways of truth and grace?
Wilt thou to me a rebel prove?
And from thy parents quite remove
Thy heart also? then shalt thou see,
What will ere long become of thee.
Come, think on God, who did thee make,
And at his presence dread and quake.
Remember him now in thy youth;
And let thy soul take hold of truth;
The devil and his ways defy,
Believe him not, he doth but lie;
His ways seem sweet, but Youth beware,
He for thy soul hath laid a snare.

His sweet will into bitter turn,
If in those ways thou still wilt run,
He will thee into pieces tear,
Like lions that most hungry are.
Grant me thy heart, thy folly leave,
And from this lion I'll thee save;
And thou shalt have sweet joy from me,
Which will last to eternity.

YOUTH.

My heart shall cheer me in my youth,
I'll have my frolics in good truth;
Whate'er seems lovely in mine eye,
Myself I cannot it deny.
In mine own ways I still will walk,
And take delight among young folk,
Who spend their days in joy and mirth,
Nothing like that while I'm on earth!
Thy ways, O Christ! are not for me,
They with my age do not agree!
If I unto thy laws should cleave,
No more good days then should I have.

CHRIST.

Would'st thou live long, and good days see,
Refrain from all iniquity:
True good alone doth from me flow,
It can't be had in things below,
Are not my ways, O Youth! for thee?
Then thou shalt never happy be;

Nor ever shall thy soul obtain
True good, whilst thou dost here remain.

YOUTH.

To thee, O Christ! I'll not adhere;
What thou speaks of, does not appear
Lovely to me; I cannot find,
'Tis good to set or place my mind,
On ways whence many sorrows spring,
And to the flesh such crosses bring.
Don't trouble me, I must fulfil
My fleshly mind, and have my will.

CHRIST.

Unto thyself then, I'll thee leave,
That Satan may thee wholly have;
Thy heart in sin shall hardened be,
And blinded in iniquity;
And then in wrath I'll cut thee down,
Like as the grass and flowers are mown,
And, to thy woe, thou shalt espy
Childhood and youth are vanity:
For all such things I'll make thee know
To judgment thou shalt come also:
In hell at last thy soul shall burn,
When thou thy sinful race hast run.
Consider this, think on thy end,
Lest God do thee in pieces rend.

YOUTH.

Amazed, Lord! I now begin!
O help me, and I'll leave my sin.
I tremble and do greatly fear,
To think upon what I do hear.
Lord! I religious now will be,
And I'll from Satan turn to thee.

DEVIL.

Nay, foolish Youth, don't change thy mind,
Unto such thoughts be not inclin'd.
Come, cheer thy heart, rouse up, be glad;
There is no hell; why art thou sad?
Eat, drink, be merry with thy friend,
For when thou diest, that's thy end.

YOUTH.

Such thoughts as these I can't receive,
Because God's word I do believe;
None shall in this destroy my faith,
Nor do I mind what Satan saith.

DEVIL.

Although to thee herein I yield,
Yet I ere long shall win the field.
That there's a heaven I cant' deny,
Yea, and a hell of misery:
That heaven is a lovely place
I can't deny, 'tis a clear case.

And easy 'tis to come there,
Therefore take thou no further care.
All human laws do thou observe;
And from old customs never swerve:
Do not oppose what great men say,
And thou shalt never go astray.
Thou may'st be drunk, and swear and curse,
And sinners like thee ne'er the worse;
At any time thou may'st repent;
'Twill serve when all thy days are spent.

CHRIST.

Take heed, or else thou art undone;
These thoughts are from the wicked one.
Narrow's the way that leads to life,
Who walk therein do meet with strife:
Few shall be saved, as thou shalt know,
But many to destruction go.
If righteous ones scarce saved be,
What will at last become of thee!
Oh! don't neglect my precious call,
Lest suddenly in hell thou fall;
Unless that thou converted be,
God's kingdom thou shalt never see.

YOUTH.

Lord, I am now at a great stand:
If I should yield to thy command,
My comrades would me much deride
And never more with me abide;

Moreover, this I also know,
Thou can'st at last great mercy show,
And when I'm old and pleasure's gone,
Then what thou say'st I'll think upon.

CHRIST.

Nay, hold, vain Youth, thy time is short,
I'll have thy breath, I'll end thy sport;
Thou shalt not live till thou art old,
Since thou in sin art grown so bold;
I, in thy youth grim death will send,
And all thy sports shall have an end.

YOUTH.

I am too young, alas, to die!
Let death some old gray head espy,
O, spare me and I will amend,
And with thy grace my soul befriend:
Or else I am undone, alas!
For I am in a woful case.

CHRIST.

When I did call thou would'st not hear,
But didst to me turn a deaf ear;
And now in thy calamity,
I will not mind nor hear thy cry:
Thy day is past begone from me,
Thou who didst love iniquity,
Above thy soul or Saviour dear,
Who on the cross great pain did bear.

My Mercies thou didst much abuse,
And all good counsel didst refuse,
Justice will therefore vengeance take,
And thee a sad example make.

YOUTH.

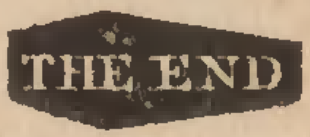
O! spare me, Lord; forbear thy hand;
Don't cut me off who trembling stand,
Begging for mercy at thy door;
O! let me have but one year more.

CHRIST.

If thou some longer time shouldst have,
Thou would'st again to folly cleave:
Therefore to thee I will not give
One day on earth longer to live.

DEATH.

Youth, I am come, to fetch thy breath,
And take thee to the shades of death.
No pity to thee can I show,
Thou hast thy God offended so.
Thy soul and body I'll divide;
Thy body in the grave I'll hide:
And thy dear soul in hell must be
With devils to eternity.

## CONCLUSION.

THUS end the days of wicked youth,
Who wont obey nor mind the truth;
Nor hearken to what preachers say,
But do their parents disobey,
They in their youth go down to hell,
Under eternal wrath to dwell.
Many don't live out half their days,
For cleaving unto sinful ways.