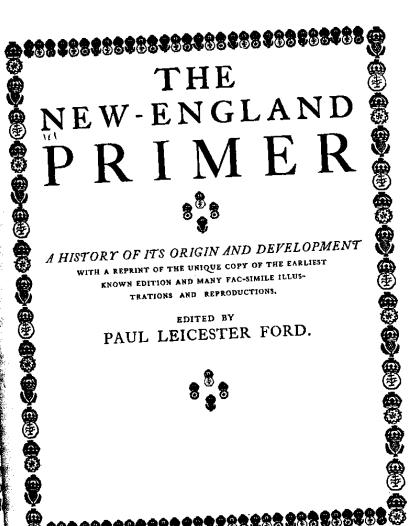
### PREFACE

"There is not, and there never was, a text-book so richle deserving a history," James Bach McMaster remarket of The New-England Primer in 1885. Twelve years later Paul Leicester Ford wrote that history, in an edition of the Primer that even today remains strikingly up-to-date True, there is an undeniable quaintness about certain Ford's passages, as, for example, the long concluding jeremiad about the incidence of crime and depravity is early New England; and more recent scholarship has in dicated that the first edition of the Primer may well have been published before 1687 or 1688, as suggested by Ford. Yet, on the whole, Ford's essay remains the bear brief introduction to the Primer, its antecedents in En land, and its successive versions in the New World; and the 1727 edition of the Primer, which Ford reprinted, still the earliest extant copy. The present volume is e sentially a facsimile of Ford's work, with the exception of the appendices and several of the illustrations.

Readers who wish to delve further into the history and significance of The New-England Primer will find wealth of relevant material in Charles C. Butterworth The English Primers (Philadelphia, 1953), Charles I Heartman: The New-England Primer Issued Prior I 1830 (New York, 1934), Clifton Johnson: Old-Time Schools and School-Books (New York, 1904), George Emery Littlefield: Early Schools and School-Books of New England (Boston, 1904), and John A. Nietz: Old Textbooks (Pittsburgh, 1961).

LAWRENCE A. CREMIN



MOTICE: THIS MATERIAL COPYRIGHT LAW (TITLE 17, U.S. CODE).

## 

#### NOTE

THE following is a facsimile of the earliest known edition of the New England Primer, taken from the unique copy in the Lenox Library. From its lacking one leaf in the first signature, it is presumed that a portrait of the reigning King of Great Britain preceded the title page. Part of pages 21-2, and all of pages 23-4 are lacking, but the probable text is restored in this reprint. The last leaf is also wanting, the text of which is supplied so far as possible.

New-Lighting
PRIMER

Enlarged.

For the more easy attaining the true Reading of English

To which is added,

The Assembly of Divines

CATECHISM

Boston: Printed by Skneeland, & T. Green, Sold by the Booksellers. 1717

.n be in

L ve will not acpart from it.

Chap. 23.17, 18. Let not thy heart envy sinners, but be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

For surely there is an end, and thy expellation shall not be eut off.

Eph. L. L. Children obey your Parents in the Lord, for this is right.

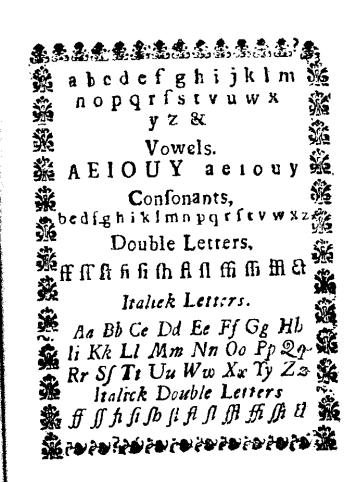
Of Serving GOD.

1. God will have no time to save us, if we find no day to serve Him.

2. Shall we have fix days in

feven, and God not one?

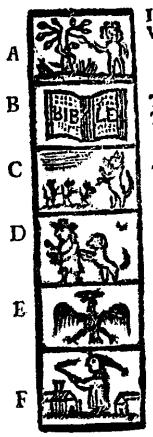
1 Chron. 28.9. My Son, know thou the Godofthy Father, Eferve Himwith aperfect beart, Ewith a willing mind, for the Lord Searcheth all hearts.



Words of four Syllables. Accompany Ac-com-pa-ny Benevolence Be-ne-vo-lence Ceremony Ce-re-mo-ny Discontented Discon-tent-ed Everlasting E-ver-laft-ing Fidelity Fi.de li-ty Glorifying Glo-ri-fy-ing Humility Hu-mi-li ty Infirmity. In-fir-mi-ty Words of five Syllables. Ádmiration Ad mi-ra-ti-on Beneficial. Be-ne-fi-ci al Confolation Con-so-la ti-on Declaration De cla 12 ti-on Exhortation Ex hor-ta-ti-on Fornication For-ni.ca-ti on Generation Ge-ne-ra ti-on Habitation Ha-bi ta ti-on

In-vi-ta ti on

Invitation



In Adam's Fall We Sinned all.

Thy Life to Mend This Book Attend.

The Cat doth play And after flay.

A Dog will hite A Thief at night.

An Eagles flight Is out of fight.

The Idle Fool Is whipe at School.



As runs the Glass Mans life doth pals.

My Book and Heart Shall never part.

Fod feels the Rod Yet bleffes GOD.

Our KING the good
No man of blood.

The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold.

The Moon gives light In time of night.



Nightingales sing In Time of Spring.

The Royal Oak
it was the Tree
That fav'd His
Royal Majestie.

Peter denies His Lord and cries.

Queen Efther comes in Royal State To Save the JEWS from dismal Fate

Rachol doth mour. For her first born.

Samuel anoints
Whom God appoint:



Time cuts down all Both great and small.

Uriah's beauteous Wise Made David seek his Life.

Whales in the Sea God's Voice obey.

Xerxes the great did die,
And fo mult you & I,

Touth forward flips Death foonest nips.

Zacheus he Did climb the Tree His Lord to fee,

# 张张张张张张张张

Now the Child being entred in his Letters and Spelling, let him learn these and such like Sentences by Heart, whereby he will be both instructed in his Duty, and encouraged in his Learning.

### The Dutiful Child's Promifes,

I Will fear GOD, and honour the KING.
I will honour my Father & Mother.
I will Obey my Superiours.
I will Submit to my Elders,
I will Love my Friends.
I will hate no Man.
I will forgive my Enemies, and pray to
God for them.

I will as much as in me lies keen all God's
Holy Commandments.

I will learn my Gatechilm.
I will keep the Lord's Day Holy,
I will Reverence God's Sanctuary,
For our GOD is a confuming Fire.

An Alphabet of Lessons for Youth.

A Wise Son makes a glad Father, but a foolish Son is the heaviness of his Mother.

Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.

Come unro CHRIST all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He will give you reit.

O not the abominable thing which I hate, faith the Lord.

Xcept a Man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.

Coliffiness is bound up in the heart of a Child, but the rod of Correction shall drive it far from him.

Rieve not the Holy Spirit.

Toliness becomes God's House for ever. T is good for me to draw near unto God. Eep thy Heart with all Diligence, for out of it are the illues of Life. Tars Mall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimftone. Any are the Afflictions of the Righteous, but the Lord delivers them out of them all. TOW is the accepted time, now is the day of faivacion. Ut of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. PRay to thy Father which is in fecret, and thy Father which fees in fecrot, shall reward thee openly. Wit you like Men, be strong, stand I last in the Faith. Emember thy Creator in the days of thy Youth. Alvation belongeth to the Lord.

В

Trust



R. John Rogers, Minister of the Gospel in London, was the first Martyr in Q. Mary's Reign, and was hurnt at Smithfield, February the fourteenth, 1554 His Wife, with nine small Children, and one at

at her Breast, following him to the Stake, with which forrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful Parience died couragiously for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Some few Days before his Death, he writ the following Exhortation to his Children.

Give ear my Children to my words,
whom God hath dearly bought,
Lay up his Laws within your heart,
and print them in your thought.
I leave you here a little Book,
for you to look upon:
That you may see your Fathers sace,
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.
Where I among my Iron Bands,
inclosed 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 fend you here God's persect Truth! and seel 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 thet which once shall wear away. You also may possels that part, which never shall decay. Keep always GOD before your every with all your whole intent; Commit no Sin in any wife, keep his Commandement. Abhor that arrant Whore of Rome. and all her Blafphemies; 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 your Father all that should have been your flay. Give of your Portion to the Poor, as Riches do arise; And from the needy naked Soul turn not away your eyes. For he that doth not hear the cry of those that stand in need, Shall cry himself and not be heard, when he does hope to fpeed. If GOD hath given you increase and bleffed well your store, Remember you are put in truft, and should relieve the poor. Beware of feul and filthy Lusts, let fuch things have no place, Keep clean your Vessels in the Lord, that he may you embrace. Ye are the Temples of the Lord, for you are dearly bought

And they that do defile the fame shall furely come to nought. Be never Proud by any means. build not thy house too high, But always have before yeur eyes, that you are born to die. Defraud not him that hired is, your labour to fustain; And pay him still without delay, his wages for his pain. And as you would another Man against you should proceed, Do you the same to them again. if they do stand in need. Impart your Fortion to the Poor, in Money and in Meat, And fend the feeble fainting Soul of that which you do eat. Ask Counsel always of the wife, give ear unto the end, And ne'r refuse the sweet rebuke of him that is thy Friend. Be always thankful to the Lord, with Prayer and with Praise,

Begging of him to bless your work, and to direct your ways. Seek fiest I fay the living GOD, and always him adore; And then be fure that he will bicls your basket and your flore. And I beseech Almighty GOD, replenish you with Grace, That I may meet you in the Heav'ns, and fee you face to face. And the' the Fire my Body burns, contrary to my kind; That I cannot enjoy your love, according to my mind. Yet I do bope that when the Heav'ns, shall vanish like a scrowl, I shall fee you in persect 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 adjudged in flaming Fire to fry,

My Soul I truit will ftraight ascend, to live with GOD on high. What though this Carcale Imart a while, what though this Life decay, My Soul I trull will be with GOD, and live with him for aye. Tknow I am a Sinner born. from the Original: And that I do deserve to die. by my Fore-Fathers fall. But by our Saviour's precious Blood, which on the Cross was spile, Who freely offer'd up his Life, to fave our Souls from Guilt, I hope Redemption I shall have, and all that in him trull; When I shall see him face to face, and live among the Just. Why then should I sear Deaths grim look, fince Christ for me did die? For King and Calar, Rich and Poor, the force of Death, muit trie, When I am chained to the Stake, and Faggots girt me round,

Then pray the Lord my Soul in Heav'n may be with Glory crown'd. Come welcome Death, the end of fears, I am prepar'd to die; Those earthly Flames will fend my Soul, up to the Lord on high. Farewel my Children to the World, where you must yet remain, The Lord of Host be your desence til) we do meet again. Farewel 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 belt, That I may meet you in the Heav'ns, where I do hope to reft.

The



R. JOHN ROGERS, Minister of the Gofpel in London, was the first Martyr in Queen Mary's Reign, and was burnt at Smithfield, February 14th 1554, His Wife with nine small Children, and one at her Break, following him to the Stake; with which forrowful Sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wounderful Patience died courageously for the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Burning of John Rogers

(From the "New England Primer." Boston; 1762)



### INTRODUCTION

N the apocryphal poem of John Rogers "unto his children" which was included in every New Eng- The New Enland Primer, he said:

gland Primer a mirror of Puritanism

" I leave you here a little booke For you to looke upon, That you may see your father's face When I am dead and gon."

No better description of the New England Primer itself could be penned. As one glances over what may truly be entitled "The Little Bible of New England", and reads its stern lessons, the Puritan mood is caught with absolute faithfulness. Here was no easy road to knowledge and to salvation; but in prose as bare of beauty as the whitewash of their churches, in poetry as rough and stern as their storm-torn coast, in pictures as crude and unfinished as their own glacial-smoothed boulders, between stiff oak covers, which symbolized the contents, the children were led, until, from being unregenerate, and as Jonathan Edwards said, "young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers" to God, to that happy state when, as expressed by