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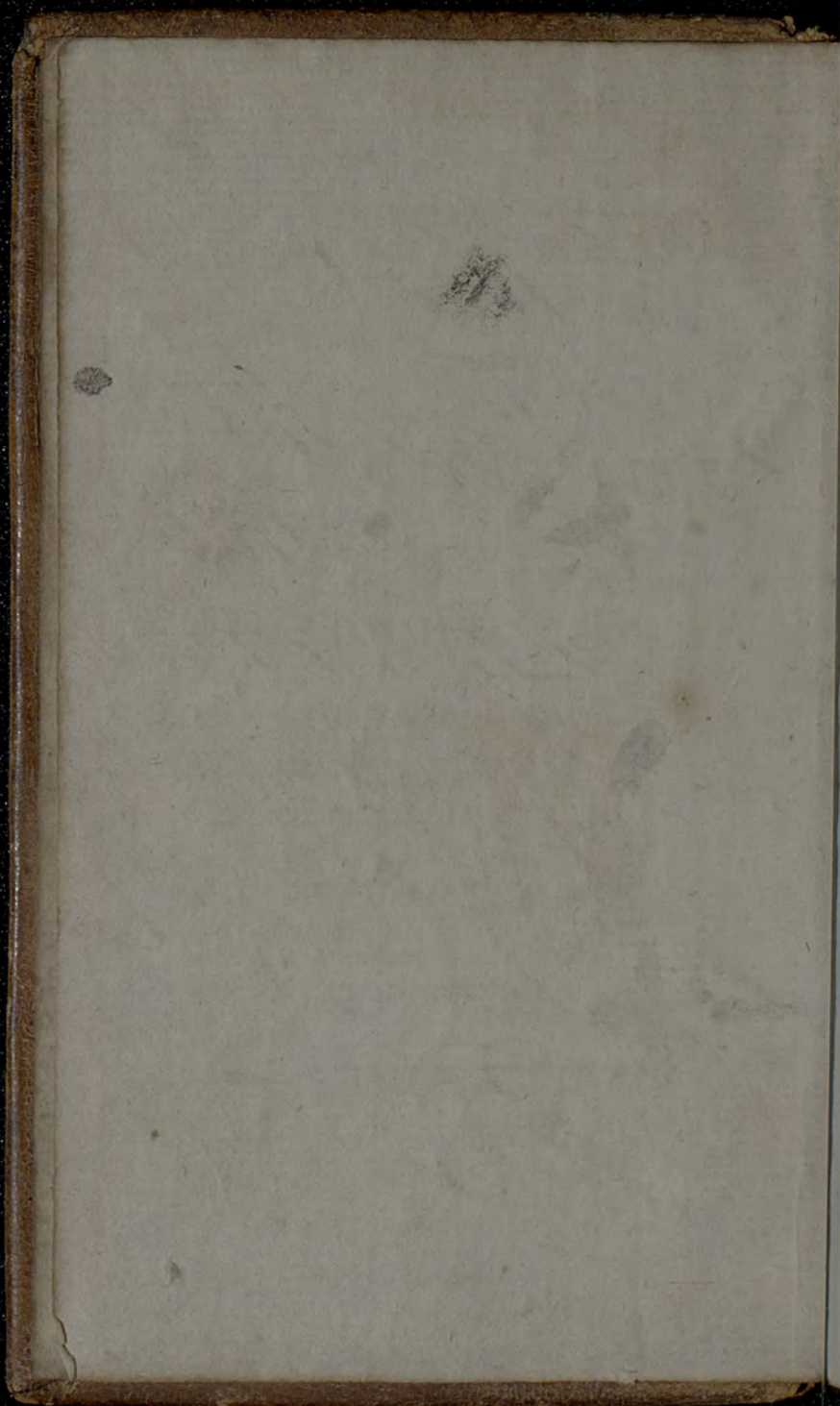
Wood Dale

gave this Book  
to Eliza Paget

when she was only  
5 Months Old



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THE HISTORY  
OF  
JOHN WISE,  
*A POOR BOY.*

Published for the Instruction of  
*LITTLE CHILDREN,*  
AND  
PARTICULARLY DESIGNED FOR  
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



THIRD EDITION.

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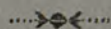
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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
JOHN WISE.



SECTION I.

**J**OHN WISE was the son of Ralph Wise, a very poor man, who had many children, and could scarce get bread for them all by hard labour. He had to work with all his might each day in the week, and lived on oat cake, and oat meal boiled up with water. But Ralph was a good man. He never would swear, nor get drunk, nor tell a lie, nor cheat his master, nor spend his time with idle and bad men.

## SECTION II.

Ralph got up soon every morning, and when his wife Jane and his babes were ready, he called them to him, and having read to them ten verses in the Bible, he said, 'Come wife, come children, let us all kneel down, and pray to God for his blessing on us this day. For all good things come from him. He made us all, and can make us happy, though we are poor in this world. We have sinned against him many times, and should fear his wrath, and ask his mercy, through his Son Jesus Christ.'

## SECTION III.

They all kneeled down, and Ralph prayed thus: 'O God of mercy, thou hast kept us this night in peace. We might have been sick, but we are still in health. Some of us might have died, but we are all in the land of the living. We thank thee for thy kind care



over us. O give us grace to know, and fear, and love thee, without which we cannot be happy. We have all grieved thee by our sins; give us hearts to repent, and turn to thee in truth. Forgive our follies, for the sake of him who died to save sinners, such as we are. May we fear before thee this day, fly from all sin, because it is hateful to thee, and do thy will with a cheerful heart. May we be under thy care all this day; grant us thy Holy Spirit, to renew our hearts, to guide us, to comfort us, and to prepare us to go to heaven when we die. Have mercy on all men. Heal the sick, supply the needy, and save those who are near their last hour. Lord, hear our prayer, for the sake of Jesus Christ thy Son. Amen.

## SECTION IV.

Jane taught her son John, and all the rest of her children who could



ſpeak, to ſay this prayer morning and evening: ‘ Our Father which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trefpaſſes, as we forgive them that trefpaſs againſt us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.’

#### SECTION V.

John could not yet read, but while his father was at work, his mother taught him to repeat, and to ſing this morning ſong, as he ſat on his ſtool beſide her:

My God, who makes the ſun to know  
His proper hour to riſe,  
And to give light to all below,  
Doth ſend him round the ſkies.

When from the chambers of the eaſt  
His morning race begins,



He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
The duties of this day ;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

#### SECTION VI.

When the Sunday came, Ralph would go to church, both before dinner and after, and he could not think of leaving his children behind him, for fear they should wander here and there, and learn wicked words and ways. But Ralph was sometimes in a strait; John wanted a hat; Richard's coat was clouted all over; Thomas had no shoes, and his clogs were both cloven; Betty's gown was patched in twenty places; and Mary had neither cap nor bonnet.

## SECTION VII.

But Ralph said to his children, ' God has told us, that we must keep holy the sabbath-day; to keep it holy is to spend it in his service. You shall go with me to worship him in such clothes as you have; they are the best I am able to provide for you. It will be more to your honour to worship God in such raiment as he gives, than to spend his own day in sin and folly, for want of better. No wise man will despise you for being meanly clothed. If the foolish despise you, it will be to their own shame; for it is written, " He that despiseth the poor reproacheth his Maker."

## SECTION VIII.

Thus Ralph would have his children to go with him; but he sometimes staid at home, to nurse the little ones; and then, those who were able to go, went with their mother. They sometimes pleaded



hard that they might stay at home, at least when their father did; but the father said it should not be so. Mary did not like to go without bonnet; Betty cried, because she must go in her patched gown; Thomas pleaded his cloven clogs; and Richard his clouted coat. But John was more forward than the rest, and said, ‘Daddy, I never mind, though I have no hat, for nobody wears a hat in the church; the squire himself hangs his hat on a pin while he is there; and, besides, when I go to the shop I never think of a hat, and why should I think of one when I go to the church?’

#### SECTION IX.

One cold winter’s day, Mrs. Bland seeing John run before his father, without hat, called him to her, and said, ‘My boy, where are you going?’ ‘To church,’ says John. ‘And have you no hat this cold morning?’ Little John told



her that he had none, and that his father could not spare money to buy one. The kind woman then said, 'It is a pity so fine a boy should be without a cover for his head, when the weather is so cold; if your father cannot spare money, I will.' Mrs. Bland then took half-a-crown out of her pocket, and gave it him. John gave a nod with his head, which he meant as a bow, and thanked her with a glad heart.

## SECTION X.

Because John liked to go to the house of God now better than ever, his mother, one Sunday evening, taught him to repeat the following song, and his father soon after taught him to sing it:

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee!  
At once they sing, at once they pray;  
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;  
'Tis like a little heav'n below:



Not all my pleasure and my play  
Shall tempt me to forget that day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,  
The texts and doctrines of thy word!  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down, and wake with God.

#### SECTION XI.

One Sunday evening, as Ralph was returning with his children from the place of worship, and asking them what the man in the pulpit had been talking so much about, they saw a great deal of men and women in the road, and when they came up to them, they found that they were looking at the body of a dead man. Mary and Betty, with the rest of the children, went also to look at this sad sight. The girls cried, and the boys were much frightened. They all clung to the skirts of their father's coat, and said, 'O daddy, let us go.' But



Ralph asked the people that stood by who the man was, and what he had been doing. He was told that the poor unhappy man, returning from the market, had stopped at an ale-house, and had been drinking all the night, till that afternoon, when he set out again, but that here he fell from his horse, and broke his neck. ‘Children,’ said Ralph, as he left the place, ‘this man did not keep holy the sabbath-day; and you see his end.’

#### SECTION XII.

About this time Mr. Friendly set up a Sunday-school, not far from the place where this poor family lived. He bought a number of small books, and hired masters to teach poor little boys and girls to read. When Ralph heard of this he was very glad. He had tried to teach some of the children on Sunday nights to know their letters, and two or three of them could read a



little; but there were many words in the Bible, and the Pilgrim's Progress, which neither Ralph, Jane, nor the children could manage. The small Bible which Ralph had, was given him by his mother's father. It was old, much worn, and very dirty. Some of the leaves were loose, and the back was quite gone. But Ralph prized it more than all the stools in his house, yea, more than the two beds in which he and his seven children slept. The Pilgrim's Progress was given to Jane by her mother, on her wedding-day. Some years after, Mrs. Meek sent her a little book for her children, called Divine Songs.

#### SECTION XIII.

Ralph sent as many of his children to Mr. Friendly's school as were able to go. They went a few times very freely; but some of them soon began to grow weary. Betty stole away to walk in the



fields with Ruth Giddy, and Peggy Trifle; two very bad girls, who lived hard by. One Sunday evening, when Thomas was going to school, he met with Dick Wild, who was seeking birds' nests. Dick asked Thomas to go with him, and Thomas yielded. When they had rambled about some time, Dick saw something near the top of a high tree, which he thought was a nest. He climbed up, but finding no nest, he was vexed, and began to swear in a dreadful manner. While he was speaking these wicked words, his foot slipping, he fell down and broke his arm. Thomas ran home in great fear and distress, told his parents all that had happened, begging they would forgive him for that time, and he would do the like no more.

#### SECTION XIV.

As John was going home from school, he saw something by the



road side, which he took up, and carried to his father. It was a little book, or rather part of one; for the first and last leaves were gone; and it was wrapped in an old dirty rag. When John got home, and saw what it was, 'I dare say, daddy,' said he, 'this belongs to one of the scholars, and he that has lost it will be troubled, but he shall have it again, if I can find him out.' 'That's right, my child,' said the father; 'for it is written in the Testament, "All things which ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."' 'Yes, daddy,' said John, 'you have often told us of this, and I thought of it as soon as I had taken up the book; for I am sure, if I had lost a book, I should wish that he who found it would give it me again. I think I remember a verse about this:

Be you to others kind and true;  
 As you'd have others be to you;  
 And neither do nor say to men  
 Whate'er you would not take again.'

## SECTION XV.

Betty came home very late, covered with mud, and her clothes dropping with wet; for she had slipped into a pond of dirty water, and had like to have been drowned. She had lost one of her old shoes, and torn the other. Ralph and Jane were sorely troubled, and shed many tears. They talked to the children a long time; but as it was the first offence of the kind, and as both Betty and Thomas said they would never do so again, they were not beaten. Ralph took his old Bible, and after seeking some time, he found and read these words: "And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks upon the



sabbath-day ; and they that found him gathering sticks brought him to Moses and Aaron, and unto all the people. And they put him in ward, because it was not declared what should be done to him. And the Lord said unto Moses, The man shall surely be put to death ; all the people shall stone him with stones without the camp. And all the people brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died ; as the Lord commanded Moses." ' Now,' says Ralph, ' this man's sin was not so great as yours, yet that holy God, who is angry with the wicked, gave order that he should be put to death.' The children wept very much, and said, ' Daddy, pray to God that he would forgive us.' They all kneeled down, and Ralph prayed with many tears.

## SECTION XVI.

The following easy rhymes  
were learnt by heart, by the little  
boys and girls at Mr. Friendly's  
Sunday school.

I ought to pray to God each day :  
Before I eat I must entreat  
The Lord to bless my homely mess.

On God's own day I must not play ;  
But I must hear his word in fear.

I must not lie, lest I should die :  
A man and woman were struck dead,  
For telling lies, as I have read.

I must not swear, for God is near ;  
And I should learn his name to fear.  
It would be wicked and profane  
To take his holy name in vain.

Whate'er I do I must not steal ;  
But labour hard for bread and meal  
It is a sin to steal a pin ;  
Much more to steal a greater thing.

Our Saviour taught us all to pray  
For bread to feed us day by day,  
Our honest labour he will bless ;  
But he abhors all idleness.

My parents both I must obey,  
And take good heed to what they say.



I must be humble, meek and mild ;  
 For God doth love a humble child.  
 I ought to speak of no man ill,  
 But to all creatures bear good will.

Whate'er I do I must not sin,  
 Although it were a world to win.

Forgiveness I must daily crave  
 Of him who dy'd my soul to save,  
 'Tis on his name I daily must  
 Rely with hope and humble trust.

He will receive me when I die,  
 And take me to the world on high ;  
 Then I shall dwell with him above,  
 Whose heart is kind, whose name is Love.  
 He will my soul for ever save,  
 And raise my body from the grave.

#### SECTION XVII.

Little John, in the mean time,  
 loved his book, and would rather  
 have gone hungry to bed than  
 have missed going to school. He  
 began to learn so fast, that his  
 master took great notice of him,  
 and clapped him on the head,  
 saying, 'John is a fine lad indeed,  
 I will speak of him to Mr. Friend-  
 ly, who, I dare say, will do



something for him. John was more happy than a king on his throne, and strove to read better and better when ever his turn came on. His master gave him a little book, which pleased him more than can be told. When the school broke up, he ran home with it in his hand (for he had no pocket) joyful and with a glad heart.

## SECTION XVIII.

The next Lord's day morning, Ralph and Jane, after they had joined with their children in prayer, tried to teach them to sing this song.

This is the day when Christ arose,  
 So early from the dead;  
 Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd  
 And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke  
 The pow'r of death and hell;  
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
 And love my sins so well?



To day with pleasure christians meet,  
 To pray and hear the word :  
 And I would go with chearful feet  
 To learn thy will, O Lord,  
 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,  
 And so prepare for heav'n ;  
 O may I love this blessed day,  
 The best of all the seven !

## SECTION XIX.

As Ralph and Jane worked very hard themselves all the six days of the week, so every one of their boys and girls that could do any thing was taught to labour. Indeed they must work or starve. The children would sometimes be idle, and Ralph had a great deal to do to get them forward ; but he told them plainly, that he that would not work must not eat.

One day a stranger passing that way, and seeing the door open, went in, and stopped a while to talk with Ralph about his large family, and to ask him how he lived. 'Thank God,' says Ralph, 'we e'en live well enough. I



love my wife and children, and take delight in working for them. Meal is dear, but we get as much to eat, for the most part, as nature craves. My children, you see, look well. God is good and kind to us, in giving us health, and food, and every thing. He blesses our labour, our bread and our water, and makes us content and happy. My wife, indeed, is sometimes fretful, and afraid we can never get on ; but I say to her, ‘ Never fear, Jane, we have had help thus far ; and if we trust in God, he will not forsake us ; for the scripture says, “ Trust in the Lord, and verily thou shalt be fed.” ’ Jane wiped her eyes with the skirt of her gown. The stranger was much pleased to hear this account from so poor a man. To John, who seemed to him to be the most lively and active child in the house, he gave sixpence, to



the rest a penny each, to the mother five shillings; and then went away, without telling who he was, or whence he came. The whole family were joyful beyond measure, and gave thanks to God for his great kindness, looking upon this as one of the best days they had yet seen.

#### SECTION XX.

The next sabbath-day Ralph and his children went to church as they were used to do. The preacher took these words for his text; "Call the sabbath a delight, The holy of the Lord, and honour him." He told the people in very plain language, that to neglect the public worship of God on his own day is a great sin. 'For,' said he, 'it is a breach of the express command of him who is to be our Judge at last; it is to fly in the face of the laws of our own land; it is a contempt of the gospel



which is preached on that day, and of Jesus Christ who came to save us ; it is the way to live in blindness, to live without God, without Christ, and so without hope in the world ; it is to set a very bad pattern for others to follow ; and it is to go against the practice of all good men, good women, and good children in every age and every place. To forsake the worship of God on this day, is to give up yourselves into the hands of Satan, and to take the ready road to ruin.'—The boys and girls minded what the preacher said, for he spoke so plainly that they knew what he meant.

## SECTION XXI.

When the sermon was ended, all the people lifted up their voices, and sung as follows :

This day the Lord hath made,  
 He calls the hours his own :  
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the throne.



To-day he left the dead,  
 And Satan's empire fell ;  
 To-day good men his triumphs spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.

This is the glorious day  
 That our Redeemer made ;  
 Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
 Let ev'ry heart be glad.

All glory to the King  
 Of David's royal blood ;  
 We bless his name who comes to bring  
 Salvation from our God.

We bless thine holy word,  
 Which all this grace displays,  
 And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
 Our sacrifice of praise.

Our willing souls would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing themselves away  
 To everlasting bliss.

#### SECTION XXII.

As they were going to dinner,  
 John said to his brother Thomas,  
 'I wish Dick Wild had been with  
 us to-day, he might have heard  
 something which would have  
 done him good ;' but Thomas,  
 thinking on his past faults, hung  
 down his head, and sighed. Mary



faid, 'My heart was glad when all the people fang fo loud and fo sweetly ; I thought it was something like what my mother has often told us about heaven, where they have nothing to do but to rejoice, and to fing the praises of him who made them, and who has faved them from fin, by fhedding his blood.' 'But' fays Richard, 'may poor children, fuch as we are, hope to go there ?' Little John came up to him, and made this anfwer, in his fprightly manner ; 'Do not you know what my daddy read to us the other night ? I think it was thus ; "Jefus faid, fuffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of fuch is the kingdom of heaven." And at another time he read about Lafis—Daddy, was not that his name ?' 'No, my child,' faid the father, 'it was Lazarus.' 'O yes,' fays John, 'fo it was, it was



Lazarus; he was a very poor man, who lay at the gate of one that was rich, and desired only to have the crumbs which fell from the proud man's table. In a while poor Lazarus died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. Daddy, does not that mean heaven?' 'It does, my child,' said the father, 'and I hope you will go there when you die.' 'I hope so too,' says John, 'and I pray to God every day, that he would make me fit for it by his grace, through Jesus Christ.' The father said, "This is what should be done by us all."

#### SECTION XXIII.

John was so constant at school, so mindful of his book when he was there, and made such progress, that Mr. Friendly was greatly pleased with him, and gave him many little presents from time to time. Mary, Betty,



Thomas and Richard also now came to school every Sunday evening, and began to come forward in their learning. Mr. Friendly gave them all some little thing or other; but because John excelled every one in the school, Mr. Friendly gave orders, that he should have a new dress, from head to foot. When it was made, and John had put it on, the look of him was so much changed, that those who knew him before could hardly know him again.

## SECTION XXIV.

The master of the school, seeing that John was a little proud of his new clothes, was afraid of his mind being hurt by what was meant to do him good, with regard to his body. John was therefore required to get these verses by heart, and to repeat them to the master; which he did in a very little time:



Why should our garments, made to hide  
 Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?  
 The art of dress did ne'er begin,  
 Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

When first she put the cov'ring on,  
 Her robe of innocence was gone;  
 And yet her children vainly boast  
 In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to show  
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new!  
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
 That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly  
 Appear in gayer coats than I:  
 Let me be drest fine as I will,  
 Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find  
 Inward adornings of the mind;  
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace;  
 These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;  
 This is the raiment angels wear;  
 The Son of God, when here below,  
 Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:  
 It takes no spot, but still refines;  
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.



In this on earth would I appear,  
 Then go to heav'n, and wear it there;  
 God will approve it in his sight,  
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.

## SECTION XXV.

On Monday morning, Mr. Grave, the parson, called to see Ralph, and his poor family. The wheels were set by for half an hour; some sat down on stools, and some on the floor; every one was ready to hear what Mr. Grave would say. After talking a little while with Ralph and Jane, he asked the children these questions:

Q. What, my dear children, are you?

A. We are very poor children, but we are the creatures of God.

Q. Are you holy, or are you sinful creatures?

A. We are sinful and unholy creatures, because we have broken God's law a great many times.

Q. What do you deserve because of your sins?



A. We deserve the wrath of the great God, who is holy, and hates all sin.

Q. How do you hope to escape his wrath?

A. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to save sinners.

Q. What did he do that he might save sinners?

A. He obeyed the law of God which sinners had broken, and died upon the cross, that they might not perish, but be made happy for ever.

Q. What is needful to be done for you, that you may be made happy for ever.

A. That it would please God to give us repentance of all that we have done amiss, to help us to believe the promises of the gospel, and to make us holy in heart and life.



Little John answered most of these questions in the name of his brothers and sisters, as well as of himself. They all kneeled down, the preacher prayed with them, and then took his leave. But he was so pleased with John, that he gave him a Testament which he had in his pocket.

#### SECTION XXVI.

John having now a book of his own, which was the joy and delight of his heart, the next time he went to school, he read to his master this lesson, in a very distinct and correct manner :

“ Jesus said, Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, turn from you, reproach you, and cast out your names as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye



in that day, and leap for joy; for behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets.

“ But woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger: woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you; for so did their fathers to the false prophets. But I say unto you which hear me, love your foes, and do good to them that hate you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for those who use you ill. Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to him that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.”

## SECTION XXVII.

The following lessons were also read by some of the girls in the Sunday school:

God gives me bread; though I am poor,  
 I do not beg from door to door,  
 Like Thomas Pork and Betty Garve,  
 Who will not work, but rather starve.  
 They live a life of shame and sin,  
 Because they do not love to spin.  
 In filthy rags I see them clad;  
 They learn to do whate'er is bad.  
 They range about from day to day;  
 They swear and curse, but never pray;  
 Their daily talk is all profane;  
 They take the name of God in vain.  
 What wicked lies they learn to tell!  
 They fear not God, nor death, nor hell,  
 I hear that they do also try  
 To rob and steal, as well as lie.  
 To ruin they are running fast,  
 I fear they will be hang'd at last.

## SECTION XXVIII.

It is not thus with Mary Flight,  
 Who in her work takes great delight.  
 At morn she rises ere 'tis day,  
 Gets done her work, then goes to play.  
 While labour does her hands employ,  
 Her heart seems always full of joy.



Oft at her work I've heard her sing,  
 Just like a bird in early spring,  
 Which briskly hops from spray to spray,  
 Makes up its nest, and sings all day.  
 Young Mary's mind is never sad,  
 At work or play her heart is glad.  
 No idle words defile her tongue;  
 But while at work this is her song:

## SECTION XXIX.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard;  
 I heard him complain,  
 'You have wak'd me too soon,  
 I must slumber again;  
 As the door on its hinges,  
 So he on his bed,  
 Turns his sides and his shoulders,  
 And his heavy head.

'A little more sleep,  
 And a little more slumber,'  
 Thus he wastes half his days,  
 And his hours without number;  
 And when he gets up,  
 He sits folding his hands,  
 Or walks about saunt'ring,  
 Or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden,  
 And saw the wild brier,  
 The thorn and the thistle  
 Grow broader and higher;

The clothes that hang on him  
 Are turning to rags,  
 And his money still wastes,  
 Till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit,  
 Still hoping to find  
 He had taken more care  
 In improving his mind :  
 He told me his dreams,  
 Talk'd of eating and drinking,  
 But he scarce reads his bible,  
 And never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart,  
 ' Here's a lesson for me :'  
 That man's but a picture  
 Of what I might be :  
 But thanks to my friends  
 For their care in my breeding,  
 Who taught me betimes  
 To love working and reading.

#### SECTION XXX.

Dick Wild had got well some time ago, of his broken arm, but his manners were not mended at all. He neither would go to church nor school. He knew not a letter of a book. He hated all good children,



and used to mock them, and laugh them to scorn, when he met them in the road. To do mischief was his delight. He had almost broken the hearts of his parents by his wicked ways, who often said of him, "He will bring down our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." At one time he had like to have lost the sight of one of his eyes, by fighting with another wicked boy, like himself. At another time he was caught stealing apples in an orchard, and was beaten by Mr. Smart, the owner of it, till he could hardly get home. One Sunday, he met with a young horse belonging to a farmer; it had got out of the pasture, and was grazing by the road side. Dick jumped upon its back; but, the horse setting off full speed, he was thrown into a ditch, and taken up for dead. Though he recovered after some time, he was still as careless, and as wicked as ever, and likely, by



some means or other, to come to a dreadful end.

SECTION XXXI.

John Wise now grew in knowledge and goodness from day to day. He was the joy and delight of his poor parents, and a pattern to all his brothers and sisters. But his Testament, the clothes which Mr. Friendly had given him, and the notice which many of the neighbours took of him, stirred up some degree of envy in his brothers, so that they sometimes spoke unkind words to him. Nay, they would sometimes strike him. When Ralph knew this he was grieved; and, to put a stop to it, he caused all his children to learn and get by heart, these verses:

Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home;  
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.



Birds in their little nests agree,  
 And 'tis a shameful sight,  
 When children of one family  
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

The Devil tempts one mother's son  
 To rage against another;  
 So wicked Cain was hurry'd on  
 Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,  
 At least before 'tis night:  
 But in the bosom of a fool  
 It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,  
 Our little brawls remove;  
 That as we grow to riper age,  
 Our hearts may all be love.

#### SECTION XXXII.

One morning, Stephen Watchful, the church-warden, came to the master of the Sunday school, and told him, that he saw some of his scholars playing at football on Sunday, January 6th. That when he had got into the field where they were playing, they ran away; but he knew them all, and was certain that he could give



in a true list of their names. He said also, that if they were known to be guilty of the like offence again, he would make complaint to Justice Trueman.—The master thanked him for his care, took down the names of the guilty in his book, and promised to call them to account.

#### SECTION XXXIII.

The next Sunday, when the scholars were all present, the master sent a boy to desire Mr. Friendly to come over to the school for a few minutes. When he was come, the master bade the scholars stand up, and bow to him. He then looked in his book, and called the six guilty boys by name, saying, ‘John Bold, Peter Hardy, James Careless, Robert Range, Stephen Stone, and William Wilful, I am told you were seen playing at football, on Sunday last, the 6th of this month, in David Plainman’s field.’ But they all, as with one voice,



denied the charge. For they had agreed together what they would say, if they were asked about being absent from school. The master said, 'I am certain from my book, that you were not at school; now, what reason can you give for your absence?' John Bold said, that he was sent on an errand; Peter Hardy, that his mother wanted him to stay at home to nurse the child; James Careless, that he was sick; Robert Range, that his father sent him to see his grand-mother, and to carry her an ounce of tobacco; Stephen Stone, that his uncle was come from London, and said he must not leave him; and Wm. Wilful said his coat was so torn that he could not put it on, and the weather was cold.

#### SECTION XXXIV.

The master then said to Mr. Friendly, 'Sir, I beg leave to tell



you, that these wicked boys have told nothing but lies. Stephen Watchful, the church-warden, came to inform me, that he saw them at this sport when they should have been at school; that he ran after them, but could not catch them. In their haste to get away, they left the foot-ball, and here it is.' Some of the boys looked at it, and said, they were sure it belonged to Peter Hardy, whose father was a shoe-maker. 'I have inquired,' said the master, 'of David Plainman, the owner of the field; he says, that the charge is just, for he saw these lads playing there for a long time, and went to drive them away, but they came again, and laughed him to scorn. I have one word more to say, and that is, the church-warden told me, that if these wicked lads do the like again, he will give in their names to Justice Trueman, who will certainly call them to account.'



## SECTION XXXV.

Mr. Friendly then fixed his eyes upon the guilty boys, with a look which made them tremble, and hang down their heads; for though he was a kind-hearted man, he was now very angry. He called them by their names, and said, 'I am grieved, very sorely grieved to hear these things of you, and from you. Ye have committed three offences. In the first place you have neglected the school, in contempt of those who support it, and to your own loss. In the second place, which is still worse, you have broken the sabbath; and to both these you have added the horrid crime of inventing and telling lies. Read the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and see wherein your offence differs from that of the man and his wife, who were both struck dead the same day, by the vengeful hand of God. The six boys were then



made to stand upon a bench, and, one after another, to read the ten first verses of the chapter just named. These Mr. Friendly charged them to get to repeat without book, against the Sunday following.

SECTION XXXVI.

Then Mr. Friendly said, ‘ The sin of lying has been deemed a hateful vice in all ages of mankind. God hates a lying tongue, and he has not only said, that all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, but he sometimes pursues them with vengeance here, and drives them out of the world, as pests of society. I will tell you a story which I believe to be true.

A certain poor woman, at a work-house, in Berkshire, was seen to open a box with some ill design, which belonged to another poor person. She was charged with the crime, but she denied the fact,



as you have done to-day, and wished God might strike her dead, if she had done any such thing. And, awful to tell, she sunk down upon the floor that very moment, and died, without speaking another word.—Ye guilty boys, repent of your wickedness, and pray to God for pardon of this and your other crimes, lest you should share the same fate.'

## SECTION XXXVII.

As all the scholars were filled with fear by what they had seen and heard, the master, that they might think of it the more, set them the following verses to get by heart:

O'tis a lovely thing for youth  
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;  
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,  
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;  
And he, that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.



Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,  
 How God abhors deceit and wrong?  
 How Ananias was struck dead,  
 Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Sapphira die,  
 When she came in, and grew so bold  
 As to confirm the wicked lie  
 That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak  
 The words of truth; but every liar  
 Must have his portion in the lake  
 Which burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,  
 Lest I be struck to death and hell,  
 Since God a book of reck'ning keeps  
 For ev'ry lie that children tell.

#### SECTION XXXVIII.

After this the boys and girls  
 were very constant at school for  
 sometime, and minded their books  
 whenthere. Every body was pleased  
 to see how much they were reform-  
 ed in their manners, and how fast  
 they improved in their learning.  
 Many cried, 'What a good thing  
 is this Sunday school! What a  
 change among the children has it  
 made! Those who used to run



about all the Sunday long, doing mischief, scoffing at people in the road, calling names, and saying ill words, are now found in better employ, and are quite changed.— They go in a decent manner to the chapel, and after that to school in the evening. They are now learning something that is good every week. What a fine thing is this! It makes every good and wise man love them, and speak well of them.’

#### SECTION XXXIX.

When the minister preached about the wicked children scorning the aged prophet Elisha, for which offence forty-two of them were torn in pieces by wild bears, all the scholars were present before him, and were filled with fear, because many of them had been guilty in much the same way. There were Simon Scorn, Jacob Jar, George Grim, Robert



Rue, Betty Bold, Sufan Sneer,  
 Hannah Hard, and many others  
 who had been very guilty in this  
 matter. But the sermon put them  
 to shame, and it was said, that  
 some of them wept to think they  
 had been so wicked. Before the  
 service was ended, the children  
 were ordered to stand up, and to  
 sing these verses, which had a very  
 good effect on them, making them  
 to think more of the sermon, and  
 to lay aside the naughty practice  
 of scoffing and scorning:

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,  
 And not speak ill of men;  
 When others give a railing word,  
 We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require  
 To be chastis'd at school;  
 And he's in danger of hell-fire  
 That calls his brother Fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,  
 To mock, and jeer, and scoff,  
 At holy things, or holy men,  
 The Lord shall cut them off.



When children, in their wanton play,  
 Serv'd old Elisha so;  
 And bid the prophet go his way,  
 "Go up, thou bald-head, go!"

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,  
 And sent two raging bears,  
 That tore them limb from limb to death,  
 With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou  
 To sinners e'er so young!  
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me how  
 To tame and rule my tongue.

## SECTION XL.

One morning as John Wise was going to the shop of Widow Waiting for a pound of salt, he saw Mr. Grave, the minister, in the road. John's heart was ready to leap for joy at the sight of him, for he loved Mr. Grave very much, and he knew that Mr. Grave loved him. John therefore ran to overtake the minister, and when he came up to him, he made a bow, and said, 'Good morning, Sir.' Mr. Grave got hold of his little



hand, and said, 'What my good boy? Art thou stirring so soon this morning?' 'Yes,' said John, 'my mother wanted some salt for the pottage, and I am going to Widow Waiting's for a pound.' 'Very well,' said the preacher, 'and how are you all at home? I was thinking to call at your house before my return, if I had not seen you.' John was ready with his answer, 'Through God's mercy, we are all well, and I am sure we should be very glad to see you.'

'Well, John,' said Mr. Grave, 'how do you go on at the Sunday-school?' 'I think, Sir, said John, 'the scholars get on well in their reading; seventeen of the boys, and about as many of the girls, can say the catechism; and every body says that they behave much better than they once did. It is said, that Mr. Tradewell, who you know, finds poor people with work, has



it in his heart to provide new clothes for all the boys and girls in the school, who behave well. I wept for joy when I heard of this; for I did not like to stand alone in my new coat, when all the rest have old ones.' 'This is what I have heard before,' said Mr. Grave; 'it is very generous in Mr. Tradewell, and if he do it, I hope God will reward him. But poor children, who have such kind friends, should be very good, and very careful to please them.'

## SECTION XLI.

'But,' says John, 'there is one thing which troubles me very much.' He then burst out into tears, and could hardly speak for some time. 'What is it that troubles thee, my child?' said the minister, still holding him by the hand. 'Why,' says



John, 'I fear some of our scholars are yet guilty of saying naughty words, which I dare not name. I have been afraid to tell the master, for I do not like to see them beaten, and yet I think I ought to tell him. Last Sunday night but one, as we were returning from school, just at dark, Richard Rough pushed Laurence Lusty into a puddle of water, by the road-side. Upon this, they began to quarrel, to call one another foul names, and to curse and swear in such a manner as made me tremble. Some other lads, who stood by, joined in the quarrel, and spoke a great deal of wicked words. I was so sorry, that when I got home, I could eat no supper, and when I went to bed, I could not sleep. I hope you will not be angry that I have told you. But I fear my mother will want me.' So John made his bow, and ran forward.



## SECTION XLII.

The next Sunday morning, when Mr. Grave had all the scholars before him, he ordered them to answer those questions in the catechism which relate to the ten commandments; and when they came to these words, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain;" he stopped, and asked the children many questions about the meaning of that command. He then preached a plain, but short sermon from these words, "Swear not at all." He said, "It is a very wicked thing to swear and curse; it can give no pleasure; it can bring no profit; it is striking at the very throne of the Almighty; it is done without any shew of reason; nay, it is against all reason; God has said unto us, "Above all things,



‘I swear not;’ it is a sin directly pointed against the glory and majesty of him who made us, and who will be our Judge; it is a despising of him who gives us every good thing; it is setting a wicked example; and, if continued in, it is a certain sign of eternal destruction. To all these reasons against it may be added, that it is a breach of the national law, which requires the guilty person to pay a penalty for every profane oath which he utters.’

#### SECTION XLIII.

The children were then ordered to sing these verses, and then they were dismissed.

Angels, that high in glory dwell,  
Adore thy name, almighty God!  
And devils tremble, down in hell,  
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet, how wicked children dare  
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious name!  
And, when they’re angry, how they swear,  
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!



How will they stand before thy face,  
 Who treated thee with such disdain,  
 While thou shalt doom them to the place  
 Of everlasting fire and pain!

Then never shall one cooling drop  
 To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;  
 But I will praise thee here, and hope  
 Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

My heart shall be in pain to hear  
 Wretches affront the Lord above;  
 'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear;  
 That heav'nly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,  
 I'll leave their friendship when I hear  
 Young sinners take thy name in vain,  
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

#### SECTION XLIV.

John heard no more ill words  
 from Richard Rough, Laurence  
 Lusty, or any other of the boys;  
 but for some time things went on  
 well. It was said that the girls  
 were modest and decent in their  
 behaviour; for Mrs. Friendly  
 gave them a great deal of good  
 advice, for which they were  
 very thankful. To encourage them



she gave them many things which they stood in need of, and was very kind to them.

But a few weeks after the sermon against swearing, a fault was committed by some one of the scholars, which occasioned some trouble.—One Sunday night, when the school was quite full, Widow Waiting came in, and desired to speak with the head master. She said, a number of the scholars had called at her shop, and wanted to buy some cakes, but she told them, she did not keep an open shop on Sundays. ‘Soon after they were gone,’ said she, ‘I missed two round cakes, which I think they must have taken out of the window. The value of my cakes is not much, but the practice of stealing cannot be too soon checked in children. I can know my cakes,’ said she, ‘wherever I see them: there is a large star in the middle, and five smaller



ones round the edges.' The master thanked Widow Waiting, and desired her to stop a little. He then ordered the pockets of all the boys to be searched, and in the pocket of Luke Sharper were found one whole cake, and part of another. The master saw the marks which the widow had mentionde.

#### SECTION XLV.

All the boys were then ordered to stand up, the master talked to them very closely about the vice of stealing, which is so hateful both to God and man. Luke Sharper was severely corrected, and required to pay Widow Waiting, the next morning, twice as much as the price of the cakes, and to beg of her to forgive him. The master then said to the scholars, 'That you may all take warning, and beware of this bad boy's example, you shall learn by heart these verses:



Why should I deprive my neighbour  
Of his goods against his will?  
Hands were made for honest labour,  
Not to plunder, or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving  
By such tricks to hope for gain:  
All that's ever got by thieving  
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us  
Their sad profit to compute?  
To what dismal state they brought us  
When they stole forbidden fruit!

Oft we see a young beginner  
Practise little pilf'ring ways,  
Till grown up a harden'd sinner,  
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,  
Though we fancy none can spy;  
When we take a thing forbidden,  
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heav'n,  
Lest I covet what's not mine:  
Lest I steal what is not giv'n,  
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

#### SECTION XLVI.

The stranger who had called to  
see Ralph Wise and his poor  
family some time ago, made it in



his way to visit them again. He took a stool and sat down by the fire, the weather being cold. After talking a while with Ralph and Jane, and giving them a great deal of good advice, he called John to him. John having made one of his best bows, the stranger took him by the hand, and asked him what he had done with the sixpence he had before given him. 'Why,' says John, 'I knew that my father and mother had to labour almost night and day to get bread for us all, and it grieved me to think that I could do so little for them, who had always done so much for me; so I gave my daddy the sixpence to buy potatoes.' 'Very well,' said the stranger, 'You acted the part of a good boy; and I think I must give you a little more;' so he gave him three shillings. John looked at this money again and again, and was



ready to cry for joy. At last says he, 'Master, my mother has but one gown, and it is almost done; will you be pleased if I give her this money towards buying a new one?' The stranger smiled, and said, 'Come and kiss me, my good boy, for thou hast won my heart, and I cannot but love thee. I will tell thee, John, what thou shalt do; give the three shillings to thy brothers and sisters, to be shared amongst them, and take this piece of gold, and give it to thy mother, to buy what she needs with it. Upon this the parents, and several of the children, burst out into tears, and Jane said to Ralph in a whisper, 'Sure this is an angel, an angel from heaven.' The stranger slipped away before they had time to thank him. 'Come, wife,' said Ralph, 'did not I tell thee, that if we put our trust in God he would not fail us? Dost thou now be-



lieve?' She said, 'I do; and whoever this kind-hearted stranger is, it must be the hand of providence that brings him here, and I am sure we ought to pray that God would reward him.' Ralph wiped his eyes with the tattered skirt of his coat, and said, 'I think we should do so every morning and evening when we kneel down together.'

#### SECTION XLVII.

Little John then desired leave to read the following verses to his brothers and sisters, which, he said, had pleased him so much, that he intended to get them by heart:

Christ is merciful and mild,  
He was once a little child;  
He whom heav'nly hosts adore  
Liv'd on earth amongst the poor.

Rich he was beyond degree,  
Rich from all eternity;  
Yet to manifest his love  
He descended from above.



He did lay his glory by  
 When for us he came to die;  
 How I wonder when I see  
 His unbounded love to me!

On the long-expected morn  
 He was in a stable born;  
 In a manger he was laid,  
 Where the horned oxen fed.

Then how mean was his abode  
 Who is call'd, THE MIGHTY GOD!  
 Angels, who before him bow,  
 Wonder'd that he stoop'd so low.

Through his after life I see  
 Lowliness and poverty;  
 Yet through all his actions ran  
 Love to poor and sinful man.

He the sick to health restor'd;  
 To the poor he preach'd the word;  
 Little boys and girls did prove  
 Tokens of his tender love.

These he in his arms caress'd,  
 Kindly took them to his breast;  
 "They," said he, "are heirs of bliss,  
 For of such my kingdom is."

He the hungry people fed,  
 Blest and multiply'd the bread;  
 While his words of grace impart  
 Healing to the broken heart.



O how humble, poor and low,  
 Was the LORD of GLORY now!  
 See him sit on Jacob's well  
 Faint with hunger, thirst and toil:

Water he did meekly crave  
 E'en of one he came to save.  
 'Twas his meat and drink to do  
 All his Father's will below.

Ev'ry bird can build its nest,  
 Foxes have their place of rest;  
 He, by whom the world was made,  
 Had not where to lay his head.

He who is the Lord Most High,  
 Then was poorer far than I,  
 That I might hereafter be  
 Rich to all eternity.

#### SECTION XLVIII.

Five days after this, little Mary was sent for a pound of treacle, and two farthing candles. Ellen Tape, the shopkeeper, no sooner saw Mary, than she began to tell her strange things. 'A man,' said she, 'has just been at our door, with a loaded cart, and two fine horses, who



inquired, if one Ralph Wife did not live somewhere near; and I told him where you lived. He asked many questions about your father. I told him that Ralph was very poor, but always paid well for every thing he had; and, said I, he is a good honest man, if there be one. His wife deserves to be praised not less than he; and the children follow the example of their parents.' The man said, 'I am glad to hear this account; my master has taken a liking to them, and has sent me with some winter-store for them. He is one of the best masters in the world, and never weary of doing good to the poor. But,' said he, 'I have come five and twenty miles, and my horses are tired, is there never a public house where I could refresh them a little, before I go up yonder hill?' 'I shewed him the way,' said Ellen, 'to Abraham



Drinkall's, at the Black-Dog, and I dare say he is there just now.'

SECTION XLIX.

Mary took up her treacle-pot, and laid down her money, but she was in such haste to get home with this good news, that she quite forgot her candles. The Black-Dog ale-house was in her way, and she there saw the cart standing, and a stout young man feeding the horses. The man wore a drab coat, with a yellow collar, and the brim of his hat had something round it of the same colour. On the side of the cart, Mary saw these words, 'John Manly, Esq. New House.'

Mary ran home with all speed, and as soon as she could get breath, she told every thing she had heard and seen to her father and mother. Ralph was filled with wonder; Jane held up her hands, and said, 'Ah, my husband! what can this



mean? I am afraid there is something in it which is not right.' Ralph was almost as much at a loss what to think of the affair as his wife; 'I hope,' said he, no evil is intended us; nay, I hope the hand of the Almighty is in it; he knows that we desire to fear him, and to do harm to no body. But a thought is just come into my head, I wish our minister was here; I am sure he would tell us what to do.' John sprang up in a moment, and said, 'Daddy, shall I run and fetch him?'

## SECTION L.

While they were thinking about this, and John waiting to hear whether he must go or not, Richard looked out at the window, and said, 'Mr. Grave is coming down the lane!' 'Better and better,' said Ralph, and ran out to meet the minister, who shook him by the hand, saying, 'Ralph, how do



you do? How does Jane? and how are all your children?' The poor man could hardly utter a word. He used to stammer a little in speaking, but now his spirits were in such a flutter, that he could hardly get out,—'Thank God, we are all well, and glad to see you.'

'God has made me the messenger of good news to sinners,' said Mr. Grave, 'and I am happy in having something to tell you, which may justly be called good, though of a temporal nature. I have this morning received a post letter, which is much in your favour. The writer of it was at my house a few days ago, and said he had called twice upon you, and was much pleased with what he had heard and seen, though he was sensibly touched with the marks of poverty which he observed in your cottage. He told me he had found, by strict inquiry, that your



wife Jane is a relation of his, though very distant; and as God had given him great success in his business, while he was a merchant in London, he looked upon himself as the steward of his bounty, and meant to put you and your family into a better case than he found you. I hope, Ralph,' said Mr. Grave, 'you will thank God for this good news, and improve the blessings he is giving you, like a wise and good man.' Ralph said, 'I hope so too.'

## SECTION LI.

Mr. Grave then read the letter he had received, which was as follows:

Sir,—I have sent my servant with a few things for poor Ralph Wise, and his family, a list of which you will find in the paper inclosed. To advance them to wealth on a sudden, might be hurtful to their morals; I wish, for the present, to set them above want.



My namesake John, I hope sometime to put into such a way, as that, if it please God, he may be the staff of the family, and a support to his good parents in their old age. In order to this, I could wish him to be brought forward in his learning, and could be glad, if his parents be willing, to put him under your care. Be pleased to get cash for the twenty pound bank note inclosed, and lay it out for the family as you may think best. Excuse all this trouble for the present; I hope you will not find me ungrateful, who am,

Sir, Your very sincere Friend,  
JOHN MANLY.

#### SECTION LII.

Mr. Grave had just read the letter, when the servant of Mr. Manly came up with the cart. The feelings of this family, when they heard and saw what good things were provided for them, cannot be



told.—Two bedsteads, with beds and bedding; a bundle of coarse linen for shirts, with every other thing proper for clothing the whole family, from head to foot; besides these, there were two sacks of oat-meal, one of malt, and one pack of flour, with a quantity of dried beef and bacon.

One thing only seemed now to be wanting, and that was—room for all this store. Mr. Grave had foreseen this strait, for he knew that in Ralph's present cottage, but very few inches of spare room could be found; he had therefore, in his way thither, agreed with his friend Mr. Careful, for a much larger and better house, which stood at a little distance, and happened just then to be empty. The key of this house being obtained, the goods were conveyed thither, and the happy family all removed the next day.



## SECTION LIII.

The minister had now much work upon his hands. He wrote a letter to Mr. Manly, which the servant took with him on his return, full of pious sentiments, and the warmest thanks on the part of Ralph, of Jane, and of all the children; informing him also, that, as he required, John should be taken under his own immediate care, till he should be pleased to signify his farther intentions respecting him. He then gave the family such counsels and cautions as he thought needful, at a time when they were, in a sort, to begin life anew. He took care to have their clothes made in a plain and proper manner, and to have the store they had now got, laid up in chests and boxes, which he bought for the purpose. He joined with them in thanking God for those tokens of his kindness, which they had not looked for,



for, and in praying that they might be helped to make a wise and holy use of them. He then ordered little John to read this psalm, and they all joined in singing it.

The Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supply'd;  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place  
Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

In sight of all my foes  
He doth my table spread:  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

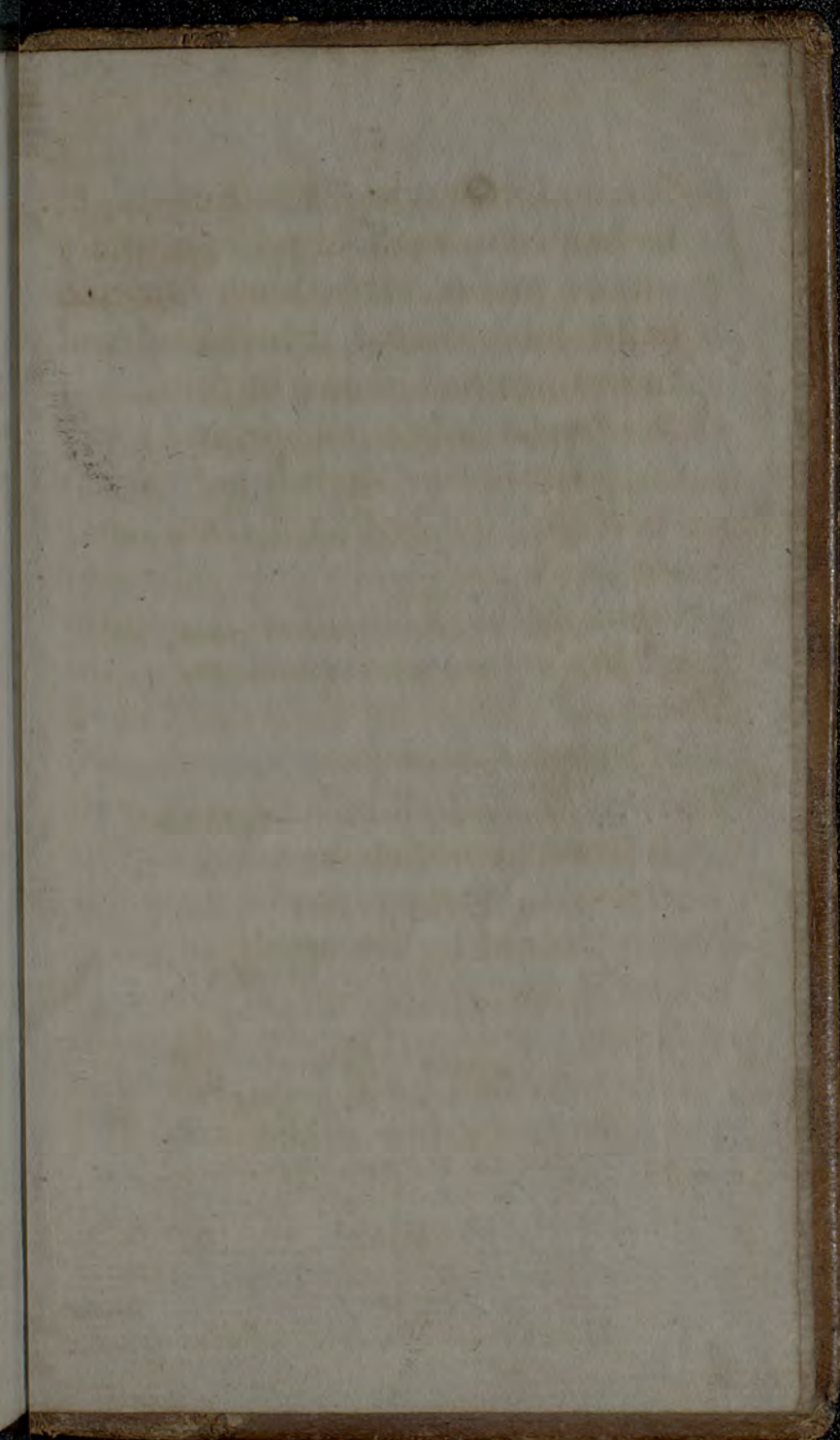
The bounties of his love  
Shall crown my future days,  
Nor from his house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak his praise.

FINIS.

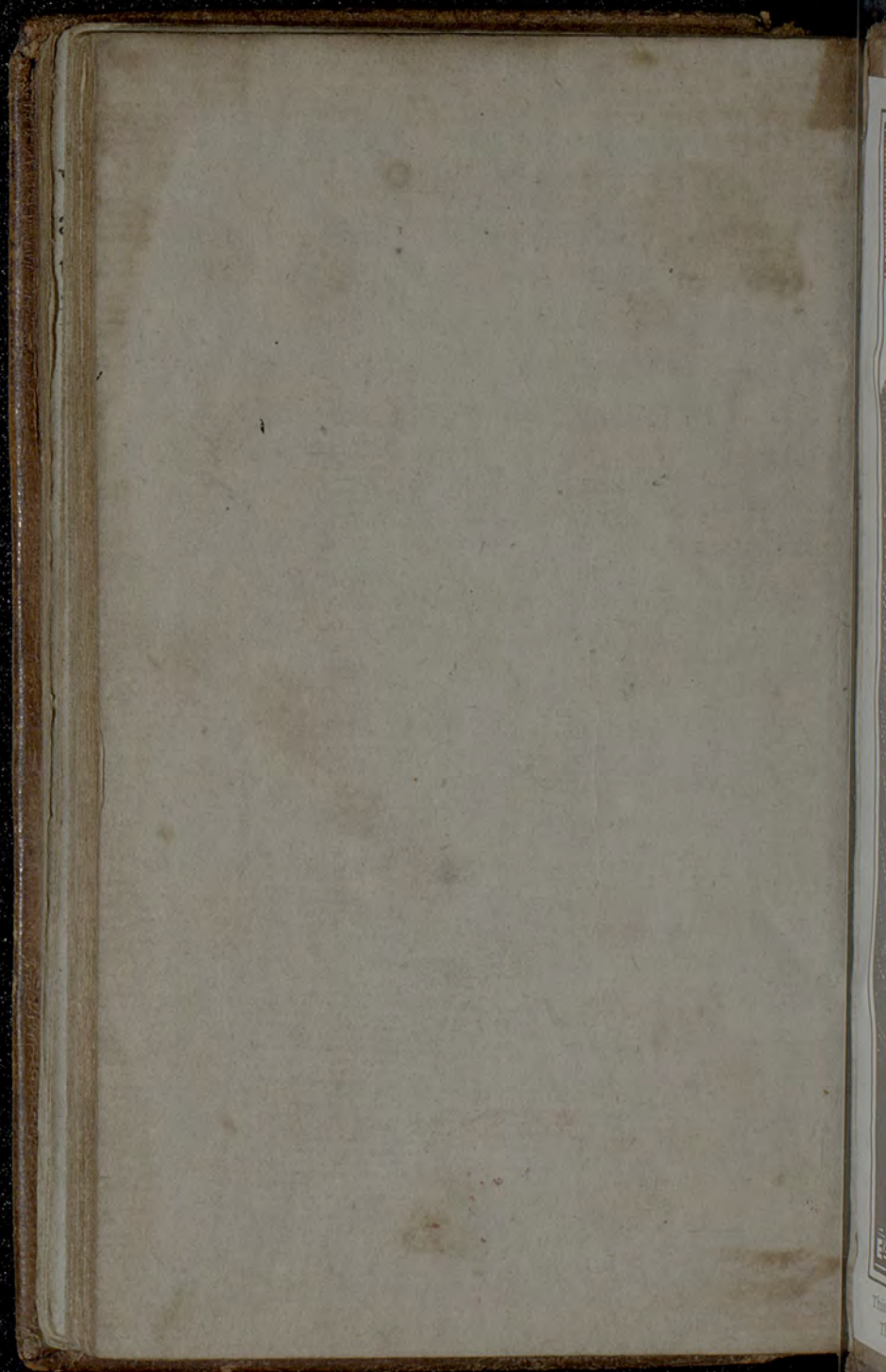


*Holden and Dowson, Printers, Halifax.*

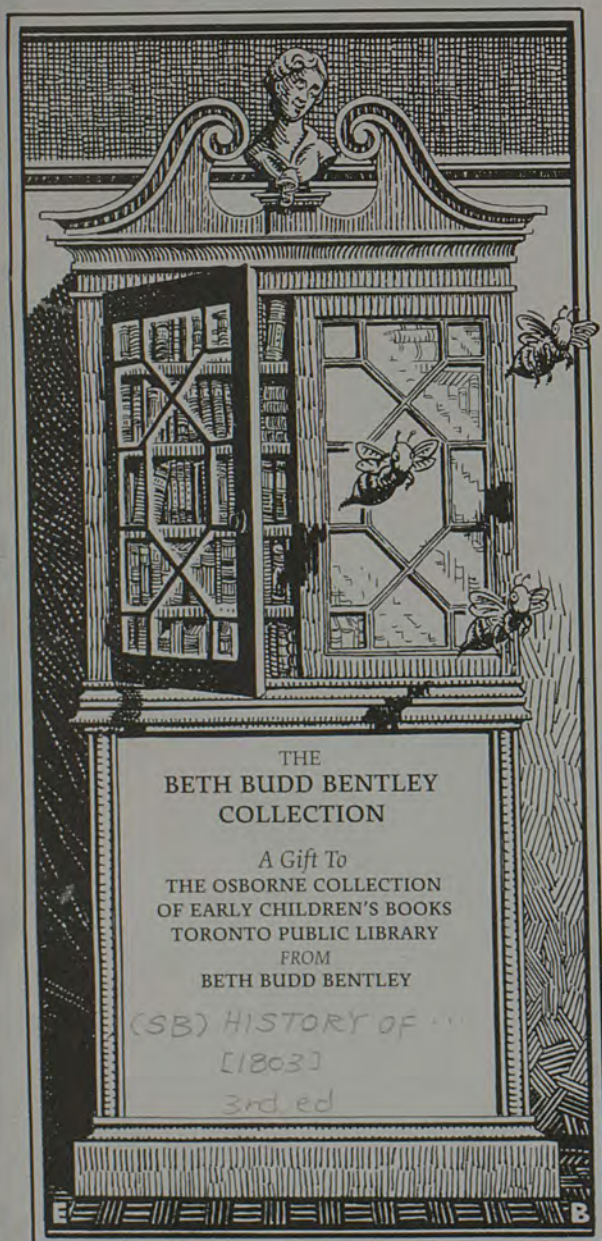












This bookplate, designed by Eric Beddows, was commissioned by  
The Friends of the Osborne and Lillian H. Smith Collections  
in honour of Beth Budd Bentley



