

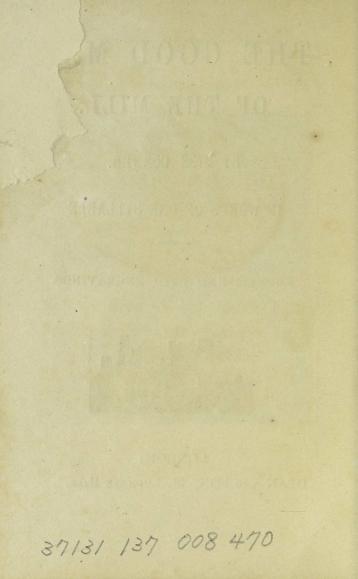
THE GOOD MAN OF THE MILL.

BY MISS CORNER. IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

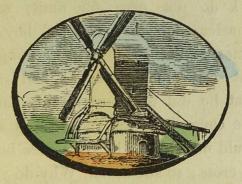


LONDON: DEAN AND SON, 31, LUDGATE HILL.



THE

GOOD MAN OF THE MILL.





HARLES, give me back my doll, sir, said Jane; you ought not to take it at all.

But I will take it, miss; and I will keep it as long as I like, replied Charles.

Then you are a bad boy, and I will not love you, said Jane: and if you

do not give her back to me soon, I will tell my aunt.

I do not care for aunt, said Charles; for he was a sad boy at times, and said things that he ought not say; and just as he had said that he did not care for his aunt, she came into the room; and she could not think why they were both so cross; so she asked, Why do you look so cross, Jane?

And Jane said, Charles took my doll from me, and will not give her back to me; and so I told him I would tell you, and he said he did not care; so I hope, aunt, you will make him give me back my doll.

Yes, my dear, I will tell him how



wrong it is to take without leave any thing that is not his own, and then I think he will give it back to you, and do so no more. Come here, Charles: why did you take Jane's doll?

I wished to try if I can make its eyes shut, said Charles.

But why did you take it when she did not wish you to have it?

I meant to give it her back when I had done with it, said Charles.

But, my dear boy, if you did want it for a short time, you did not take the right means to get it; you ought to have said, Jane, will you please to lend me your doll? And then, I dare say, she would have lent it toyou.



But she said she could not spare it, aunt.

Then you should wait till she could, my dear. Let me ask you one thing, Charles; would you like me to take your new map, when you wish to have it, and keep it as long as I please? Would you not say, it is my own map, and aunt has no right to take it from me?

Charles did not say a word to this; for he knew he was in the wrong, so he went and gave Jane her doll. Then his aunt was glad, and she said, There is a good boy; now come to me, and I will tell you a tale:

There was once a man who had a nice house, and a field where he

grew corn to make bread; and he had a mill to grind his corn; and fields, with grass to feed sheep.



And he cut the wool off his sheep to sell; and when the sheep were fat and fit to kill, he sold them too; so that he grew rich; and what he did not want, he gave to the poor, and they gave him the name of the "Good Man of the Mill."

And there was a king, who was not a good man, and no one thought well of him; for no one likes bad men.

Well, this king went one day to hunt in a large wood, and in his way to the wood he had to pass the mill where the good man dwelt: and as he rode past the mill, he said to the lords who were with him, Whose



mill is that? Then they told him whose mill it was, and said that the man of the mill was a rich and good man, and gave food and clothes to the poor.



When the bad king heard this, he was not glad; for bad men do not like to hear of those who are good and kind; so when he went home.

He tried to think of some way to get rid of the Good Man of the Mill, and make him poor, and send him a long way off, so that he might hear of him no more. To do this, he sent some strong men to pull down his mill, and set fire to his house, and take all his sheep, and cut down the grass and corn that grew in his fields.

So when the Good Man of the Mill had no home left, and no gold to buy a new house, he went a long way off, and had to beg for bread to eat. But he did not beg long, for God who loves all who are good, saw what the bad king had done, and did not let him live long; and when he was dead, there was a



good king in his stead; who, as soon as he was told what the bad king had done to the Good Man of the Mill, he sent for him, and gave him back his land, and built up his house and mill, so that he got well off once more.

Do you think. Charles, it was right for the bad king to take his goods from the Man of the Mill?

No, aunt it was wrong; and that king was a bad man.

And would you wish to be like the bad king, or the good one?

Like the good one, said Charles.

Then you must not take things by force from those who are not so strong as you are. You can see that the king had no right to take the mill, that was not his; and by the same rule, it is wrong for you to take a toy that is not your own.

The Man of the Mill was not so strong as the king, or he would not have let the king take his mill; nor THE GOOD MAN OF THE MILL.

is Jane so strong as you, or she would not have let you take her doll. But the strong are not to rob and hurt the weak; if it were right to do so, I might take all your toys and books, for you are not so strong as I am; but you see, I do not take them, for I know they are not mine.

Charles saw that his aunt was right, and said he would do so no more.





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