

**A Bad Day is a Sad Day.**

**A Day of Joy ;**

AND OTHER TALES.

All in words of three letters.



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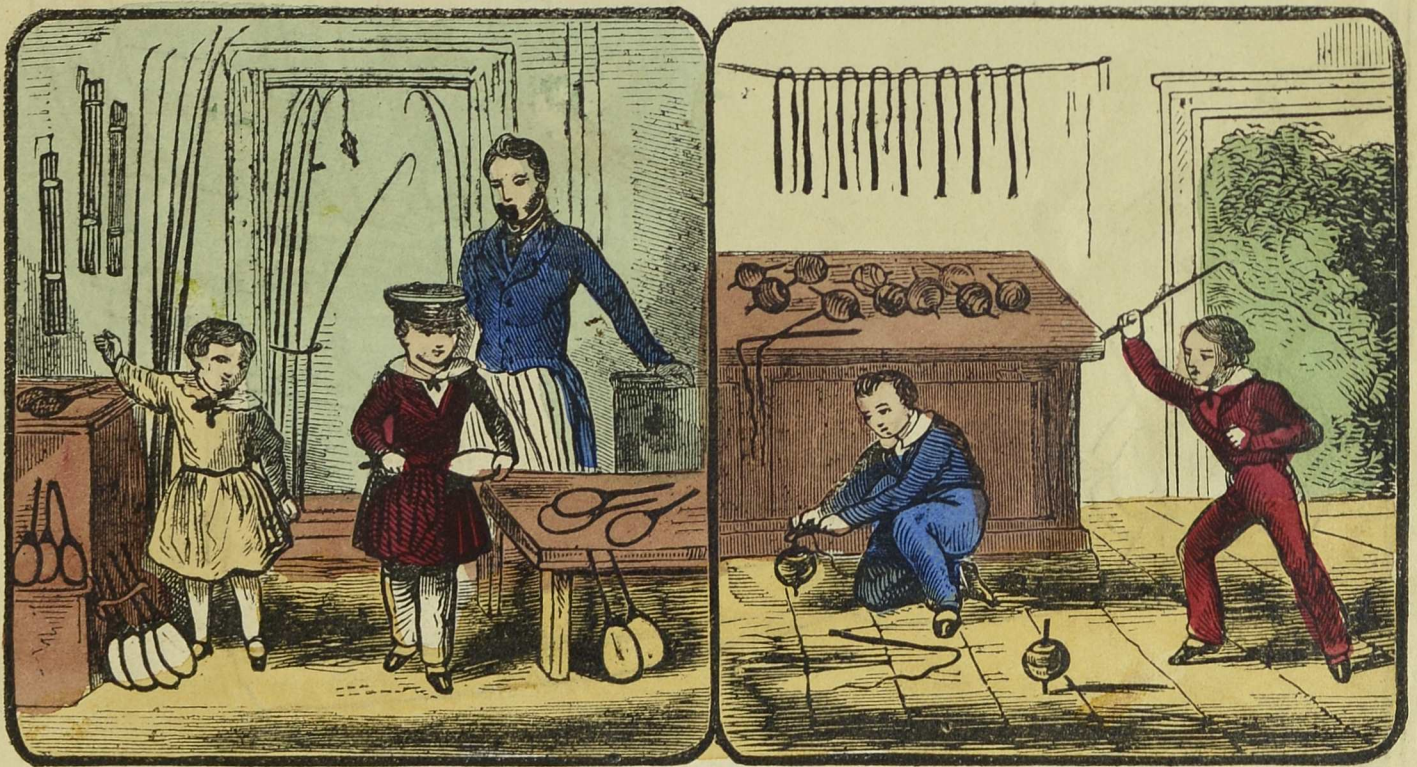
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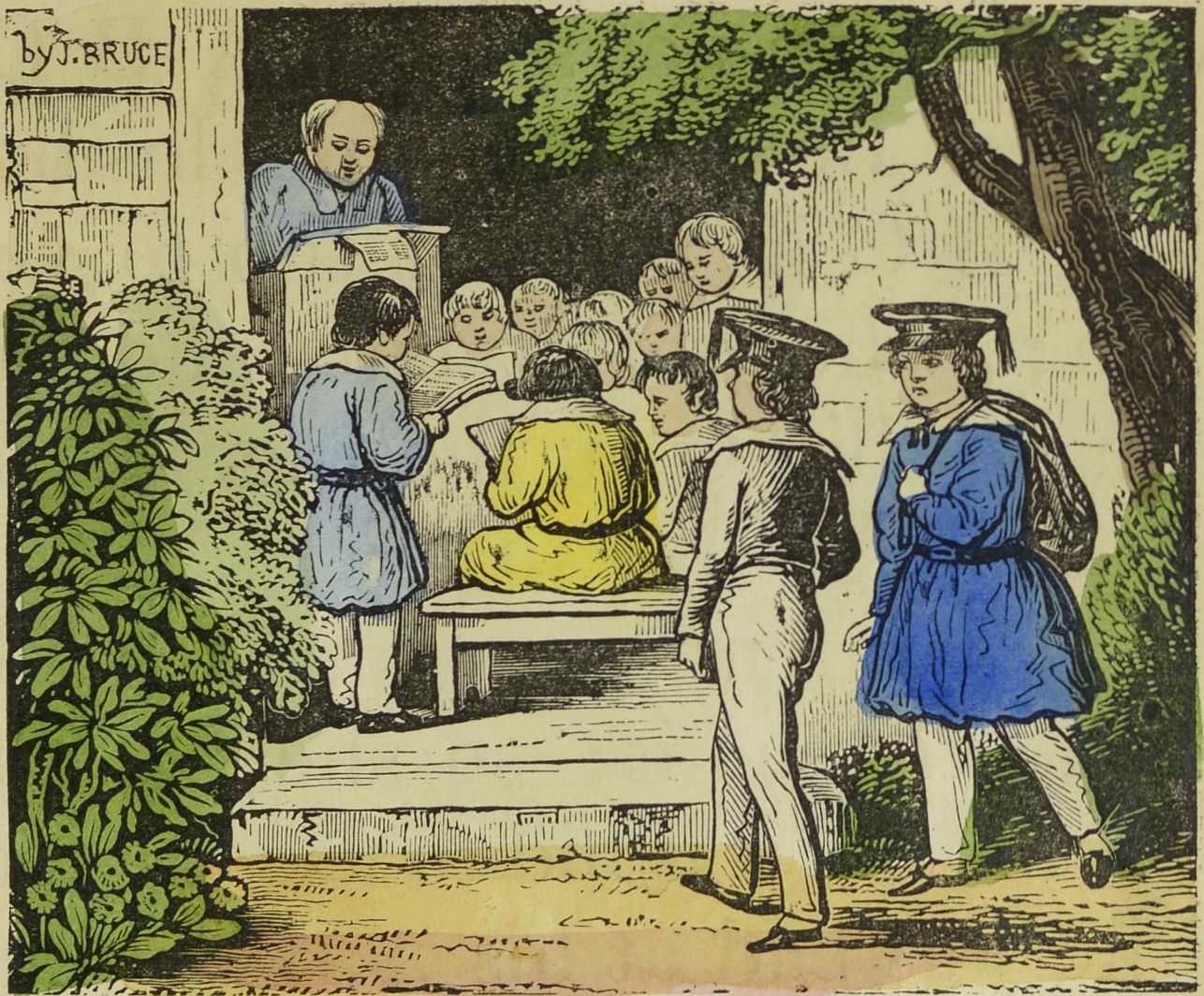
## A Bad Day is a Sad Day.

Bob, one day, got up in a pet. He did not let Ann put him in the tub, but ate his sop as a pig. If he was bid to go in the dry,



he ran on the ice ; and he let Zoe the lap-dog eat the tip of his fur boa, and toss off his new hat in

the wet mud. He got the toy box, and did not say his A B C, when Ann bid him. “Now, Bob, if you get up in a pet, you are apt to be in a bad fit all day; but if you go on so ill, you may not go out to tea with Amy Pym. Be not a bad boy now, but put by the top in the toy-box, and get the box of A B C, and let us put big O on the rug.” “No, not my box of A B C, Ann. My top *now*, and my A B C *by and by*. *Why* am I to do A B C? I do not see the use of big O. It is no fun at all.” “You do not see the use now, sir,



but you may one day if you are a man ; and *now* you are to do as you are bid, so get big O and put it on the rug. It is not fit for you to ask *why* for all you are bid to do. A boy has not a ray of

wit who can-not say his A B C.” But bad Bob ran, and put his box of A B C in the wet tub to vex Ann; who got it out, and bid him put big O on the rug. I do not see big O, Ann!”

Now Ann saw it was a fib, for he *did* see it; so she got the rod, for she was bid to use the rod, if he was bad at his A B C; but, as he saw Ann get the rod, he did cry out, “I see big O *now*, Ann.” “Yes, get it, you bad boy, and put it by me;” but off ran Bob, and set big O on the red hot bar. So Ann put the box of A B C by,

for she saw  
it was of no  
use. At tea,  
Bob was as  
bad, and  
Ann had to  
tie him to  
the bed, for  
he let the



cat sit on his lap, and eat out of  
the jug. As he was put to bed,  
he got out of the tub, and hit Ann  
on the eye. So Ann let no one  
go to him, and she did not sit by  
him. In bed he lay, and did  
sob. It was a sad bad day for

Bob, but was it a day of joy? Was it not a day of woe? He had not had his tea at Miss Pym's. He was now in bed, and

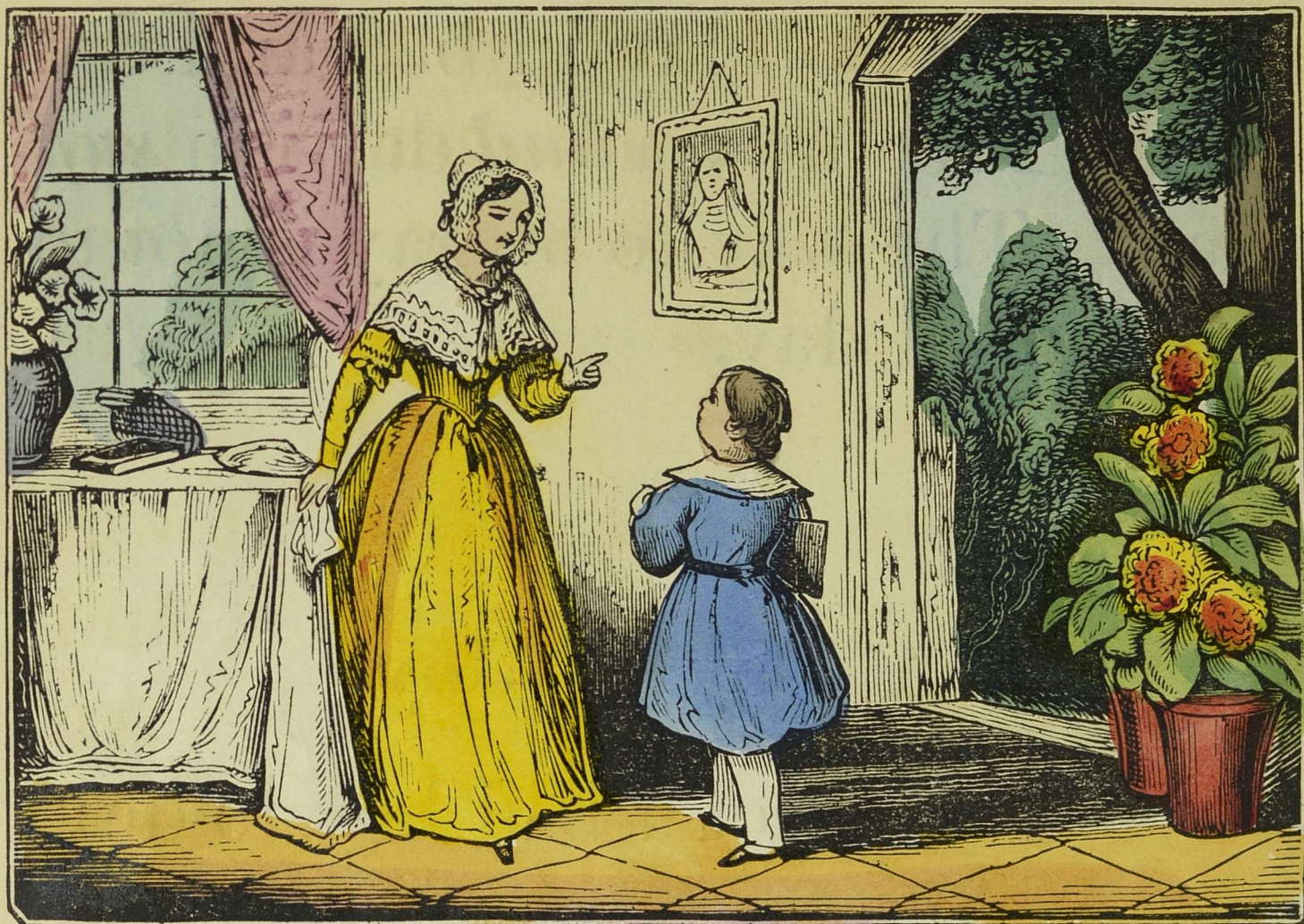


had no one to sit by him, for Ann did not see fit to sit at eve by the cot of a boy who did vex her all

day. So Bob lay in bed and did say “I see now a *bad* day is a *sad* day. The way to be gay is not to be bad all day.”

### A Day of Joy.

“I was not a bad boy to-day, was I, Ann, as I was a day or two ago?” “No, sir, you did not do one ill act all day. You did not cry in the tub. You did not run in the mud. You got the box of A B C, as I bid you. You put all the toys by, one by one, in



the toy-box ; so I had not to do it all for you. You did not vex Fan all day ; and, at tea, you ate the sop and did not beg for jam, as you so oft do. Nor did you ask to sit up at eve ; and now you are

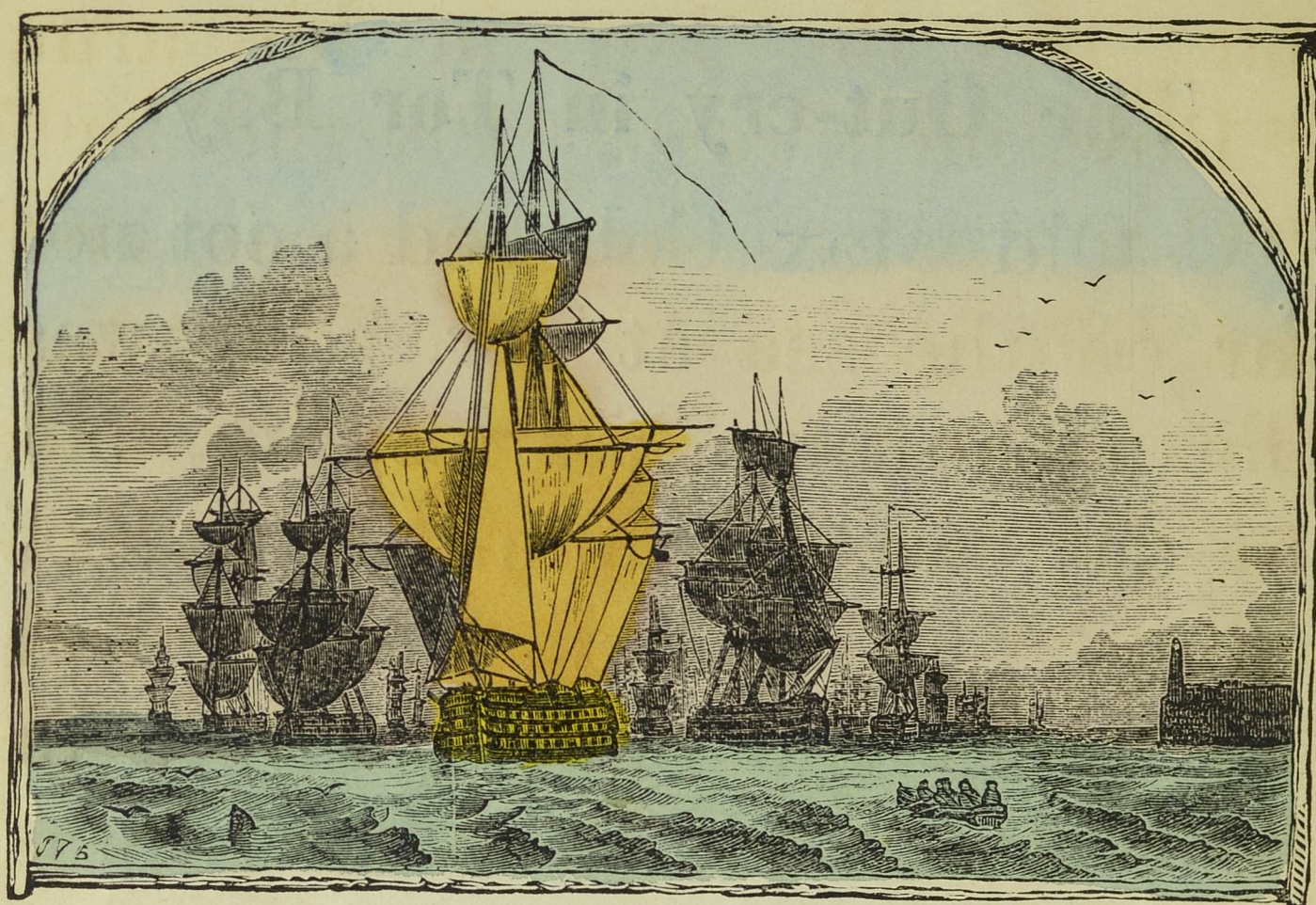
in the tub, I say you are my joy!" So Ann put her pet boy to bed. Oh! how he did hug her; but lo! on the bed, was a new toy-box, and in it, to his joy, he saw a gay toy. It was an old man who led a fat ox, and a red cow, and a wee kid. An owl sat on the arm of the man, and a dog ran by the kid, and did cry out bow wow, as the man hit the ox; and in the box too, was a tin eel to put in the tub. "How can the dog say 'bow wow,' Ann?" "Ask him, for I may not say." "Oh! Ann! I



did try all day not to vex you. It was my aim not to be bad, for I see now a bad day is a sad day. Is not to-day, a day of joy?"

## The Out-cry in Tor Bay.

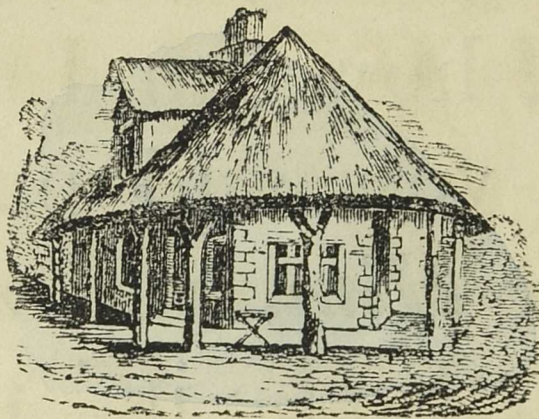
Old Max Cob had a cot not far off the sea at Tor. He was not a bad man, for his aim, day by day, was to do all the law of God. The old man had one bad son Jim, who ran off to sea in "the Gem." Now, for a bit, it was fun for him; but, by and by, a fog got on the sea, and "the Gem" did not see her way; so "the Rex," a Man of war, cut her bow in two, in Tor Bay. It was eve. The sun had set. The gas was lit. Oh! the din and row in Tor



Bay. Row, men, row! Ply the oar! A boy is in the sea. Try to get him out," was the hue and cry. "Who is he?" "The bad son of Old Max, the cab-man at Tor." Ah! joy, Tim Roy, the old

tar, has the boy in his arm.  
“Row, men, row! Ply the oar!”  
“Can we run for a car, sir, and let him go to his cot?” “No, Tor is so far off, and the boy is too ill. Go to the New Inn. Rub him dry. Put him to bed. Ask for a cup of tea. Now run for his dad; and let the old sea-man, who got him out, see the lad. The eye of the old Tar is wet for joy.” “Old man, who got me out of the sea, how can I pay you?” “My boy, vow and pay to God all you owe *Him*, and so may you pay *me*.” “So be it,” the lad did

say, and so it was. He got out of bed a new boy. He was all in all to old Max Cob. He was but ten, and yet he was of use to all men. He was up to any boy of his age for wit, or for fun; but his was not *low* wit, nor was his fun *bad* fun. He had no foe, for he did not ill-use any one. He was a gay boy, for all who try to do the law of God are gay.



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