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AUNT LOUISA'S WELCOME VISITOR



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Aunt Louisa's WELCOME VISITOR

written by
Laura Valentine
edited by Dr. Bruess

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COMPRISING

NEW YEAR'S EVE



THE KINGDOM OF THE GREEDY



FRISKY THE SQUIRREL



DICK WHITTINGTON



PUBLISHED BY

Mount Olympus Media

Salt Lake City, Utah

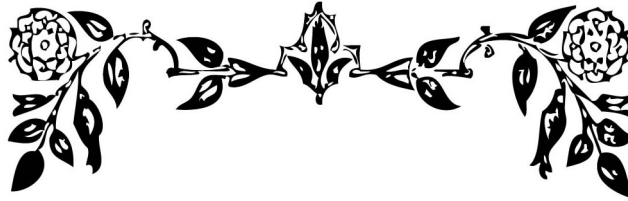
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PREFACE

IN the "New Year's Eve"—the first story in the "Welcome Visitor"—we see our old friends, the Days, feasting with their King before he leaves them. The "Kingdom of the Greedy" teaches that greediness brings its own punishment, and shows us that no greedy child can be a welcome visitor anywhere. "Frisky the Squirrel" tells how a pet was lost and found. Of "Dick Whittington" we need say nothing; every child loves the tale of the poor boy who sat by the wayside and listened to the sound of the bells. With this old favorite, and so many pretty new ones added to it, Aunt Louisa hopes to be, in reality as well as in name, a Welcome Visitor.

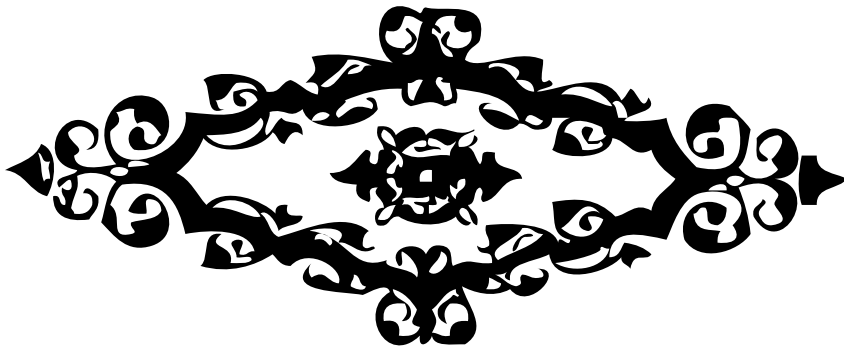


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NEW YEAR'S EVE



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THE Old Year's work was nearly done;
He knew his reign drew near its close,
That soon would set his last red sun,
And he should pass to sweet repose.

Only twelve months made up his age,
Yet he would gladly yield his state;
Hoping that on Time's open page
His own might be a glorious date.

Around him then he called the Hours—
His servants who have done his will—
Brought forth green leaves and summer flowers,
Or bound with frost the trickling rill.

“My children,” said Old Year, “draw near:
My last day soon will gild the east;
In honor to the coming Year,
Upon his Eve I'll have a feast.

“So hurry forth on wings of light,
And take these letters from your King;
Invite the Days for New Year's Night,
And quickly back their answers bring.”

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The New Year standing by his side,
A rose-crowned child—as yet unknown—
His brother heard with love and pride—
Ah! soon those Hours will be his own.

The Hours went forth—the dark, the light—
To do their royal master's will;
Five o'Clock crowned with stars of night,
And Eight, who never can be still.

Beneath a grand old British tree
They met three Days, whom in such weather
They never could have hoped to see
Assembled (in the cold) together.

For though St. Valentine must know
How bitter “snowdrop-time” can be,
April Fools' Day detests the snow,
And May Day loves the flowery lea.

Yet here they are! Jack-in-the-Green
From forth his leafy shelter peeps,
And—gazing wond'ring on the scene—
Believes the Hours are chimney-sweeps!

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Says Eight o'Clock, "I'm very glad
To meet you, sweet St. Valentine—
Postmaster-General of love!—
You'll help me in this task of mine.

"Pray take these letters, gentle friend,
And bear them for me to the Days;
You ought, since you on us depend
For forwarding your tender lays."

"I'll do my best," said Valentine,
"And straightway on your errand go;
No Day, I'm certain, will decline,
Or find a mere excuse for 'No.'"

He kept his word. The grandee Days
At once accept: the humbler kind,
Unused, poor things, to courtly ways,
To join the royal feast declined.

The Rainy Days, with many tears,
Declared they wept in loyal woe,
But must decline: they had great fears
Their dresses were too wet to go.

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The Frosty Days declined. They said
They feared the Old Year's mirth to chill,
And make some pretty noses red,
Should they the royal wish fulfill.

The Sunny Days flew laughing by,
And said the New Year soon would see
That they were full of loyalty,
When once their Sovereign he should be.

The merry Eve at last is here:
The Old Year heads the stately table,
And tries his happy guests to cheer
As much—kind heart!—as he is able.

The New Year, who is seated nigh
(Although the guests do not perceive him),
Is pleased to see how by-and-bye
These merry subjects will receive him.

Beside Old Year, King Twelfth Day see;
His knife is raised to cut his cake;
For all Days that have property
An off'ring to the banquet make.

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