

**AT THE  
OPEN DOOR**

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At the Open Door by Louise Robinson

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**LOUISE ROBINSON**

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OPEN DOOR**



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## At the Open Door

By

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Illustrated by Clara E. Atwood

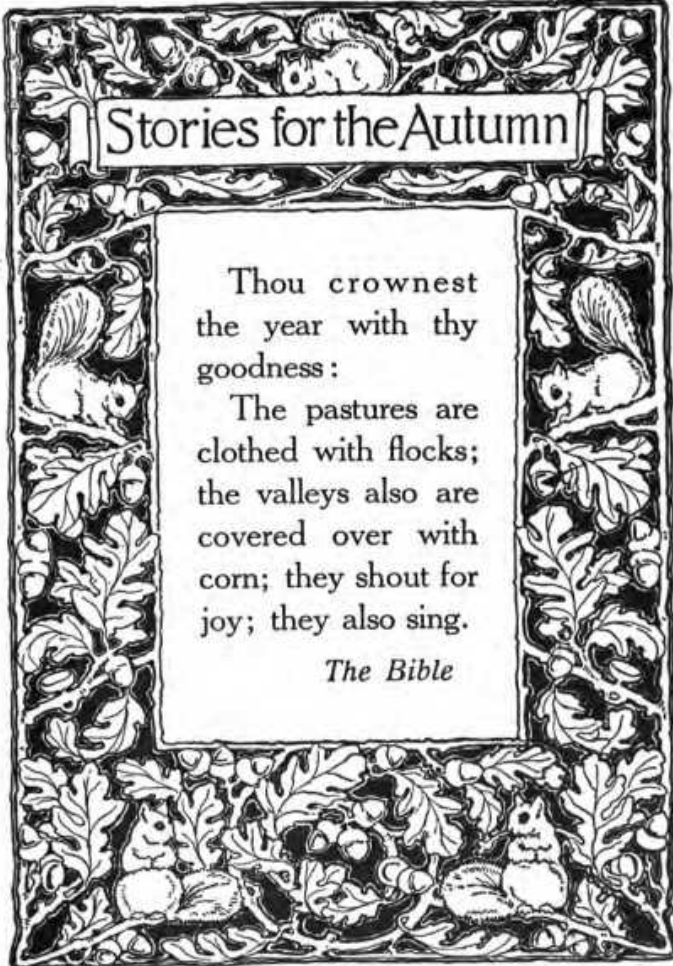
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TO MIND  
ABSTRACT

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R. D. LINQUIST  
EDUCATION DEPT.



## Stories for the Autumn

Thou crownest  
the year with thy  
goodness :

The pastures are  
clothed with flocks;  
the valleys also are  
covered over with  
corn; they shout for  
joy; they also sing.

*The Bible*

TO MY  
ANNIVERSARY





## Mary and the Apple

Mary is looking up at the tree.  
She sees a bright red apple up there.  
It is so high that Mary can not get it.  
She calls to it to come down.  
Mary thinks that the apple is asleep.  
“Good sun, wake the apple,” she says.  
She asks a bird to wake it.  
The bird sings. The sun shines.  
They can not wake the apple.  
“Wind, wind, wake the apple,” she calls.  
The wind blows and blows.  
See the tree shake! See the apple  
swing! Down it comes!  
Thank you, good wind.

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What a fine red apple you are !  
Yes, I was on the old tree all summer.  
Once I was part of the blossom.  
At first I was small and green.  
I was hard too, and not good to eat.  
The mother tree took good care of me.  
I hid among the green leaves.  
No one saw me, for I was green too.  
I held on to the twig with my stem.  
By and by I became red and good to eat.

Mary has cut the apple!  
See the little brown seed babies.  
Mary will not eat the brown seeds.  
She will drop them on the ground.  
The wind may blow the seeds away.  
Are you tired, little seed?  
Yes, I think I will rest here.  
I like to be near the old apple tree.  
This is a good bed for a little seed.  
Come, little leaves, and keep me warm.  
Come, soft white snow, and be my  
blanket.  
I will sleep until the warm spring time.  
Then the sun will shine, and I shall  
push my roots down into the ground,  
and grow up into the sunlight.  
I shall be an apple tree too, some day.