UNDER THE KEROSENE LAMP. BEING THE PRAIRIE PIONEER'S PRIMER

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Under the kerosene lamp. Being the prairie pioneer's primer by Harry P. Simmons

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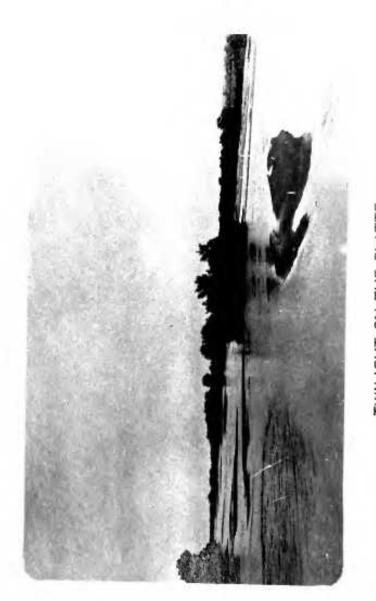
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HARRY P. SIMMONS

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TWILIGHT ON THE PLATTE.

Photo by the author

UNDER THE KEROSENE LAMP

Being The Prairie Pioneer's Primer BY

HARRY P. SIMMONS

With Photographs By The Author.



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1922





To the memory of one Keeper of the Lamps, this little book is dedicated by her son.





PAX BEATA

I've closed my door and am all alone, Here in my room, all fragrant with my better self.

Here are my pictures that have waited long for me:

Erasmus with his studious calm;
My playing children and my laughing girl,
My quaint stiff angels and my meek St. John—
They greet me as I come to them for rest.
Upon the shelves my other friends
Are waiting, too, for me; my friends
That take me far beyond my tiny room
And make its sunny space
A gleaming entrance into other lands.
There is my bed, where all the night
My body lies asleep
And leaves my soul quite free
To wander with the winds.
There is my window where I say my prayers
And look straight out upon the solid hills





And listen for the rustle of the angels' wings.
My room, all sweet with flowers I love
That grow for me because I love them;
All fragrant, too, with ghosts of flowers
That bloomed and drooped with me;
My room so still and quiet, yet astir
With all the souls of those that love and trust
me.

Outside the strife and struggle and the strain; In here there's peace, and quietude and strength—

I've closed my door and I am all alone.

-- SAINT LOUIS FOST-DISPATCH.





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