

**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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HARRY P. SIMMONS

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PIONEER'S PRIMER**



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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YORK NEBRASKA.

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 POST-DISPATCH.





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