

In speaking of Ireland, Kilmer pays a tribute to the favorite Irish devotion, the Rosary:

"There is one harp that any hand can play  
And from its strings what harmonies arise.  
There is one song that any can sing,  
A song that lingers when all singing dies.  
When on their beads our Mother's children pray  
Immortal music charms the grateful skies."<sup>6</sup>

If some one should ask, how did Joyce Kilmer accomplish so much in such a brief span of human existence—writing so many poems, essays, and lectures, in should answer that the great secret of his success was this:

He knew the magic of Manhattan's busy mart  
And humbly walked with Jesus Christ apart.

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<sup>6</sup> *ibid.* 201.

—Bro. Ceslaus McEniry, O. P.

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## ON FIRST VISITING A COAL MINE

(With apologies to Keats.)

Much have I wandered in the realms below,  
And many dark and sombre kingdoms seen;  
In Tartarus with Virgil have I been  
And gazed upon Plutonian gloom and woe.  
With laurelled Dante have I dared to go  
Where Satan lords it o'er his sad demesne;  
Yet never did I feel the awful scene  
Ere entering this lightless mine and low:  
Now feel I like a shivering ghost forlorn  
Imploring sullen Charon's fickle aid—  
Like Polydorus begging to be borne  
Across the swollen Styx—and thus dismayed,  
I watch the flaming jewels that adorn  
This Hades where the gnome-men ply their trade.

—Bro. Chrysostom Kearns, O. P.