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.”

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.

—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.