

The Second Fall

WHY do the dear hills lower
As the child becomes a man?
Why are there marshy hollows
Where the shining rivers ran?
Why is there never a garden
Where the old-time roses blow;
Why are the flowers less fragrant
Than the blossoms long ago?

Why have the woods no fairies
Why have the stars no song?
Why is our love less tender
Why is our faith less strong?
Why have we lost the visions
Our childhood used to know;
When we played on the hills and rivers
'Mid the buds of long ago?

Is it because a blindness
The years have flung o'er us all
Makes us loom up like giants
And nature appear so small?
Is it because that our senses
Grown coarse in our life as men
Have lost all the fine perception
Of a glorified childish ken?

Is it because a culture
Making us mighty of brain
Allows our heart's to wither
And our soul's clear light to wane?
Is it because in our progress
Through the tinsel world we know,
We've tasted the Eden Apple,
Since the days of long ago?

LAURA M. MASON.