Let's ( © Slioppinǵo with Polly
Heaven's gate for me was once a stile The grassy fields I trod ere full of flowers that seemed erewhil As stars that gazed on God;
And merry birds were cherubim That sang in hawthorn treesBut now I'm older, now I'm older, Where are these?
Once if my feet but fell on grass Each one became a wing, And I moved on as clouds will pas
When winds are trumpeting:

When Fashion Walks in the Spring Sunshine


Christ Child Society
The listing Nurses have forme e
a new class of Little Mothers at th
Christ Child Center, the chide



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And once to me the soft-spun moss Was from an angel's weft-
But now I'm older, now I'm older, What is left?
The feet that flew, the eyes that glowed, The lamp of faith that shone, They fail me now upon the road The frost erewhile was holy breath The frost erewhile was holy breath
For sign upon my panesFor sign upon my panes-
But now l'm older, now I'm What remains?
artisuc designing bon trims of varied originality, treated
ostrich which follows unique shaping $=5$ $\mathrm{T}=\square$


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