

so. We cannot know what heaven is for you, but we can always see you there, *where, fair and strong, at life's best, with your face up-turned whither life's flower was first discerned, you, fixed for us, shall ever so abide.*

Barbara, I must close. And with those words I see the grayness of infinite curtains down the arches of all time. Can you remember now the ending that Chaucer gives to his poor hero in "Troilus and Criseyde"? Yes, that is it. When Troilus of grief has died, a light spirit full joyously has flown up to the eighth sphere that encircles this tiny world of ours, and there he looks down upon the twinkling stars and hears the sounds of heavenly melody, and looking far down he sees this little spot of earth that with the sea is embraced, and in his heart he laughed. So you I see in that wisdom of great death looking down upon us here, upon our world of chapel, halls, and walks between that with the yellow barren fields of late November encircled is, and a laughter above our hearing, a laughter that is so free from malice and in censure that we to it are deaf, the laughter of immortal joy, because the life here made was good.

—HOWARD CLINTON LANE.

Crippled Caterpillar

MARION WHITE

Have you ever watched a caterpillar limp? There was a short one on the cinder path this afternoon. His engine was shiny black and bristly, but his caboose was like an old dust mop. The perfect caterpillar rhythm rippled his fur just so far and then he limped in a drag. It isn't so bad seeing a person or an animal limped — that just adds to a jerkiness that is already there. But a crippled caterpillar is like an insane person. That which was so beautiful is spoiled.

I watched a caterpillar limp for two tragic minutes this afternoon. Then I covered him with a flat stone and stamped on it.