

A plaintive murmur rose in the night; a murmur saddening and startling, as if the great solitudes of surrounding woods had tried to whisper into his ear the wisdom of their immense and lofty indifference. Sounds hesitating and vague floated in the air round him, shaped themselves slowly into words; and at last flowed on gently in a murmuring stream of soft and monotonous sentences. He stirred like a man waking up and changed his position slightly. John, motionless and shadowy, sitting with bowed head under the stars, was speaking in a low and dreamy tone:

«... for where can we lay down the heaviness of our trouble but in a friend's heart? A man must speak of war and of love. You, know what war is, and you have seen me in time of danger seek death as other men seek life! A writing may be lost; a lie may be written; but what the eye has seen is truth and remains in the mind!»

**(Lebanese Baccalaureate,
Second Session, 1963)**