

MENS MENTI

When mind to mind courses
And each tongue discourses
What rapture, what bliss fills the air.

Each says that the faces
In far distant places
Could not with his true love compare.

They reckon not forces,
But each one recourses
To sweet sounds chosen with care,

To impeccable graces
And sweet-smelling laces
And all sorts of that very stuff there.

Such conduct in horses
Would certainly force us
To look to the heavens and stare,

And pray heaven's maces
To batter or brace us
But straighten and make us aware.

In short mind's resources
And infinite sources
The terms of such conduct declare,

That midst warm embraces
These same foolish faces
Might shore up that heavenly stair.

—CHOYA—

BARE FEET AND A FLASHLIGHT

The swirling mists of sleep were swept away, and I woke to consciousness with a jolt. Frozen with a nameless terror, I lay in the hot night, straining to hear I knew not what. I listened for a tense eternity. And then I heard it—a low cry of panic, which brought me, trembling, to the open window. My frightened eyes tried to penetrate the murky darkness of the clearing, but saw only the darker forms of the giant pines silhouetted against the starless sky.

Abruptly as a pistol shot, a board creaked in the direction of the left wing of the cottage. Appalled, I saw a pale, indistinct figure standing on the outdoor stairway which led to the upper