

LUX E TENEBRIS

*(Incident in the retreat of the Ten Thousand Greek mercenaries.
Xenophon, Anabasis IV. 7).*

Lo, as they throng on Theches' lofty height,
The brave Ten Thousand raise a joyous cry
To see far off the Euxine's waters lie,
Flashing morn's welcome out of sorrow's night
To those who long, unconquered, though in flight,
(Their generals slain by Persian treachery)
Had toiled on o'er Armenia's mountains high,
Through blinding snows, in famine's fell despite:
But now all lay behind, and sweet they found
It was to think, secure, o'er dangers bravely met,
As that glad word—"The sea, The sea"—swelled round
'Mid tears of joy; for far a Greek might roam,
Yet, where the Great Sea's branching waters fret
The curved shores, was Greece to him, and Home.

J. L.