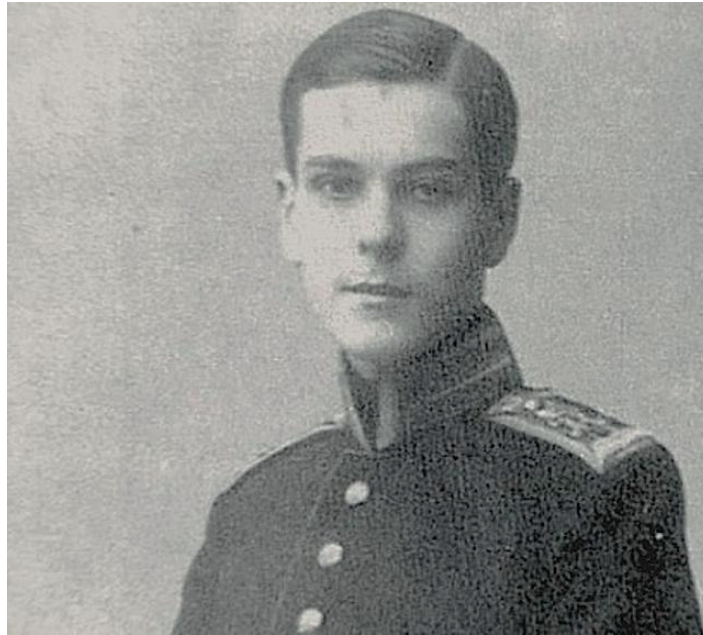


A Prophecy



The New Martyr Prince Vladimir (Paley) (1897-1918), whom Grand Duchess Elizabeth held in her arms as he lay dying in the mine shaft at Alpayevsk, wrote in his diary in 1917:

‘Is it not clear where we are going and how it will end? The monarchy has fallen, one after another we see ever more restrictions on the rights of Christians, a World Republic and...of course!...tyranny in the world. This tyranny will be the forerunner of Antichrist...sad thoughts come into my weary head. Yet, the power of light will win! It will cry out in a loud voice and weep over those who are afflicted by the devil. Not here, but there, victory will come from Christ, because He is Truth, Goodness, Beauty, Harmony...’

Antichrist

From age-old dark he comes, he came
Promising power, prosperity
And slogan on banners aflame:
Freedom, brothers, equality!
He comes clothed in vesture of fire,
He rules us only for a while,
His herald of thundery ire...
Republic, commotion and trial.
And with praise blasphemous
And arrogant lie us he shows,
That for our earthly happiness
God’s Kingdom we must all oppose.
But this brief time will swiftly fly,
His devilish ravings will pass away,
And the cross will shine from on high,
When comes at last the Judgement Day.

Антихрист

Идет, идет из тьмы времен
Он, власть суля нам и богатство,
И лозунг пламенных знамен:
Свобода, равенство и братство!
Идет в одежде огневой
Он править нами на мгновенье,
Его предвестник громовой...
Республиканское смятенье.
И он в кощунственной хвале
Докажет нам с надменной ложью,
Что надо счастье на земле
Противоставить Царству Божью.
Но пролетит короткий срок,
Погаснут дьявольские бредни,
И воссияет крест высок,
Когда наступит Суд Последний.