



[See poem, page 392.]

POLYEUCT AND PAULINE.

POLYEUCT AND PAULINE.

BY E. W. LATIMER.

[See Frontispiece.]

Saint Polyeuct, the first Christian martyr of Armenia, is known to modern readers mainly through Corneille's celebrated tragedy. He was beheaded by the order of his father-in-law, Felix (whom Corneille makes Governor of Armenia), in pursuance of the edict against the Christians issued by the Emperor Decius about the middle of the third century. Polyeuct never received baptism. His wife, Pauline, who vainly sought to save him from death by bringing him back to his old faith, was herself (according to the tragedy as presented by Corneille) afterward converted to Christianity, as was also her father.

I AM athirst for knowledge. I would know
All answers to the question, What is truth?
But am a new-born Christian. My life's youth
Was bred in error. Only an hour ago
I swore to Christ my sacramental vow,
And have not time to learn what to believe
About a thousand things. But wherefore grieve
For this? A moment more and I shall go
Where I may grasp all knowledge. Lord, what more
Can man require than the right to call
The Christian's God his Father? These thoughts stir
My soul within me till it seems to soar
Straight up to glory. Yet my joys would all
Be but imperfect unless shared with her!

THE DEAD LOVER.

A ROUMANIAN FOLK-SONG.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

HE whom I loved so well
Is in his long, long sleep;
Yet I lament him not,
For he told me not to weep.

More dear to him the grave
Than I could ever be;
For though I go to him,
He does not come to me.

I envy not the grave
What yesterday was mine,
But bow my head and say,
Keep him, for he is thine.

But keep not, grave, my youth,
Which cannot profit thee;
My smile and my light step—
O give them back to me!

But the grave answered, No;
For these things still are dear,
Since he, deprived of them,
Would be too lonely here.

Then to the dead I pray:
Restore my youth to me,
That when we meet again
I be not old to thee!

But he nor hears nor sees,
For his eyes like mine are dim;
So to his grave I come,
To get them back from him.

For only in the grave
Are tears no longer shed,
And the living happy made
Beside the happy dead.