

Funny Episodes at the Altar.

A writer in "Cornhill" says:—Timothy Duggan was a stoveword, perhaps six feet two in height and proportionately broad. He appeared as a bridegroom; the bride was a charming young girl of tender years. All went well until the moment came for Timothy and his bride to give their troth to each other in the prescribed manner.

"Say after me," said I to Timothy, "I, Timothy—"

There was no response.

"Say after me," repeated the parson, "I, Timothy—"

Timothy was still silent, a puzzled look creeping over his broad face.

"Say after me," said I for the third time, with perhaps a shade of annoyance.

"After you, sir," responded Timothy, with the politest duck of his bullet head.

But this indifference to the rubrics is so great that upon the injunction, "Place the ring on the third finger," I have more than once seen the bridegroom clap it upon the third finger of his own hand with all the complacency in the world. Once I detected a bridegroom endeavouring to force the ring on the bride's thumb; but there was just a suspicion that he had been making merry before coming to church that morning. The same excuse could not be offered for a bridegroom from whom I could get no word of response, not even a sulky "I will." The situation was becoming most embarrassing, when the solitary bridesmaid—his sister—casually observed, "E's a little 'ard of 'earing, sir." The man was stone deaf; yet they had not thought it necessary to tell the parson. If the bridegroom understood not a word of the service, what did it matter?

But the marriage service from first to last is full of pitfalls for the unlearned man. In some cases it becomes painfully clear that the contracting parties recognize but few of the words they are bidden to say, and merely imitate the sound with such accuracy as their imperfect knowledge will permit. The words "to have and to hold" ought to be simple enough, but, as a matter of fact, they are the subjects of some astounding blunders. I remember one bridegroom who had brought a very charming young bride to church, and perhaps regarded her as a thing of beauty to be in his home a joy for ever, rendering "to have and to hold" as "to have and behold." Another, who possibly had some cause to dread the fate of Mr. Caudle, struck out an entirely new version, and faithfully promised "to have and be told." "To love and to cherish" is another frightful stumbling block. "To love and be cherries" was the nearest to the original of many variations popular among the males of that parish. The brides were happy with the familiar rendering "to love cherries and to bay." "God's holy ordinance" tripped up many. "Holy orders" was convenient, and perhaps conveyed the most meaning. "Plight thee my troth" and "give thee my troth" were, I imagine, words of foreign sound, and I well remember one young person, who was wedding a most villainous-looking fellow, changing her statement into "thereto I give thee my throat." There was, perhaps, an unconscious prophecy wrapped up in that promise.

The words accompanying the delivery of the ring are, as everybody knows, the subject of some characteristic blunders. I never heard some of the more elaborate distortions credited to countrymen, but our people nobly distinguished themselves over the clause "with all my worldly goods I thee endow." They never blundered so aptly as the fortune-hunter who, in wedding an heiress, unwittingly said, "with all my goodly goods I thee endow;" they were content to produce a similar sound with a sublime indifference to sense. "I thee and thou," "I thee do bow," "I thee allow," were the most popular of these versions.

But nothing more clearly indicated the utter lack of intelligence with which some of the poor regard the services of the Church than the fact that once upon a time I came upon a youthful couple solemnly and devoutly marrying the father of a bridegroom to the mother of his bride in the presence of their own proper partners. The discovery was brought about in this way. It was Christmas morning, a great time for weddings, since Boxing-day then remained for the honeymoon. Seven or eight couples had given notice, and the congregation was large. While one curate registered the couples in the vestry another married them in succession with such expedition as a slight stutter would permit. The old parish clerk, with his list of names, called up the high contracting parties as the turn of each came. I superintended the whole proceedings. In the vestry were two young people being registered, whose names were, let us say, Jones and Smith. Coming around to the chancel again, one was a little surprised to find the old clerk enquiring among the congregation for a Mr. Smith and a Mrs. or Miss Jones. When I next looked in his direction he had brought up to the chancel steps a gentleman well stricken in years and dressed in a sleeved waistcoat. The bride was a broad, comely woman, whose turned-up sleeves left bare two monstrous crimson arms. Oppressed by an uncomfortable suspicion, I hurried to the vestry, and there found the young people, Jones and Smith, just paying the fees.

"Is your father here?" said I to the bridegroom.

"Yes, sir."

"Is your mother here?"—to the bride.

"Yes, sir."

"Now," said I to Jones the younger, "look through this door and tell me if that is your father being married there."

"Well, sir," returned Jones, after a leisurely inspection, "he's having it read over to him."

"Is your mother alive?"

"She's in church."

It was the work of an instant to rush around and stop the services. But when the people were dragged asunder, Jones the elder, in reply to an indignant enquiry as to what he meant by it, coolly replied, "Well, he" (indicating the penitent clerk with a jerk of his grimy thumb) "told us to come this way." That couple had been charged by mention of "the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed," to say whether they might not lawfully be joined together in matrimony; and they heard it in silence. So did the wife of one and the husband of the other. I have often wondered how far they would have gone without remonstrance. Perhaps the demand for a ring would have perceptibly checked them. There is a legend told in a great Yorkshire town to the effect that, after several couples had been simultaneously married at the parish church, one bride found her bridegroom walking away with another lady on his arm. The curate, summoned to her aid, remonstrated with

the defaulter, and besought him to take his proper partner. "Nay," said he, "as was married to this 'un, and I loike her t' best." There is no reason why this should not be sober truth.

THE INJUSTICE OF SHYLOCK.

Shakespeare's Great Play Criticized From a Hebrew Standpoint in Temple Israel.

One of the largest congregations of the season assembled yesterday morning at the Greene Avenue Temple Israel, drawn there by the announcement that Rabbi Harrison would criticise Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" from a Jewish standpoint and show the injustice of considering all Shylocks to be Jews. Under Mr. Harrison's ministrations Temple Israel bids fair to become the leading synagogue of the county. The congregation has increased, now numbering in membership some of the best known Hebrews of the city, and the Sunday school classes are largely attended. The singing of the new choir is not the least attractive portion of the service inaugurated by Reformer Harrison. Mr. Harrison said yesterday, among other things:

The living are ruled by the dead. Our monarchs sit in the sepulcher. The Present is the heir and vassal of the Past. Presidents must obey official traditions; worldlings submit to time honoured fashions; believers assent to the hoary creed of their fathers. Thinkers may die; thoughts never. Poets may perish; poems endure. And so in a sense, some men are immortal even in this world. We are born thus into the kingdom of a ghostly dynasty. Only the dead wear crowns; only the dead wield scepters over us. Does this post mortem government seem incredible to you? Yet I go further. I claim more. Not only does this strange, irresistible power succeed death, it even antedates birth. Characters unborn and never to be born have molded men's thoughts, hearts, passions; have been more alive than the living. Imagination you must often have felt, will effect you more deeply than reality, and the man of genius is the magician of the imagination. We doubt with Hamlet, we struggle with Faust, with Copperfield we laugh and weep, and Shylock imparts to us his frenzy, his exultation, his sudden and supreme despair. Thus imperishable creations, surviving their creator, have almost solved a popular puzzle as ever potent causes if not of perpetual motion, at least of perpetual emotion. I will speak to you to day of a personification of injustice, of an epitome of age, long wrongs, of a lay figure constructed by a master hand whereby a whole nation was hung in effigy. It is an immortal caricature, perfect in conception and execution, adorned with every grace of poetry and every resource of language, and yet an ally in the basest cause, a sanction of the foulest crusade that ever disgraced civilization. The splendor of the frame only intensifies the grotesqueness of the picture. The play will never die, nor prejudice with it. You have been told what inexhaustible vitality is in a work of genius; what endless powers over men for good or evil reside in a masterpiece of art. Rather as adversaries living Stecker, Dumonts, Goldwin Smiths and embezzling traducers languishing in the Tombs, rather combat all these alive than face one Shakespeare dead. Hence the necessity and the usefulness of courage in proving that even he, the royal poet, in one instance made bricks without straw and built well on no foundation. It will be ours to prove that if he was true to human nature he was not true to the Jewish nature nor to historical fact nor to poetic justice. Refusing, then, to be dazzled by the splendour of the playwright's fame, let us examine the play, "The Merchant of Venice," and let us analyze the character of Shylock, the Jew.

"When I saw this piece produced in the Drury Lane Theater," wrote Heine, "there stood behind me in the box a beautiful pale English lady, who wept bitterly at the end of the fourth act and cried out again and again, 'The poor man is wronged, the poor man is wronged.' It was a face of the noblest Greek type and the eyes were large and black. I have never been able to forget them, those large, dark eyes that wept for Shylock." These words are the keynote of the play. "The poor man is wronged." History was distorted to load him with ignominy. He does not receive common poetic justice in the play and he is made the abominated type of a whole race who suffer in repute for his traditional offense.

From the speaker's point of view the pound of flesh bond was originally made in the form of a joke, as men say to-day, "I will bet my life," or "I will stake my head," but that after Antonio's friends had robbed him of not only his daughter but his property, Shylock saw a chance for revenge, and claimed his pound of flesh, prompted by that very natural feeling and not by avarice. Mr. Harrison related an old story by Gregorio Leti, which he claimed served Shakespeare with the incident of his great play. In the story the pound of flesh to be forfeited was the Jew's and the judge before whom the case was tried sentenced both to death—the Christian for his wish to commit murder and the Jew for his attempt at, suicide. In his concluding address Mr. Harrison said:

We are approaching a season of good cheer, when men proclaim "Peace on earth, good will to men." If only nineteen centuries of war and hate did not rise before us in ghastly apparition how gladly might these blessed words be heard and heeded. When that day shall dawn of real peace and true good all creeds and races might well join in its commemoration, for then there would be no longer hate but brotherhood, no tragical Shylocks, no heart-breaking wrongs, but a universal sympathy, an all embracing charity to do what no religion has yet done, join the whole world into a single human family.

Japan's Want of Religion.

Says an intelligent Government official of Japan:—"Our country is in a deplorable state as far as religion is concerned. The people of the better classes are largely agnostics. They believe in no religion, and though the bulk of them are nominally Buddhists, they are really infidels. I believe that any religion is better than no religion, and there is at present room in Japan for all the work that both the Buddhists and Christians can do. When the two religions have conquered the Empire and the sects come together, there may be trouble, but not before. We have now our preachers and the Christians have their missionaries. There is a vast field before us, and there is room for both to do good."

—[N. Y. Tribune.

An Appreciative Account of Canada from the United States.

While some Canadians are busily decrying our country our neighbors are learning to estimate it at its proper value. As an instance of this we give the following extract from a paper read by Professor Ralph W. Thomas at a meeting of the Institute of Albany, New York. Like others of his countrymen, the professor has evidently learned enough about Canada to think that its rich resources are worth appropriating. He said:

By way of introducing the subject, let this question be answered: "What is Canada?" Geographical Canada has an area of 3,380,000 square miles. It is difficult properly to understand the extent of so vast an area. The basin of the Hudson's bay alone is 2,000,000 square miles in extent. Canada is 40 times as large as England, Scotland and Wales. It is equal to three British Indias; it is fifteen times as large as the German empire. The excess of its area over that of the United States is greater than the whole area included in the thirteen colonies joining in the Declaration of Independence. A country of magnificent areas, of unmeasured arable plain and prairie, of mountains rich in mineral wealth, of lacustrine systems that dwarf our own, of majestic rivers wholly within her own borders measured upon the Mississippi scale—this is Canada.

Industrial Canada is great in agriculture and minerals. Ontario raises the finest barley in the world and some of the finest draught horses. The vast North-West includes 466,000 square miles of the wheat field of the world. From its situation it has two hours more daylight than other wheat bearing regions on this continent. This means two hours more of forcing power every day. Droughts are never feared. Manitoba claims 75,000,000 acres of wheat fields. The Canadian wheat crop for the first ten months of 1888 was valued at \$5,000,000. The north-west regions are capable of supporting a population of many millions, and immigrants are already pouring in. Alberta is the ranch of Canada. Its climate is so mild, on account of the warm currents in the Pacific, that cattle and horses roam over the pastures the year round, and are found in spring to be in good condition for market. The Canadians exported \$10,000,000 worth of cattle during the first ten months of 1887. All these advantages are to be reinforced by transportation. The Canada Pacific railroad is a fact, and the Hudson's Bay route is promised, by which Winnipeg is brought 783 miles nearer Liverpool than by way of Montreal, and 1,052 miles nearer than by Chicago. By this route Liverpool would be brought 2,136 miles nearer to China and Japan than via New York and San Francisco. If this route succeeds Canada will hold the key to the markets of the world. Coal exists throughout Canada in abundance. The entire coal area is said to cover 97,000 square miles.

The copper deposits are pronounced by Mr. Erastus Wiman to be almost beyond human belief. In one deposit there are ridges miles long above ground, containing more copper than is to be seen on any iron deposit in the world. The Calumet and Hecla vein is 1,000 feet thick. The Geological Survey has located 557 deposits in the Eastern Townships alone. Gold and silver exist in great plenty. The principal fields are in Nova Scotia and British Columbia. In the latter province \$50,000,000 have been taken from the ground by unimproved methods, and this seems to point to vast deposits in the mountains.

In Beaver mine, at Port Arthur, discovered in March last, there is in sight, by actual measurement, \$750,000 worth of silver. Like bonanzas have been reported in British Columbia. Such exposures are unprecedented. Iron is found in unlimited quantities and of the best grade. Near Ottawa there is a hill of iron, estimated to contain 100,000,000 tons. The railroad up the valley of the Trent runs through a continuous iron belt for 150 miles. Mr. Wiman is authority for the statement that at New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia, within a radius of six miles there is found hundreds of tons of iron ore of the best quality, side by side with limestone chemically pure, coke in seams 30 feet thick, all directly on the line of the Intercolonial railway and within six miles of the Atlantic ocean. This ore could be put on the wharf in Boston for \$1.50 per ton, which, to-day, costs from \$5 to \$6 per ton. The Ontario Government has recently sold 150,000 acres of land for \$2 an acre, covering an iron belt 75 miles across.

"The Chimes of Oberwesel."

O, the Chimes of Oberwesel,
How pleasantly and clear,
Far floating down the sun-lit Rhine,
They steal upon the ear;
And the reaper from the furrow turns,
The barge-man from the oar,
As solemnly the Angelus
Sweeps down the river shore.
O, the Chimes of Oberwesel,
Tho' I hear ye no more,
In my heart your music lingers,
As solemnly the Angelus
Sweeps calmly down the river shore.
For the German heart's an honest heart,
And faithful every one,
From the peasant by the Brunnen
To the Kaiser on the throne.
O, the Chimes of Oberwesel,
How they steal upon the ear.
The gorgeous be the hues that clothe
This sultry land of ours,
They're strange with all their gloriousness,
And dull with all their glare;
For 'tis not my young fresh heart I've
brought

To this far distant strand;
No, Gott sei dank, that never leaves
Its own dear father-land.
O, the Chimes of Oberwesel,
In this far distant strand
Still my heart shall ne'er forget thee,
For, Gott sei dank, that never leaves
Its own dear father-land.
For the German heart's, etc.
O, the Chimes of Oberwesel,
Their spell may ne'er depart,
Like the sound of waves in ocean shells,
They live within the heart.
And I pine for the old Rhine-land slopes,
When first I saw them rise;
The trellises of gushing grapes,
The beaming Rhine-land skies.
O, the chimes of Oberwesel
Ever dwell within the heart.

Black Russian lambskin, with waves like those of moire, is used for the fronts of handsome black plush coats.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Big Apple Orchard.

Special Correspondence Kansas Farmer.

Hon. F. Wellhouse, of Fairmount, Leavenworth county, Kansas, is without doubt the most successful apple orchardist in the west. His orchards consist of three plantings. The first covering 117 acres and planted in 1876,—seventy-two acres of Ben Davis, thirty of Missouri Pippins, and fifteen of Winesaps. The second was planted in 1878 and covered an area of 160 acres,—eighty of Ben Davis, forty of Missouri Pippins, twenty-seven of Winesaps, eight of Cooper's Early White, and five of Maiden Blush. In 1879 the third was made, covering 160 acres, in which are eighty acres of Ben Davis, forty of Jonathans, twenty-seven of Winesaps, eight of Cooper's Early White, and five of Maiden Blush. From these three plantings there has been harvested 145,000 bushels of apples, netting 35 cents a bushel or the magnificent sum of \$50,750. The fruitage obtained this year numbered 20,000 bushels—less eleven, and brought on the market an average of \$1.80 a barrel, or a net of \$1.10 clear of all expense—a barrel containing three bushels.

This gentleman, the apple king of Kansas, is not content to stop with the acreage and fruiting of apple trees already planted, for which your correspondent is glad, but will this ensuing spring put out 320 acres more of apple trees, one-half to be Ben Davis, and the balance Jonathans, Missouri Pippins and York Imperials—about equally divided as to number. Said orchard will be fourteen miles south of Topeka and near Wakarusa so as to afford shipping facilities and other advantages. And this is not yet the full extent of his orcharding, as there is still 320 acres more to plant along side of the last named tract, which will be attended to during the spring of 1890, and to consist of Ben Davis, York Imperials, Missouri Pippins and Jonathans, mostly Ben Davis, making altogether 640 acres in one body, and a grand total of 1,077 acres, or allowing 100 trees to the acre, a treeage of 107,700. This gives a tree to every one and three-fifths square rods, which if in one row would reach 172,320 rods, making a distance of 5383 miles, and if they were inclined to be peeled or barked by the rabbits, giving each rabbit ten hours to bark a tree twelve inches in diameter, it would require 107,700 of the cotton-tail quadrupeds one day to kill the orchard, or two of them, beginning at opposite end of row, just 53,850 days to get in their last chew and come together. Should these trees all escape rabbit blight and become old enough to produce three bushels to the tree, there would in one season be a yield of 323,100 bushels, which at \$1 clear of all expenses, leaves the owner \$107,700, and yet people persist in showing their indifference to horticulture that it don't pay to grow fruit. Ignorance is bliss.

THE HORSE'S EYE.

To be able to examine the eyes of horses with certainty, a thorough acquaintance with their structure is necessary. If when a horse is trotted with a free rein, he is seen to extend his nose unduly, to move his ears rapidly, to shy when passing different colored objects, and to plant his forefeet with something of uncertainty, faulty eyes may be suspected, and a specially close examination of them should be made. In examining the eyes of horses it should be seen that they are neither too flat nor too convex externally, as from either form defective vision ensues. Abnormal forms are best seen by looking at the eyes across, from a position close by the shoulders, cornea or outer sections of the eye are, when the organs are sound, perfectly transparent. Any white streaks, speck, or cloudiness in these, or in the interior structures of the eye, indicate that they have been inflamed, and are very liable to become so again. To detect white specks, etc., the eyes should in a clear light be looked to in front, and from close by the cheeks behind. When examining for white deposits in the eye care should be taken that no white article of clothing, etc., be upon or near the person of the examiner, as it may be reflected in the eye and deceive him. Special attention should be paid to the pupils in examining the eyes of horses. They are the apertures through which light passes into the interior, and in horses are oblong in shape and stretch across the front of the eyes.

Except in some white or cream-colored horses they are generally darker in color than are the irises surrounding them. Dark colored, hair-like processes appear round their edges when they are examined in a clear light, but they are not defects, as some suppose. In healthy eyes the pupils contract and expand with the amount of light they are exposed to. If the horse is placed in a shady place they are large and dilated; but if he is moved into a glaring light, they contract until they are nearly closed. In testing for this the examiner should put the horse in a clear light, and then place the hands over his eyes for a minute or so. With the light thus excluded the pupils—if the eyes are sound—will dilate and again visibly contract when the hands are removed, and the light suddenly allowed to fall upon them. If no contraction of the pupils occurs when this test is fairly tried, the horse will be blind from paralysis of the optic nerves. This may be the case, and yet nothing is to be seen amiss when the eyes are looked into. Contraction of the pupils on the sudden admission of light is the most reliable test for this eye affection. One eye only may be affected, hence the test should be applied to both. Small worms are sometimes seen in the aqueous humor of horses eyes and these affect their sight.—[P. E. Island Agriculturist.

CORRECTING ALKALI LANDS.

In many countries where evaporation is rapid, and where not enough rain falls to compel all the brooks, rivers and lakes to force their way to the sea, alkaline matters are apt to accumulate in the soil, especially in low places; but one effect of this alkali (carbonate of soda) is to make clayey soils (and very fine soils) even more sticky, plastic and adhesive than they are naturally. It may be said of the alkali lands, even more emphatically than it can be said of ordinary stiff clays, that they are hard to cultivate. Not only does such land tend to stick to the plowshare, but, after it has been plowed the furrows, instead of crumbling down to form mellow earth, dry into hard lumps and clogs which lie upon the land like so many fragments of rocks. All over the world farmers are familiar with the fact that barn yard manure helps to mitigate the undue

plasticity of clay. The manure that, besides supplying food to the soil, manure has no small value in the more mechanical sense, because it helps to make clay land mellow. Just so, I take it, the extreme stickiness of the alkali land may be corrected, in some part, by judicious dressings of farm-yard manure. Precisely as is the case with clayey soils, numberless patches of alkali land have been improved by thorough draining. When water flows from the drains, the alkaline matter is washed out from the soil and carried away with the water. It should also be said that Professor Hilgard of California, who has devoted no little attention to the alkali lands of that State, has found that in many cases dressings of gypsum are competent to destroy the alkali, by acting upon it chemically. Thanks to the decomposing action of the gypsum, the excessive plasticity is done away with and the soil becomes fit to be cultivated.

NOTES.

Some of the most expert poultrymen occasionally feed their fowls turnips in winter. They are not peeled, but cut into quarters and thrown into the yard.

It is poor policy to keep heavy, slow motioned fowls in the same flock with the light and nervous Spanish breeds. They each require different feeding and treatment.

J. H. Moss, of Coldwater, Mich., raised 4,000 pounds of fresh radish this season. He is arranging to have a five-fold hotter time next Summer by growing 20,000 pounds.

The New York "Experimental Station" says that there is 12.29 per cent. less digestible albuminoids in hay that has been kept over one year as compared with new hay.

If you want eggs in winter you must have the birds so situated that their combs will not freeze. The comb will make an excellent indicator, and what you should do is to provide not only a warm roosting place at night, but have some kind of a sheltered run for them during the day, where they can search and work without being exposed to the winds. These preparations should be made at this season, while the weather permits. And be careful how the birds drink. They must only be allowed to put their beaks in the vessel, or they will get their wattles wet. Remember that as long as you can keep the combs and wattles from freezing your chances are in favor of eggs in winter.

As sales of American apples are now conducted in Great Britain, sorting in any particular case wouldn't be of much use to that particular shipper. The barrels of apples at Glasgow, Liverpool, London and other parts are not opened before sale. They are merely shaken. Those that remain tightly packed go into the first class of each variety those that are rather loose, into the second, and the very loose or wet into the third, as it is thought that the compactness of the fruit in the barrel indicates the amount of rot that has taken place, and the prices for each variety are regulated entirely on this basis. The apples are sold in lots ranging from 10 to 100 barrels each.

The Prodigal.

"I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER."
"I cannot lie here any longer on the earth,
In this sad land of barrenness and death;
For husks I have exchanged the bread I ate
at home.

In pleasant lands I thought that I should
roam;

And here I am, cold, weary, famished, lone,
No one to help me, none to heed my moan.

I've wasted all I had,
I will arise and to my Father go,
And tell him I have sinned."

"Not now; not in these garments that
you wear,

This filth and wretchedness; not as you are!
You would not find admittance at the door;
the gate

Would sure be closed upon you; you must
wait."

"I cannot wait, for I shall die of cold.
I cannot buy new garments; I've no gold.

I've wasted all I had,
I will arise, and to my Father go,
And tell him I have sinned."

"But you're not strong enough to reach you
Father's door;

Your limbs are weak; you'll falter long be-
fore

You see his face; your strength and will are
well nigh gone.

Wait till you rise above this state forlorn."

"I cannot wait; how can I hope to gain
New power by living on in all this pain?

I've wasted all I had,
I will arise and to my Father go,
And tell him I have sinned."

"I must go home, although I am not fit to
go;

I must go home with all my sin and woe.
My father knows how sorrowful I am, and
he

Is sure to help me in my misery.
I long to feel his arm around me pressed;
I want to lie down in his arms and rest.

I've wasted all I had,
I will arise, and to my father go,
And tell him I have sinned."

FORGIVEN WHILE YET FAR OFF.

Forgiven while yet far off! before he'd come
Near to the door of his deserted home;

Before he had his full confession made,
While he was still in all his rags arrayed;

Just as he was, unclean, repulsive, vile,
His Father greets him with a pardoning
smile

And clasps him to his arms!

Forgiven while yet far off! before he'd time
By any deed, to expiate his crime;

While yet the crimson stain is on his brow,
While shame was written on his cheek—
'e'n now

Forgiveness comes, with words of love and
cheer,

Dispelling every thought of dread and fear
That rests upon him for his sin.

Forgiven while yet far off! And can it be
That the same pardoning grace extends to
me?

And will my father come to meet me here,
While I stand trembling with repentant
fear?

And will he lay his hand upon my head,
And on my soul his love and mercy shed,
Forgiving all my direful sin?

Forgiven while yet far off! Oh blessed
thought!

That the dear father in his mercy sought
For me, while I was yet so far away,
From peace and home and God so far as-
tray:

And poured the oil of healing on my breast;
Giving me quietness and holy rest
From all my lifelong sin.