

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would
you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is
gazing upon you!
475 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and
holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O
Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the
wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive
them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the
hearts of his people
480 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the
passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and
the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and
the Ave Maria
485 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,
with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending
to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings
of ill, and on all sides