

EPILOGUE

Good people, now our simple play is ended.
In halting lines the story has been told,
How great Jehovah hath our race befriended
And loved us with a love that was of old.

Go home, then, filled with deeper love and pity
For sinful souls, for all the sick and sad :
And, as about the streets of this fair city
Ye go each day, make others bright and glad.

Think not that they who knelt before the manger
Were nearer God than ye can be to-day—
That, had ye worshipped then the little Stranger,
No tempter's wiles could lure your heart away.

For, every age hath its own special vision.
At every door, the Crucified has stood.
To every soul, there comes the fierce decision—
The final choice of evil or of good.

And, day by day, unchanging through the ages,
Though ears are deaf and eyes are blind with mist,
He, who was worshipped by the Eastern Sages,
Is throned amongst us in the Eucharist.

Yea, that dear Christ, born of the spotless Maiden,
In yearning love still cries to souls distressed—
' All ye that labour and are heavy laden,
Come unto Me and I will give you rest.'

FINIS