

Come hither to me, my darlings deare,
While I was on the earth here
Ye gave me meat in good manere . . .
Yes, forsooth, my friendes dear,
Such as poor and naked were
Ye clad and fed them both in fear
And harboured them alsoe. . . .

And turning to the wicked, He severely says :

Nay, when ye saw the least of mine
That on earth suffered pine ;
To help them ye did naught incline,
Therefore go to the fire.
And though my sweet mother deare,
And all the saints that ever were,
Prayed for you right now here,
Alas ! it were too late !

Thus ends this remarkable series of religious dramas. Their language may often be uncouth, and their treatment of these lofty themes inadequate and unworthy, sometimes coarse and repulsive, shocking our feelings of reverence and sense of propriety ; but assuredly the drama of no age ever addressed itself to a nobler task, and we doubt if, on the whole, any drama ever better accomplished its purpose. Its object was not merely to amuse, but to instruct—to instruct in the most important of all knowledge, the great truths of religion. Its exhibition of these truths may have been imperfect, and mixed with much of error ; but its influence, in the absence of purer teaching, must have been most salutary. No man, no woman, no matter how unlettered and rude, could but be awed and solemnized by the contemplation of the sublime subjects which it presented ; and doubtless many may have been led thereby to apprehend the saving truths of the Gospel, to forsake sin, and live godly lives. If this hasty incursion into one of the more obscure regions of English literature should stimulate curiosity to a further exploration of its hidden treasures, it shall have accomplished its purpose.