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 Stran[ger,
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.