

Nor yet, with these, the exultant song should cease ;
 For this Redemmer is the PRINCE OF PEACE !—
 To be redeemed by earthly Prince would be
 High honor, lasting joy, to him set free ;
 Yet earthly princes, emulous of fame,
 O't win their way to power by sword and flame ;
 And leave the path by which they reached a throne,
 Red with slain victims, in their rage o'erthrown
 And rudely crushed beneath the maddened tread
 Of fiery Conquest, reckless of his dead.

But oh, how different is the Prince of Peace !
 He comes to bid the rage of conflict cease.
 He lifts His hand above the stormy sea
 Of human passion, surging wrathfully,
 And lo ! its maddened waves in peace subside ;
 Hushed is the tempest—roar of power and pride ;
 The desert and the wilderness rejoice,
 And life awakes at His creative voice ;—
 Peace spans with rainbow arch the weeping sky,
 And angels smile from their pure homes on high !

And yet our Prince is more. He is a PRIEST,
 In whom signs, symbols, off'rings, all have ceased ;
 For, more than Priest, a SACRIFICE He stands,
 With streaming side and bloody feet and hands,
 Bearing to Heaven, not blood of bullocks slain,
 Nor victims' ashes sprinkling the unclean,
 But His own blood, an offering to Heaven,
 That God might thus be just and man forgiven ;
 Himself at once, Prince, Priest, and Sacrifice,
 Man mediatorial, Lord of earth and skies !—
 Angels in vain the myst'ry would explore,
 And men and angels mutually adore.

Yet, as though these were not enough, we find
 Him stooping still to meet the human mind ;