

Thus Jesus is the clouded glory. And very grateful all this truth is to those who trace, and delight to trace, that glory in its full brightness because of the thickness of the veil under which, in measureless grace, He hid it. He was the servant and the companion of the camp still, on whatever stage of the journey they were. Here was love—the patient, serving love known of old to Israel in the desert. But it is the love of the glory. That is the joy, had we but hearts to take it in. Paul's was love, patient, serving love. But it was the love of a brother, of a fellow-servant, of a man of "like passions," the service of a Moses. Jesus' was the love of the glory.

The glory in the cloud was the God of Israel (Ezek. xliii. 4; xliv. 2). The God of Israel was Jesus of Nazareth (Isaiah vi. 1-10; John xii. 41). The Nazarene was as the cloud which veiled a light, which, in its proper fulness, no man can approach unto, though discovered by faith.

Here let me add that it is the business of faith (through the indwelling Spirit) to discover the hidden true glory, and to refuse the displayed false glory. How quickly Abraham discovered it! (Gen. xviii. 3.) How beautifully Abigail owned it in David, type of Christ! (1 Samuel xxv.) How did the wise men discover it in a manger, after they had passed by all the false displayed glory of the world round Herod in Jerusalem? (Matt. ii.) And how did Simeon discover it in the Child, the same Child in the temple, and passed by all the