

It was the power of Jesu's cross,
 That turn'd my darkness into light,
 Now for His sake I'd count but loss,
 All that might dim this precious sight ;
 Full well He knows the flesh how frail,
 Yet in His strength I shall prevail.

Still 'tis Thyself, O Lord, I need
 A sense of Jesus always near ;
 His love, the joy on which I feed,
 His presence, all I need to cheer.
 With this I'll sweetly journey on,
 And wait till He, my Lord, shall come.

PRIESTHOOD.

EXODUS XXIX.

There is a desire at all times in the people of God, whether in Jewish ignorance or Christian life, that they should always have God dwelling with them. Thus, in Exodus xv., as soon as Moses had come out of Egypt, he said, "He is my God ; I will prepare Him a habitation." So we are "builed together for an habitation of God through the spirit." (Eph. ii. 22.)

We do look to God's dwelling amongst us ; yet we have much more thought of dwelling with Him. This was not the case with Israel. *We* have boldness to enter into the holiest, Christ having passed through the heavens for us, as Aaron passed through the tabernacle for them. Israel could not enter within the veil ; but Christ has rent it, and