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POMEGRANATES AND BELLS.

When within the veil, the holiest,
Jewish high priest yearly stood,
Clad in spotless garments, bearing
Sin's atonement, bullock's blood ;
Holy mitre, ephod, breast-plate,
Each symbolic meaning told ;
Holy robe, and 'neath its border,
Pomegranates and bells of gold.

And without, the people listening,
Heard the sweet-toned golden bell,
Knew their priest was interceding,
Knew he lived and all was well ;
Then before the congregation,
He appeared, and they behold,
Pomegranates blue, purple, scarlet,
Alternate with bells of gold.

We, a royal priesthood, holy,
Entered now within the veil,
Through the sacrifice once offered,
Jesus' blood—it ne'er shall fail—
Are our lips and lives confessing,
All our Lord would have us tell ?
Double witness, sound and service,
Pomegranate and golden bell.

Those without are listening, listening,
For our clear-toned bell of gold,
Telling of the blood that cleanseth,
Sweetest story ever told ;
Day by day they're waiting, watching,
If in us they may behold,
Holy fruits—love, joy, peace, meekness—
Pomegranates with bells of gold.