

THE DAILY CUP

"I will take the Cup of Salvation." – Psalm 116:13.

With a tender smile on His loving face,
My Lord stood holding the Cup of Grace –
"Wilt thou drink, dear one, today?"

O loving Bridegroom, I am so weak!
My enemies even now do seek
To cause me to shrink away.

Today the Cup seems a bitter draught
That cost Thee Thy life, as once Thou quaffed –
Increase my faith, I pray!

"My Dove, I will show thee the care I take
To guard the Cup for thy dear sake,
That thou mayst drink each day."

Oh, wondrous vision my Lord revealed!
I saw my soul's fierce battle-field,
And the enemies dreaded by me.

The World, the Flesh and Satan wise
Were all made plain in their evil guise,
Plotting adversity.

"I will fill the Cup with troubles sore,
Pour them in till they're brimming o'er –
I'll make it a Poison draught!

"So bitter 'twill be that its very breath
Will cause her to shrink from such a death!" –

Thus Satan in wickedness laughed.

And the World and the Flesh in blindness lent
Their aid to his wicked, fell intent:
My soul felt their power so dire.

Then I turned and looked at my Bridegroom's face –
The glory from it filled all the place,
But His eyes were flames of fire.

"Begone, ye enemies of My Bride!
The Cup is MINE!" He sternly cried;
"I guard this Cup each day.

"And nothing goes in it beyond the power
Of My Bride to bear in her *weakest* hour,
If she look to Me for grace."

Then He turned to me with the tenderest mien –
"My Love, art thou strengthened by what thou hast seen?
Canst thou now the enemy face?"

Dear Lord, forgive me, I humbly cried,
That I should forget that He who died
To redeem my soul, is by my side
And holds the Cup in His hand.

Gladly I take the Loving-Cup,
Gladly I drink as Thou holdest it up;
To share it with Thee is grand!

And if it should be that this is the day
When the flesh, as I drink, shall pass for aye,
Then 'twill be the Cup of Joy.

Oh, wondrous miracle of grace!
The smile on my loving Bridegroom's face
As I pressed my lips to the Cup,

Filled my soul o'erflowing with peace Divine!
And not alone did this peace I find,
But my heart with Joy welled up.

And so each day as I take the Cup
From my Best Beloved, I meekly look up
And whisper a prayer for grace.

And He gives me grace; and Peace Divine,
And Love and Faith and Joy are mine,
As I gaze upon His face.

My hope is in faith the Cup to drain
That I in His Kingdom with Him may reign;
The Cup of Joy I then will claim,
Triumphant by His Grace!

LILLA S. WARD.

=====