

J.R. Miller:

"The cup which my Father has given me" shall I not drink it?" John 18:11

The "cup" is our portion, embracing all the experiences of our earthly lives. Our Father gives us the cup "therefore it must be the very best that the wisest love can provide. When death enters a Christian home" there is sweetest comfort in the thought that God has really done the best possible thing for the friend whom He has taken away. We prayed Him to crown our loved one with His richest blessings, and is not that just what He has done? Here is a little poem which in a beautiful way illustrates this.

There is first a prayer for a friend:

Give her, I pray, all good:
Bid all the buds of pleasure grow
To perfect flowers of happiness
Wherever her feet may go;
Bid Truth's bright shield and Love's strong arm
Protect her from all earthly harm.
Lest there should be some other thing,
Better than all the rest,
That I have failed to ask, I said,
Give you the very best
Of every gift that You do deem
Better than anything I hope or dream.

Then here is the answer which came:

She lies before me still and pale;
The roses that I prayed
Might bloom along her path of life
Are on her bosom laid!
Crowned with a strange, enrapt calm, she lies,
Like one made dumb with sweet surprise.
Better than I can ask or dream!
This was my prayer, and now
That she is lying still and pale,
With God's peace on her brow,
I wonder, sobbing, sore dismayed,
If this be that for which I prayed.