

**DAY UNTO DAY; A
BRIEF PRAYER FOR
EVERY DAY**

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Day unto Day; A Brief Prayer for Every Day by George Matheson

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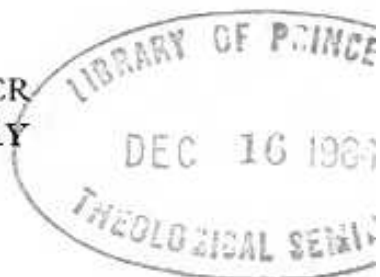
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GEORGE MATHESON

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A BRIEF PRAYER
FOR EVERY DAY



BY

GEORGE MATHESON, D.D.

COMPILED BY

H. B.



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PREFACE

WITH his sanctified imagination and spiritual vision, George Matheson holds foremost rank among our writers of devotional books. It is believed that brief extracts from some of his most beautiful prayers will be acceptable to the Christian world at large, and we therefore venture to send forth this little book in the hope that, being stimulated by it, readers may turn for renewed inspiration, new "visions of God," and wider spiritual outlook, to the larger works which have made the memory of George Matheson a cherished possession.

Thanks are tendered to the various publishers for their kindly courtesy in allowing extracts to be taken

H. B.

DAY UNTO DAY

JANUARY 1

Watchword: "I will make all My mountains a way, and My highways shall be exalted."—ISA. xlix. 11.

Lord, when Thou shalt enter my soul, Thou shalt reverse my standard of greatness. Those things which I counted gain shall become insignificant unto me, and those things which I counted insignificant shall appear great gain. I care now for what I shall *seem* to be, more than for what I *am*; but then, my being shall be the mountain and my seeming the valley.

JANUARY 2

Watchword: "The same came to Jesus by night,"
JOHN iii. 2.

Son of Man, I am glad Thou hast suffered him thus to come. Those who come by night do not always take Thy name: they would bless and pass by. But Thou givest them the name they have not assumed; Thou callest them after Thyself. They have come to Thee in the night, but they shall claim their brotherhood with the children of the day.

JANUARY 3

Watchword: "He set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."—PSA. xli. 2.

Rock of Ages, within whose magic cleft my spirit would fain repose, it is not to shun the strife that I come to Thee. I come to Thee for wings, for new power of flight. I seek Thy rest because without Thee I cannot soar. The road soon wearies my feet if something has not refreshed my soul, for it is by the soul and not by the feet that I make my way. Rock of Ages, rest me ere I go.

JANUARY 4

Watchword: "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death."—HEB. xi. 5.

Spirit of Holiness, take of the things of Christ and show them unto me. Let me learn before I die to love the things on the other bank of death; I would not meet them as the objects of a foreign land. Teach me here the rudiments of heaven, that to please God may already be my pleasure, that to serve God may already be my freedom, that to know God may already be my life. Show me the joy of Thy salvation, that the place of Thy salvation may not be to me a pain; this is the inward testimony that I want before I go.

JANUARY 5

Watchword: "They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest."—ISA. ix. 3.

Oh! Thou who art come to seek and to save lost things, buried things, I lift mine eyes to Thee. Many have offered me a golden to-morrow: Thou alone hast offered to retrieve my yesterday. Restore to me the waste places of my heart. Reveal to me the meaning of my failures. Show me that there was manna in my desert that even Canaan did not hold. Then shall mine be a harvest joy, a resurrection joy, the joy of gathering the buried past. Then shall my heart be satisfied that the travail of the soul was autumn's gain.

JANUARY 6

Watchword: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be laid low."—ISA. xl. 4.

Inspire me, O Lord, with the heroism of the valleys. Help me to see the elevation of lowly things. Reveal to me the Divine beauty of meekness, of patience, of forgiveness. Show me Thy own power—the power of the Cross. Let me learn the life of death, the victory of self-surrender, the joy of sacrifice. The valleys of my heart shall be exalted when the mountain of my pride is brought low.

JANUARY 7

Watchword: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—2 COR. iii. 17.

Until Thou comest, O Divine Spirit, I am not at home in the holy places; the presence of my God is not fulness of joy. Thy love is the music of my religion; it puts me in the spirit of it. I no longer ask, "Am I commanded to follow Thee?" I say, "Lord, suffer me to go." I no longer cry, "I must come to Thee or I shall go to hell," but I say, "It is hell without Thee; bid me that I come." Thou hast become my vital air: I breathe in Thee. Thy will is my joy; Thy work is my play; Thy service is my glory; Thy cross is my power; Thy command is my strength; the constraint of Thy love is my spirit's liberty.

JANUARY 8

Watchword: "God is light,"—1 JOHN i. 5.

My Father, come to me in life's dawn. Be Thou Thyself my light into every darkness. Illumine the mystery of sorrow. Teach me that the Cross is Divine. Show me that the Valley of the Shadow belongs to the paths of righteousness. Meet me at the tabernacle door ere I begin the sacrifice. I shall go to life's altar with exceeding joy when Thou shalt send forth Thy light.