

CFBC Hymns Class 27

Samuel Rutherford

The days in which Samuel Rutherford (c.1600-1661) lived were ones in which “a man must sin or suffer.”

Faith Cook

I have never heard anyone say, “The really deep lessons of my life have come through times of ease and comfort.” But I have heard strong saints say, “Every significant advance I have ever made in grasping the depths of God’s love and growing deep with him, has come through suffering.”

John Piper

The hymn is a marvelous testimony of treasuring Christ above all else in this life and the next.

Ken Puls

Quotations from Samuel Rutherford...

“Set not your heart upon the world, since God hath not made it your portion.”

“Our little time of suffering is not worthy of our first night’s welcome home to Heaven.”

“Be not cast down. If ye saw Him who is standing on the shore, holding out His arms to welcome you to land, ye would wade, not only through a sea of wrongs, but through hell itself to be with Him.”

“I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.”

“O my Lord Jesus Christ, if I could be in heaven without Thee, it would be hell; and if I could be in hell, and have Thee still, it would be heaven to me, for Thou are all the heaven I want.”

“It is in some respect greater love in Jesus to sanctify than to justify, for He maketh us most like Himself, in His own essential portraiture and image in sanctifying us.”

“The hope of heaven under troubles is like wind and sails to the soul.”

“Take Christ in with you under your yoke, and let patience have her perfect work.”

“Humility is a strange flower; it grows best in winter weather, and under storms of affliction.”

“The weightiest end of the cross of Christ that is laid upon you, lieth upon your strong Savior.”

“Whenever I find myself in the cellar of affliction, I always look about for the wine.”

“Set no time to the Lord the creator of time, for His time is always best.”

“My faith has no bed to sleep upon but omnipotence.”

“I had but one joy, the apple of the eye of my delights, to preach Christ my Lord.”

Introduction to Samuel Rutherford and “The Sands of Time Are Sinking” (or “Immanuel’s Land”)

“Immanuel’s Land” is a unique treasure in Christian hymnody. The hymn, also known by its first line, “The Sands of Time Are Sinking,” was written by Anne Ross Cousin from Roxburghshire in Scotland and was first published in 1857 in *The Christian Treasury*. Mrs. Cousin was the wife of a pastor in the Free Church of Scotland. Her hymn is based on a collection of letters written by Samuel Rutherford (1600–1661), a Scottish pastor who was also from Roxburghshire. Many of the phrases and images from the hymn’s 19 verses come from these letters and provide a glimpse into Rutherford’s life and ministry.

Rutherford pastored a small church in Anwoth from 1627–1636.

Anwoth is located in southwest Scotland near the Solway firth (a firth is a “long, narrow inlet of the sea”). Rutherford was a faithful, evangelical preacher who loved his congregation dearly. Verses 6, 7, 9 and 10 of the hymn reveal his pastoral heart as he lovingly refers to this church as “a little New Jerusalem, like to the one above.”

During the nine years at Anwoth Rutherford had both joys and sorrows. In 1630 his wife became ill and died. His two children soon followed her in death. When he speaks of “alters” in verse 9 where “no graves around them stand,” his personal grief as well as his hope in Christ is apparent.

By 1630 the Church of Scotland had begun to decline in doctrine and was seeking to impose many Anglican traditions on the Reformed churches. Rutherford was charged in 1630 with non-conformity to these changes, but no penalty was brought. By 1636 the situation had worsened and Rutherford could not keep silent. He published a book warning of the rising trend away from the truth of Scripture. The book offended several church leaders including Thomas Sydserff, the Bishop of Galloway, whose territory included Anwoth. Rutherford was immediately summoned to the High Commission Court at Edinburgh and charged with non-conformity and treason for his book.

The court condemned him and banished him to Aberdeen, a city on the coast in northeast Scotland. He was provided with a home, but was forbidden to preach the gospel. Rutherford refers to Aberdeen in verse 6 as his “sea-beat prison.” It was from this “prison” that 220 of Rutherford’s letters were written. Most of these were sent to friends back in Anwoth seeking to encourage them to persevere. Anwoth was left without a pastor when Rutherford was taken, so the congregation was suffering along with their pastor.

Rutherford’s imprisonment lasted until 1638 when a revolution arose in Scotland that led to the signing of the Solemn League and Covenant. Churches were granted more freedom as impositions of Anglicanism were resisted. Rutherford was freed and hurried back to Anwoth. He was soon asked, however, to teach at Saint Andrews as Professor of Divinity. From this appointment Rutherford’s influence continued to grow. In 1644 he represented Scotland in the Westminster Assembly and helped in writing the Westminster Confession of Faith.

In 1660 with the death of Cromwell, the end of the Commonwealth, and the restoration of Charles II as king, Rutherford again found himself at odds with the state church. He was removed from church office, charged with treason, and summoned to appear before the British Parliament. When the summons came, however, Rutherford was on his deathbed. He refers in verse 18 of the hymn to his accusers, calling them “earth’s proud ones.”

In the final verse of the hymn he explains why he could not answer their summons—he had a more important call from his Lord! Rutherford died on March 30, 1661. It is recorded that his dying words were “Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel’s Land.” It was this quote that stirred the heart of Anne Ross Cousin almost two hundred years later to set the words of Rutherford into a hymn. The hymn is a marvelous testimony of treasuring Christ above all else in this life and the next.

<https://founders.org/2015/12/28/the-sands-of-time-are-sinking/>

Overview of The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Kevin White

Samuel Rutherford did not, to my knowledge, write any hymns. But in the 19th century, someone wrote one for him.

Ann Cousin (1824-1906) was a Scottish poet and the wife of William Cousin, a Free Church of Scotland minister. She started writing hymns for use in her husband’s church in Irvine, Scotland. Very soon, her hymns were being used and enjoyed throughout Scotland and England. In 1854 she wrote a poem, originally titled “The Last Words of Samuel Rutherford”, based off of his Letters and deathbed sayings. The original version contained a whopping nineteen verses, but before long five of them circulated together as “The Sands of Time Are Sinking.”

Cousin does a great job distilling Rutherford’s main pastoral themes into concise, accessible verse. The result is a beautiful Christian reflection on death and what comes after, and on the beauty of the Savior. Still, it is Cousin’s hymn and not Rutherford’s. Far from slavishly copying his catchphrases, she shows a willingness to rework even his most memorable lines and to supplement them with poetic images of her own invention...In sum, “The Sands of Time Are Sinking” is at once a pithy introduction of Samuel Rutherford’s theology, and an expression of Cousin’s poetic genius.

*1. The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I’ve sighed for –
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark had been the midnight
But Dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel’s land.*

Here we see Cousin's skill in drawing a picture in words, and using that picture to express an abstract point. We have images of the last sands sinking through an hourglass, of the early summer dawn. Jesus is the Dayspring, that is, the morning star, the light of Heaven's dawn. Thus, by using this classic Christological title, she proclaims that Christ is the gracious new light that greets the Christian at death. Earthly sufferings are the darkness of midnight, but Jesus is coming. The last sands fall through the glass, but Christ already shines forth. As Rutherford said, the sight of Jesus' face is almost the entire glory of Heaven. And as Cousin's refrain says it, heaven is the land of Emmanuel—God with us. Glory lives there.

*2. The king there in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.*

This is the greatest glory of heaven: seeing, unmediated, the face of God-made-flesh, the presence of the Savior who gave all to purchase us. Even the darkness of midnight, even the journey of life and death taken seven times over, is a happy exchange for this glory. That is not to minimize the sorrows we may face on Earth, but to maximize the joy of seeing—and sharing—Christ's glory. Note how Cousin says "seven deaths." Rutherford's recurring line is "ten deaths." Both seven and ten are numbers of completion, but here "seven" scans better. Cousin does not let slavish devotion to her source material get in the way of the poetry. This is a poetic statement of the unsurpassed value of enjoying Jesus' presence.

"The Lamb with His fair army" is a reference to Revelation 14:1-5, which describes the saints as the Lamb's retinue on Mount Zion. Participating in his triumph, and singing a new song of praise. Sharing in the glory of Emmanuel's land.

*3. O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.*

Christ is the fountain of love, the source of the living water of grace. Perhaps Cousin means to use the same image as Cowper in “There is a Fountain,” where the fountain is specifically Christ’s wounds on Calvary. Perhaps, since she has already made one reference to Revelation, she has in mind the crystal stream from beneath the throne in the New Jerusalem. Either way, Jesus is the fountain of grace both in this life and the next. We taste this gift of the Spirit now, but that is only a foretaste. The full dose is yet to come. We’ll drink straight from the boundless ocean of His love.

*4. The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom’s face;
I will not gaze at glory
But on my King of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel’s land.*

Here is another eye-grabbing image. The Bride—us, collectively and singly—dressed in a glorious white robe as describe in Revelation. But upstaged by the very face of the Bridegroom. He holds out a lovely crown, but the scarred hand that holds it and places it on our head is fairer still. So lovely that we do not look at the crown, only the hand. Heaven is a realm of glory, but the Lamb is all the glory. Again, Cousin—in Rutherfordian fashion—points us to the all-surpassing beauty and worth of Christ. Do not long first for Heaven, for the New Jerusalem, the New Heaven and New Earth. The costly white robe is a glory, but Christ is greater. We will be given unimaginable glory of our own, but Christ’s will still be preeminent. This is not to say that we shouldn’t rejoice in God’s promise of a new, glorified body and eternal life in a renewed world. But if we are the Bride, and we look to our Lover with the eyes of love, then that great dowry is only of secondary concern. The great promise of heaven is not streets of gold, or seeing our loved ones again, or in having every tear wiped from our eyes, but to enjoy the presence of the fairest of the sons of men, Who once became marred beyond human recognition to gain our admission into Emmanuel’s land.

*5. O I am my Beloved’s
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine
I stand upon His merit –
I know no other stand,
Not e’en where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel’s land.*

In this verse, Cousin cranks up the bridal imagery through direct references to Song of Solomon. In particular, to Song of Solomon 2:4, “He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.” What most English translations put as “banqueting house” is literally “house of wine.” (The original Geneva Bible used the unfortunate phrasing, “He brought me to his wine cellar.”) Cousin’s use of the “house of wine” phrasing emphasizes the sensual pleasure of the wedding feast. It maximizes the contrast between our poverty and the riches that Christ will provide us. We belong to Jesus, and He belongs to us. We look forward to the time when that will be fully realized.

And, even in that land of glory, we have our standing purely on Jesus’ merit. We claim Jesus as Beloved, join the feast in the house of wine, and live forever, purely as gift. Even there, we are wholly dependent on Christ. That is why we will be eternally secure in Emmanuel’s land, because He will never turn away or falter.

<https://mereorthodoxy.com/reading-the-hymns---the-sands-of-time-are-sinking/>

Commentary of WordWise Hymns

Words: Anne Ross Cundell Cousin (b. Apr. 27, 1824; d. Dec. 6, 1906)

Music: *Rutherford*, by Chrétien d’Urhan (b. Feb. 16, 1790; d. Nov. 2, 1845)

This beautiful hymn has been cited as the longest hymn in the English language. With its nineteen stanzas, and nearly eight hundred words, it would certainly have few competitors! However, the nineteen stanzas are more technically a poem, written as a tribute to a godly Scottish pastor named Samuel Rutherford (1600-1661). A strong evangelical preacher and warm-hearted minister, he suffered opposition from the state church. His dying words, which inspired the poem, were, “Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel’s land [i.e. heaven].” Many of the lines of this hymn are quotations from, or were inspired by, the correspondence of Samuel Rutherford.

Usually, hymn books use only four or five of Cousin’s stanzas: Stanzas 1, 2, 13, 15, 17...which does not make a particularly lengthy hymn. A number of stanzas of the poem contain biographical and historical references, and would not be as suitable for a hymn. For example:

Stanza 10) Fair Anwoth by the Solway, to me thou still art dear,
E’en from the verge of heaven, I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! If one soul from Anwoth meet me at God’s right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens, In Immanuel’s land.

It's a picture of the inevitable passing of time. And there comes a day when, for each individual, the sands will run out. Apart from the return of Christ, each of us will sooner or later pass from this earthly scene. Some face the end in sickness and pain, and perhaps in fear and dread of what may be on the other side of death. Others, Samuel Rutherford among them, have looked with delight and eager anticipation on being ushered into the presence of Christ. For the believer death is but a doorway to something far grander and more wonderful. It's like the dawning of a new day.

Stanza 1) The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for—the fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight, but dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

In a stanza seldom used today, the speaker testifies that even suffering death, many times over, would be well worth reaching "Immanuel's Land."

Stanza 5) The King there in His beauty, without a veil is seen:
It were a well spent journey, though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army, doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory—glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

Stanza 15 makes use of imagery from the Song of Solomon (cf. Songs 6:3). "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love" (Songs 2:4). Like Solomon's beloved bride, the "poor vile sinner," cleansed by the blood of the Lamb" will revel in a personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ. A relationship based on "His merit," not our own (I Cor. 1:30; II Cor. 5:17; Eph. 1:3).

O I am my Beloved's and my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit—I know no other stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The book of Revelation speaks of the wedding celebration that will take place when the church, the spiritual bride of Christ, is finally united to Him. "Let us be glad and rejoice and give Him glory, for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has made herself ready. And to her it was granted to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and bright, for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints. Then he said to me, 'Write: Blessed are those who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!'" (Rev. 19:7-9).

But in that day, surely we'll not be enamoured with the beauty of our own garments, wonderful as they are. Our focus will be upon the surpassing glory of our heavenly Bridegroom.

Stanza 17) The bride eyes not her garment, but her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory but on my King of grace.
Not at the crown He giveth but on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.

<https://wordwisehymns.com/2011/10/21/the-sands-of-time-are-sinking/>

1 The sands of time are sinking,
the dawn of heaven breaks,
the summer morn I've sighed for,
the fair sweet morn awakes;
dark, dark hath been the midnight,
but dayspring is at hand,
and glory, glory dwelleth
in Emmanuel's land.

2 The King there in his beauty
without a veil is seen;
it were a well-spent journey,
though sev'n deaths lay between:
the Lamb with his fair army
doth on Mount Zion stand,
and glory, glory dwelleth
in Emmanuel's land.

3 O Christ, he is the fountain,
the deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
more deep I'll drink above:
there to an ocean fullness
his mercy doth expand,
and glory, glory dwelleth
in Emmanuel's land.

Continued...

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
but her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
but on my King of grace;
not at the crown he gifteth,
but on his pierced hand:
the Lamb is all the glory
of Emmanuel's land.

5. O I am my Beloved's
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine
I stand upon His merit –
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

Appendix 1 “Immanuel’s Land”...The Entire Poem (19 Stanzas)

1. The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2. Oh! well it is forever,
Oh! well forevermore
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore!
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the stand,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3. There the Red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heart-most bloom.
And fills the air of Heaven
With ravishing perfume;
Oh, to behold its blossom,
While by its fragrance fann'd
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4. The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

5. Oh! Christ He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of Love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

6. E'en Anwoth was not heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ;
And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst:
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spann'd,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

7. But that He built a heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little New Jerus'lem,
Like to the one above,—
“Lord, take me o'er the water,”
Had been my loud demand,
“Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land.”

8. But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew;
And then, for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scann'd—
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land.

Continued...

9. The little birds of Anwoth
I used to count them blest,—
Now, beside happier alters
I go to built my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand,
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

10. Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear!
E'en from the verge of Heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My Heaven will be two Heavens,
In Immanuel's land!

11. I've wrestled on towards Heaven,
'Ganst storm, and wind, and tide;—
Now, like a weary traveler,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's ling'ring sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

12. Deep waters cross'd life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me,—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!
Oh, to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land!

13. With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love!
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

14. Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert brier
Break into Eden's rose:
The curse shall change to blessing—
The name on earth that's bann'd,
Be graven on the white stone
In Immanuel's land.

15. Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine:"
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

16. I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Fill'd with His likeness rise,
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes:
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand;
Then—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land!

17. The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

18. I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproach'd me,
For Christ's thrice blessed name:
Where God His seal set fairest
They've stamp'd their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

Continued...

19. They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come,—
My Lord says, "Come up hither,"
My Lord says, "Welcome home!
My King now at His white throne,
My presence doth command,
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

"The Sands of Time Are Sinking"

Words based on the Letters of Samuel Rutherford (1600-1661)

From Immanuel's Land and Other Pieces by Anne Ross Cousin (1857)

Music arranged from Chrétien Urhan (1834) by Edward F. Rimbault (1867)

Appendix 2 "30 Words of Comfort from Samuel Rutherford's Pastoral Letters"

Andrew Hess

17th century Scottish minister, Samuel Rutherford (1600 – 1661) has blessed countless church leaders through his collected pastoral letters. These letters show the way to maintain hope, courage, and patience in Jesus Christ, especially during times of suffering and affliction. May these 30 excerpts from Rutherford's letters introduce you to one of the finest ministers of comfort who ever lived.

The Certainty of the Christian's Eternal Hope

"When we shall come home and enter to the possession of our Brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads shall find the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we shall look back to pains and sufferings; then shall we see life and sorrow to be less than one step or stride from a prison to glory; and that our little inch of time – suffering is not worthy of our first night's welcome home to heaven."

"Our fair morning is at hand, the daystar is near the rising, and we are not many miles from home."

"All the saints have their of winter before their eternal summer. O! for the long day, and the high sun, and the fair garden, and the King's great city up above these visible heavens!"

"One year's time of heaven shall swallow up all sorrows, even beyond all comparison."

“O happy soul for evermore, who can rightly compare this life with that long-lasting life to come, and can balance the weighty glory of the one with the light golden vanity of the other.”

“I wonder many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what their Lord is preparing for them.”

The Incomprehensible Beauty of Jesus Christ

“No pen, no words, no image can express to you the loveliness of my only, only Lord Jesus.”

“God hath made many fair flowers, but the fairest of them all is heaven, and the flower of all flowers is Christ.”

“I beseech you in the Lord Jesus, make every day more and more of Christ...”

“I am sure that the saints at their best are but strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable sweetness of Christ. He is so new, so fresh in excellency, every day of new, to these that search more and more in him...”

“I am in as sweet communion with Christ as a poor sinner can be; and am only pained that he hath much beauty and fairness, and I little love; he great power and mercy, and I little faith; he much light, and I bleared eyes.”

The Unwavering Love of Jesus Christ

“I see Christ’s love is so kingly, that it will not abide a marrow (match, companion): it must have a throne all alone in the soul.”

“Look up to him and love him! O, love and live.”

“I would not exchange my Lord Jesus, with all the comfort out of heaven; his yoke is easy, and his burden light.”

“I find Christ the most steadfast friend and companion in the world to me now...”

The Tender Compassion of Jesus Christ

“There is no sweeter fellowship with Christ than to bring our wounds and our sores to him.”

“The sea-sick passenger shall come to land; Christ will be the first that will meet you on the shore.”

“There are many a head lying in Christ’s bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest.”

“Send a heavy heart up to Christ, it shall be welcome.”

“I find his sweet presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering.”

“I dare not say but my Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness with his joys, my losses with his own presence. I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ’s joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with himself.”

The All-Sufficiency of Jesus Christ

“Every day we may see some new thing in Christ. His love hath neither brim nor bottom.”

“If there were ten thousand, thousand millions of worlds, and as many heavens full of men and angels, Christ would not be pinched to supply all our wants, and to fill us all.”

“The floods my swell and roar, but our ark shall swim above the waters; it cannot sink, because a Savior is in it.”

“Let Christ have a commanding power and a King-throne in you.”

God’s Wise Purposes in the Suffering

“Glorify the Lord in your sufferings, and take his banner of love, and spread it over you. Others will follow you, if they see you strong in the Lord; their courage shall take life from your Christian carriage.”

“You must learn to make evils your great good, and to spin out comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ, out of your troubles, which are Christ’s wooers to speak for you to himself.”

“I have many a grieved heart daily in my calling. I would be undone, if I had not access to the King’s chamber of presence, to show him all the business.”

“I bless the Lord, that all our troubles come through Christ’s fingers, and that he casteth sugar among them.”

The Christian’s Great Hope in Death

“If Christ Jesus be the period, the end and lodging-home at the end of your journey, there is no fear, ye go to a friend . . . ye may look death in the face with joy.”

SOURCE: *The Letters of Samuel Rutherford*

<https://cultivatingepiphanies.com/>