

Thomas F. Torrance

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LETTERS

OF

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

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FOR

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LETTERS

OF

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

WITH

Biographical Sketches of His Correspondents.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ANDREW A. BONAR,

GLASGOW.

WITH SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM P. KENNEDY, 79 GEORGE STREET;

JOHN MACLAREN, 138 PRINCES STREET.

1863.

“ He would fend me as a spy into this wilderness of suffering, to see the land, and to try the ford ; and I cannot make a lie of Christ’s cross ; I can report nothing but good both of Him and it.”—[LET. 118.]



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LETTERS.

CLXXXIX.—To JOHN STUART, *Provost of Ayr.* [Let. 163.]

(HOPE FOR SCOTLAND—SELF-SUBMISSION—CHRIST HIMSELF
IS SOUGHT FOR BY FAITH—STABILITY OF SALVATION—HIS
WAYS.)

WORTHY SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. I long for the time when I shall see the beauty of the Lord in His house; and would be as glad of it as of any sight on earth, to see the halt, the blind, and the lame, come back to Zion with supplications,* “Going and weeping, and seeking the Lord; asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward;”† and to see the Woman travailing in birth, delivered of the man-child of a blessed reformation. If this land were humbled, I would look that our skies should clear, and our day dawn again, and ye should then bless Christ, who is content to save your travel, and to give Himself to you, in pure ordinances, on this side of the sea. I know the mercy of Christ is engaged by promise to Scotland, notwithstanding He bring wrath, as I fear He will, upon this land.

I am waiting on for enlargement, and half content that my faith bow, if Christ, while He bow it, keep it unbroken; for who goeth through a fire without a mark or a scald? I see the Lord making use of this fire, to scour His vessels from their rust. Oh that my will were silent, and “as a child weaned from the breasts!”‡ But,

* Jer. xxxi. 8, 9.
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† Jer. l. 4, 5.

‡ Ps. cxxxix.
A

alas ! who hath a heart that will give Christ the last word in flyt-
ing,* and will hear and not speak again ? Oh ! contestations and
quarrelous† replies (as a soon-saddled‡ spirit, “ I do well to be angry,
even to the death”§) smell of the stink of strong corruption. O
blessed soul, that could sacrifice his will, and go to heaven, having
lost his will and made resignation of it to Christ ! I would seek no
more than that Christ were absolute King over my will, and that
my will were a sufferer in all crosses, without meeting Christ with
such a word, “ Why is it thus ? ” I wish still, that my love had
but leave to stand beside beautiful Jesus, and to get the mercy of
looking to Him, and burning for Him, suppose that possession of
Him were suspended, and fristed|| till my Lord fold together the
leaves and two sides of the little shepherds’ tents of clay. Oh, what
pain is in longing for Christ, under an over-clouded and eclipsed
assurance ! What is harder than to burn and dwine¶ with longing
and deaths of love, and then to have blanks and uninked paper for**
assurance of Christ in real fruition or possession ? Oh how sweet
were one line, or half a letter, of a written assurance under Christ’s
own hand ! But this is our exercise daily, that guiltiness shall over-
mist†† and darken assurance. It is a miracle to believe ; but, for a
sinner to believe, is two miracles. But oh, what obligations of love
are we under to Christ, who beareth with our wild apprehensions,
in suffering them to nickname sweet Jesus, and to put a lie upon His
good name ! If He had not been God, and if long-suffering in
Christ were not like Christ Himself, we should long ago have broken
Christ’s mercies in two pieces, and put an iron bar on our salvation,
that mercy should not have been able to break or overleap. But
long-suffering in God is God Himself ; and that is our salvation ;
and the stability of our heaven is in God. He knew who said,
“ Christ in you the hope of glory ” ‡‡ (for our hope, and the bottom

* Scolding.

† Disputes and replies that provoke quarrels.

‡ Hasty ; little time taken to fit on the saddle. § Jonah iv. 9.

|| Postponed for a time.

¶ Pine away.

** For ; i.e., instead of.

†† Rise like a mist over.

‡‡ Col. i. 27.

and pillars of it, is Christ-God !), that sinners are anchor-fast, and made stable in God. So that if God do not change (which is impossible), then my hope shall not fluctuate. Oh, sweet stability of sure-bottomed salvation ! Who could win heaven, if this were not so ? and who could be saved, if God were not God, and if He were not such a God as He is ? Oh, God be thanked that our salvation is coasted, and landed, and shored upon Christ, who is Master of winds and storms ! And what sea-winds can blow the coast or the land out of its place ? Bulwarks are often casten down, but coasts are not removed : but suppose that were or might be, yet God cannot reel nor remove. Oh that* we go from this strong and immoveable Lord, and that we loosen ourselves (if it were in our power) from Him ! Alas, our green and young love hath not taken with Christ, being unacquainted with Him. He is such a wide, and broad, and deep, and high, and surpassing sweetness, that our love is too little for Him. But oh, if our love, little as it is, could take band† with His great and huge sweetness, and transcendent excellency ! Oh, thrice blessed, and eternally blessed are they, who are out of themselves, and above themselves, that they may be in love united to Him !

I am often rolling up and down the thoughts of my faint and sick desires of expressing Christ's glory before His people. But I see not through the throng of impediments, and cannot find eyes to look higher ; and so I put many things in Christ's way to hinder Him, that I know He would but laugh at, and with one stride set His foot over them all. I know not if my Lord will bring me to His sanctuary or not ; but I know that He hath the placing of me, either within or without the house, and that nothing will be done without Him. But I am often thinking and saying within myself, that my days flee away, and I see no good, neither yet Christ's work thriving ; and it is like‡ that the grave shall prevent the answer of my desires of saving souls as I would. But, alas ! I cannot make right work of His ways ; I neither spell nor read my Lord's providence aright. My thoughts go away that I fear they meet not

* Alas.

† Unite with ; *q. d.*, bind in with.‡ *Likely*, probable.

God; for it is likely that God will not come the way of my thoughts. And I cannot be taught to crucify to Him my wisdom and desires, and to make Him King over my thoughts; for I would have a principedom over my thoughts, and would boldly and blindly prescribe to God, and guide myself in a way of my own making. But I hold my peace here; let Him do His will.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweetest Lord and Master,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R.

CXC.—To CARSLUTH (*Kirkmabreck*).

[The name of the person to whom this letter is addressed, was Robert Brown of Carsluth. He was a man of considerable property in the part of the country where Rutherford's lot was cast previous to his imprisonment. He must have died about the beginning of the year 1658, as on the 27th of April, that year, Thomas Brown of Carsluth is retoured heir of Robert Brown of Carsluth, his father, in the 7 merkland of Carsluth, etc. (*Inq. Retor. Abbrev. Kirkcud.*) Brown of Carsluth was an ancient family.

Going along the shore of Wigtown Bay, toward Creetown, you see the old tower-like house, with a modern farm, well wooded. It is near the modern residence of Kirkdale.]

(NECESSITY OF MAKING SURE OF SALVATION—VANITY OF THE WORLD—NOTHING WORTH HAVING BUT CHRIST—FLIGHT OF TIME.)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I earnestly desire you to try how matters stand between your soul and the Lord. Think it no easy matter to take heaven by violence. Salvation cometh now to the most part of men in a night-dream. There is no scarcity of faith now, such as it is; for ye shall not now light upon the man who will not say he hath faith in Christ. But, alas! dreams make no man's rights.

Worthy Sir, I beseech you in the Lord to give your soul no rest till ye have real assurance, and Christ's rights confirmed and sealed to your soul. The common faith, and country-holiness, and week-day

zeal, that is among people, will never bring men to heaven. Take pains for your salvation; for in that day, when ye shall see many men's labours and conquests* and idol-riches lying in ashes, when the earth and all the works thereof shall be burnt with fire, oh how dear a price would your soul give for God's favour in Christ! It is a blessed thing to see Christ with up-sun,† and to read over your papers and foul-accounts with fair day-light. It will not be time to cry for a lamp when the Bridegroom is entered into His chamber, and the door shut. Fy, fy upon blinded and debased souls, who are committing whoredom with this idol-clay, and hunting a poor, wretched, hungry heaven, a hungry breakfast, a day's meat from this hungry world, with the forfeiting of God's favour, and the *drinking over* their heaven (*over the board*,‡ as men used to speak), for the laughter and sports of this short forenoon! All that is under this vault of heaven, and betwixt us and death, and on this side of sun and moon, is but toys, night-visions, head-fancies, poor shadows, watery froth, godless vanities at their best, and black hearts, and salt and four miseries, sugared over and confectioned with an hour's laughter or two, and the conceit of riches, honour, vain, vain court, and lawless pleasures. Sir, if ye look both to the laughing side and to the weeping side of this world, and if ye look not only upon the skin and colour of things, but into their inwards, and the heart of their excellency, ye shall see that one look of Christ's sweet and lovely eye, one kiss of His fairest face, is worth ten thousand worlds of such rotten stuff, as the foolish sons of men set their hearts upon. Oh, Sir, turn, turn your heart to the other side of things, and get it once free of these entanglements, to consider eternity, death, the clay bed, the grave, awfome § judgment, everlasting burning quick in hell, where death would give as great a price (if there were a

* Not our common word for *victories*, but "acquisitions," made by industry or purchase.

† The sun above the horizon.

‡ Formally renounce; as the feller did when he handed the goods to the purchaser, and drank good luck to him. The expression is a proverbial one.

§ Awful.

market, wherein death might be bought and sold) as all the world. Consider heaven and glory. But, alas ! why speak I of considering those things, which have not entered into the heart of man to consider ? Look into those depths (without a bottom) of loveliness, sweetness, beauty, excellency, glory, goodness, grace, and mercy, that are in Christ ; and ye shall then cry down the whole world, and all the glory of it, even when it is come to the summer-bloom ; and ye shall cry, “ Up with Christ, up with Christ’s Father, up with eternity of glory ! ” Sir, there is a great deal less sand in your glass than when I saw you, and your afternoon is nearer even-tide now than it was. As a flood carried back to the sea, so doth the Lord’s swift post, Time, carry you and your life with wings to the grave. Ye eat and drink, but time standeth not still ; ye laugh, but your day fleeth away ; ye sleep, but your hours are reckoned and put by hand.* Oh how soon will time shut you out of the poor, and cold, and hungry inn of this life ! And then what will yesterday’s short-born pleasures do to you, but be as a snow-ball melted away many years since ? Or worse ! for the memory of these pleasures useth to fill the soul with bitterness. Time and experience will prove this to be true ; and dying men, if they could speak, would make this good. Lay no more on the creatures than they are able to carry. Lay your soul and your weights upon God. Make Him your only, only Best-beloved. Your errand to this life is to make sure an eternity of glory to your soul, and to match your soul with Christ. Your love, if it were more than all the love of angels in one, is Christ’s due : other things worthy in themselves, in respect of Christ, are not worth a windlestraw,† or a drink of cold water. I doubt not but in death ye shall see all things more distinctly, and that then the world shall bear no more bulk than it is worth, and that then it shall couch and be contracted into nothing ; and ye shall see Christ longer, higher, broader, and deeper than ever He was. Oh blessed conquest,‡ to lose all things, and to gain Christ ! I know not what ye have, if ye want Christ ! Alas ! how

* Put aside as finished.

† Withered stalk of grass.

‡ Acquisition.

poor is your gain, if the earth were all yours in free heritage, holding it of no man of clay, if Christ be not yours ! Oh, seek all mides, * lay all oars in the water, put forth all your power, and bend all your endeavours, to put away and part with all things, that ye may gain and enjoy Christ. Try and search His word, and strive to go a step above and beyond ordinary professors ; and resolve to sweat more and run faster than they do, for salvation. Men's midway, † cold, and wise courses in godliness, and their neighbour-like, cold, and wise pace to heaven, will cause many a man to want his lodging at night, and to lie in the fields. I recommend Christ and His love to your seeking ; and yourself to the tender mercy and rich grace of our Lord.

Remember my love in Christ to your wife. I desire her to learn to make her soul's anchor fast upon Christ Himself. Few are saved. Let her consider what joy the smiles of God in Christ will be, and what the love-kisses of sweet, sweet Jesus, and a welcome home to the New Jerusalem from Christ's own mouth will be to her soul, when Christ will fold together the clay tent of her body, and lay it by His hand ‡ for a time, till the fair morning of the general resurrection. I avouch before God, man, and angel, that I have not seen, nor can imagine a lover to be comparable to lovely Jesus. I would not exchange or niffer § Him with ten heavens. If heaven could be without Him, what could we do there ? Grace, grace be with you.

Your soul's eternal well-wisher,

S. R

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CXCI.—*To* CASSINCARRIE.

[The mansion of Cassincarrie is a mile from Creetown. It stands near the road, just after you pass the stone quarries that help to supply Liverpool. It is so directly opposite Wigtown, that from the windows we might suppose the godly proprietor looking across, and praying for the martyrs Margaret Wilson

* Means.

† Half and half, undecided.

‡ Lay aside, as having answered its end.

§ Barter.

and Margaret M'Lachlan, in 1685.* This correspondent of Rutherford was probably the son of John Mure of Cassinacrie, who was the second son of John Mure of Rowallan. Had he been John Mure of Cassinacrie, elder, he would now have been on the borders of ninety years of age, as his eldest brother, William Mure of Rowallan, died in 1616, aged 69; and in that case, Rutherford would doubtless have enforced his solemn admonitions by pointed allusions to his advanced period of life. His son, therefore, is very likely the person to whom this letter is addressed.—*Robertson's Ayrshire Families*, vol. iii. p. 361.]

(*EARNESTNESS ABOUT SALVATION—CHRIST HIMSELF SOUGHT.*)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. I have been too long in writing to you. I am confident that ye have learned to prize Christ, and His love and favour, more than ordinary professors, who scarce see Christ with half an eye, because their sight is taken up with eyeing and liking the beauty of this over-gilded world, that promiseth fair to all its lovers, but in the push of a trial, when need is, can give nothing but a fair beguile.

I know that ye are not ignorant that men come not to this world, as some do to a market, to see and to be seen; or as some come to behold a May-game, and only to behold, and to go home again. Ye come hither to treat with God, and to tryst† with Him in His Christ for salvation to your soul, and to seek reconciliation with an angry, wrathful God, in a covenant of peace made to you in Christ; and this is more than ordinary sport, or the play that the greatest part of the world give their heart unto. And, therefore, worthy sir, I pray you, by the salvation of your soul, and by the mercy of God, and your compearance‡ before Christ, do this in sad earnest, and let not salvation be your by-work,§ or your holy-day's task only, or a work by the way. For men think that this may be done on three days' space on a feather bed, when death

* The exact historical truth of these two martyrdoms is attested beyond denial by the full record, entered, a few years after, on the Minutes of the Kirk Session of Penningham, with which the martyrs were connected.

† Appoint a meeting.

‡ Appearance in obedience to citation.

§ Done at leisure moments only.

and they are fallen in hands together, and that with a word or two they shall make their soul-matters right. Alas! this is to sit loose and unsure in the matters of our salvation. Nay, the seeking of this world, and of the glory of it, is but an odd and by-errand* that we may slip, so being we make salvation sure. Oh, when will men learn to be that† heavenly-wise as to divorce from and free their soul of all idol-lovers, and make Christ the only, only One, and trim and make ready their lamps, while they have time and day! How soon will this house skail,‡ and the inn, where the poor soul lodgeth, fall to the earth! How soon will some few years pass away! and then, when the day is ended, and this life's lease expired, what have men of world's glory but dreams and thoughts? Oh how blessed a thing is it to labour for Christ, and to make Him sure! Know and try in time your holding of Him, and the rights§ and charters of heaven, and upon what terms ye have Christ and the Gospel, and what Christ is worth in your estimation, and how lightly ye esteem other things, and how dearly Christ! I am sure, that if ye see Him in His beauty and glory, ye shall see Him to be all things, and that incomparable jewel of gold that ye should seek, howbeit ye should sell, wadset,|| and forfeit your few years' portion of this life's joys. 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! The day of the Lord is now near-hand,¶ and all men shall come out in their blacks and whites, as they are; there shall be no borrowed lying colours in that day, when Christ shall be called Christ, and no longer nicknamed. Now men borrow Christ and His white colour, and the lustre** and farding†† of Christianity; but how many counterfeit masks will be burned, in the day of God, in the fire that shall burn the earth and the works that are on it? And howbeit Christ have the hardest part of it

* An errand undertaken as of little importance, and as a matter that might be attended to at any time.

† So really.

‡ Disperse.

§ Title-deeds.

|| Pledge away.

¶ Near at hand.

** The factitious decoration.

†† Painted on disguise.

now, yet in the preſence of my Lord, whom I ſerve in the ſpirit, I would not niſſer* or exchange Chriſt's priſon, bonds, and chains, with the gold chains and lordly rents, and ſmiling and happy-like† heavens of the men of this world. I am far from thoughts of repenting becauſe of my loſſes and bonds for Chriſt. I wiſh that all my adverſaries were as I am, except my bonds. Worthy, worthy, worthy for evermore is Chriſt, for whom we ſhould ſuffer pains like hell's pain; far more the ſhort hell that the faints of God have in this life. Sir, I wiſh that your ſoul may be more acquainted with the ſweetneſs of Chriſt. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours in his only Lord and Maſter,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R.

CXCII.—*To the Lady CARDONESS.*

(GRACE—THE NAME OF CHRIST TO BE EXALTED—EVERY-THING BUT GOD FAILS US.)



MISTRESS,—I beſeech you in the Lord Jeſus to make every day more and more of Chriſt; and try your growth in the grace of God, and what new ground ye win‡ daily on corruption. For travellers are day by day either advancing farther on, and nearer home, or elſe they go not right about to compaſs their journey.

I think ſtill the better and better of Chriſt. Alas! I know not where to ſet Him, I would ſo fain have Him high! I cannot ſet heavens above heavens till I were tired with numbering, and ſet Him upon the higheſt ſtep and ſtorey of the higheſt of them all; but I wiſh I could make Him great through the world, ſuppoſe my loſs, and pain, and ſhame were ſet under the ſoles of His feet, that He might ſtand upon me.

I requeſt that you faint not; becauſe this world and ye are at yea and nay, and becauſe this is not a home that laugheth upon

* Barter.

† Happy only in appearance.

‡ What new advantage ye gain over.

you. The wife Lord, who knoweth you, will have it so, because He casteth a net for your love, to catch it and gather it in to Himself. Therefore, bear patiently the loss of children, and burdens, and other discontentments, either within or without the house : your Lord in them is seeking you, and seek ye Him. Let none be your love and choice, and the flower of your delights, but your Lord Jesus. Set not your heart upon the world, since God hath not made it your portion ; for it will not fall to you to get two portions, and to rejoice twice, and to be happy twice, and to have an upper heaven, and an under heaven too. Christ our Lord, and His saints, were not so ; and, therefore, let go your grip of this life, and of the good things of it : I hope that your heaven groweth not hereaway.* Learn daily both to possess and miss Christ, in his secret bridegroom-smiles. He must go and come, because His infinite wisdom thinketh it best for you. We shall be together one day. We shall not need to borrow light from sun, moon, or candle. There shall be no complaints on either side, in heaven. There shall be none there, but He and we, the Bridegroom and the bride ; devils, temptations, trials, desertions, losses, sad hearts, pain, and death, shall be all put out of play ; and the devil must give up his office of tempting. Oh, blessed is the soul whose hope hath a face looking straight out to that day. It is not our part to make a treasure here ; anything, under the covering of heaven, which we can build upon, is but ill ground and a sandy foundation. Every good thing, except God, wanteth a bottom, and cannot stand its lone ; † how then can it bear the weight of us ? Let us not lay a load on a windlestraw. ‡ There shall nothing find § my weight, or found my happiness, but God. I know that all created power would sink under me, if I should lean down upon it ; and, therefore, it is better to rest on God, than to sink or fall ; and we weak souls must have a bottom and a being-place, || for we cannot stand our lone. † Let us then be wise in our

* In this quarter. † By itself, unsupported. ‡ Withered stalk of grass. § Feel.

|| A *building* place ? Probably the M.S. word was “ *bigging*,” which is the Scottish “ building.”

choice, and choofe and wale* our own bleffednefs, which is to truſt in the Lord. Each one of us hath a whore and idol, beſides our Huſband Chriſt; but it is our folly to divide our narrow and little love; it will not ſerve two. It is beſt then to hold it whole and together, and to give it to Chriſt; for we get double intereſt for our love, when we lend it to, and lay it out upon Chriſt; and we are ſure, beſides, that the ſtock cannot periſh.

Now I can ſay no more. Remember me. I have God's right to that people; howbeit by the violence of men, ſtronger than I, I am baniſhed from you, and chaſed away. The Lord give you mercy in the day of Chriſt. It may be that God will clear my ſky again; howbeit there is ſmall appearance of my deliverance. But let Him do with me what ſeemeth good in His own eyes. I am His clay; let my Potter frame and faſhion me as He pleaſeth. Grace be with you.

Your lawful and loving paſtor,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CXCIH.—To SIBYLLA MACADAM. [See notice, Let. 141.]

(CHRIST'S BEAUTY AND EXCELLENCE.)



MISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. I can bear witneſs in my bonds, that Chriſt is ſtill the longer the better; and no worſe, yea, inconceivably better than He is (or can be) called. I think it half a heaven to have my fill of the ſmell of His ſweet breath, and to ſleep in the arms of Chriſt my Lord, with His left hand under my head and His right hand embracing me. There is no great reckoning to be made of the withering of my flower, in compariſon of the foul and manifeſt wrongs done to Chriſt. Nay, let never the dew of God lie upon my branches again, let the bloom† fall from my joy, and let it wither, let the Almighty blow out my candle, ſo being the Lord might be great among Jews and Gentiles, and His oppreſſed Church delivered. Let Chriſt fare well, ſuppoſe I ſhould eat aſhes.

* Select carefully.

† The bloſſom of the flower.

I know that He must be sweet Himself, when His cross is so sweet. And it is the part of us all, if we marry Himself, to marry the crosses, losses, and reproaches also, that follow Him. For mercy followeth Christ's cross. His prison, for beauty, is made of marble and ivory; His chains, that are laid on His prisoners, are golden chains; and the sighs of the prisoners of hope are perfumed with comforts, the like whereof cannot be bred or found on this side of sun and moon. Follow on after His love; tire not of Christ, but come in, and see His beauty and excellency, and feed your soul upon Christ's sweetness. This world is not yours, neither would I have your heaven made of such metal as mire and clay. Ye have the choice and wale* of all lovers in heaven or out of heaven, when ye have Christ, the only delight of God His Father. Climb up the mountain with joy, and faint not; for time will cut off the men who pursue Christ's followers. Our best things here have a worm in them; our joys, besides God, in the inner half are but woes and sorrows: Christ, Christ is that which our love and desires can sleep sweetly and rest safely upon.

Now the very God of peace establish you in Christ. Help a prisoner with your prayers, and entreat that our Lord would be pleased to visit me with a sight of His beauty in His house, as He has sometimes done. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CXCIV.—To MR HUGH HENDERSON, *Minister of Dalry, Ayrshire.*

(THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE—BELIEVING PATIENCE.)



EVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Who knoweth but the wind may turn into the west again, upon Christ and His desolate bride in this land; and that Christ may get His summer by course again? For He hath had ill-weather

* Best selection.

this long time, and could not find law or justice for Himself and His truth these many years. I am sure the wheels of this crazed and broken kirk run all upon no other axle-tree, nor is there any other to roll them, and cog* them, and drive them, than the wisdom and good pleasure of our Lord. And it were a just trick and glorious of never-sleeping Providence, to bring our brethren's darts, which they have shot at us, back upon their own heads. Suppose they have two strings to their bow, and can take one as another faileth them, yet there are more than three strings upon our Lord's bow; and, besides, He cannot miss the white† that He shooteth at. I know that He shuffeth up and down in His hand the great body of heaven and earth; and that kirk and commonwealth are, in His hand, like a stock of cards,‡ and that He dealeth the play to the mourners of Zion, and to those that say, "Lie down, that we may go over you," at His own sovereign pleasure: and I am sure that Zion's adversaries, in this play, shall not take up their own stakes again. Oh how sweet a thing is it to trust in Him! When Christ hath slept out His sleep (if I may speak so of Him who is the Watchman of Israel, that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth), and His own are tried, He will arise as a strong man after wine, and make bare His holy arm, and put on vengeance as a cloak, and deal vengeance, thick and double, amongst the haters of Zion. It may be that we may see Him sow and send down maledictions and vengeance as thick as drops of rain or hail upon His enemies; for our Lord oweth them a black day, and He useth duly to pay His debts. Neither His friends and followers, nor His foes and adversaries shall have it to say, "That He is not faithful and exact in keeping His word."

I know of no bar in God's way but Scotland's guiltiness; and He can come over that impediment, and break that bar also, and then say to guilty Scotland, as He said, "Not for your sakes," § &c.

* To put a piece of wood wedge-wise between a wheel and the ground, to prevent it moving.

† The mark, or bull's-eye. ‡ Pack of cards. § Ezek. xxxvi. 22, 23.

On-waiting had ever yet a blessed issue; and to keep the word of God's patience, keepeth still the faints dry in the water, cold in the fire, and breathing and blood-hot in the grave. What are prisons of iron walls, and gates of brass, to Christ? Not so good as fail dykes,* fortifications of straw, or old tottering walls. If He give the word, then chains will fall off the arms and legs of His prisoners. God be thanked, that our Lord Jesus hath the tutoring of king, and court, and nobles; and that He can dry the gutters† and the mires in Zion, and lay causeways to the temple with the carcases of bastard lord-prelates and idol shepherds. The corn on the house-tops got never the husbandman's prayers, and so is seen‡ on it, for it filleth not the hand of mowers. Christ, and truth, and innocency, worketh even under the earth; and verily there is hope for the righteous. We see not what conclusions pass in heaven anent§ all the affairs of God's house. We need not give hire to God to take vengeance of His enemies, for justice worketh without hire. Oh that the seed of hope would grow again, and come to maturity! and that we would importune Christ, and double our knocks at His gate, and cast our cries and shouts over the wall, that He might come out, and make our Jerusalem the praise of the whole earth, and give us salvation for walls and bulwarks! If Christ bud, and grow green, and bloom,|| and bear seed again in Scotland, and His Father send Him two summers in one year, and bless His crop, what cause have we to rejoice in the free salvation of our Lord, and to set up our banners in the name of our God! Oh that He would hasten the confusion of the leprous strumpet, the mother and mistress of abominations in the earth, and take graven images out of the way, and come in with the Jews in troops, and agree with His old outcast and forsaken wife, and take them again to His bed of love. Grace be with you.

Yours, in our Master and Lord,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Turf walls; a *fail* is a turf.

† Pools of dirt.

‡ Is left there unreaped; Ps. cxxix. 8. § Concerning. || Blossom.

CXC.V.—*To the* LADY LARGIRIE.

[She was wife of the proprietor of Cafermadie, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The place was called also *Largero*, or *Largerie*, in the parish of Twynholm, near Kirkcudbright.]

(CHRIST THE EXCLUSIVE OBJECT OF LOVE—PREPARATION FOR DEATH.)



ISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. I exhort you in the Lord, to go on in your journey to heaven; and to be content with such fare by the way as Christ and His followers have had before you; for they had always the wind on their faces; and our Lord hath not changed the way to us for our ease, but will have us following our sweet Guide. Alas, how doth sin clog us in our journey, and retard us! What fools are we, to have a by-good,* or any other love, or match, to our souls, beside Christ! It were best for us, like ill bairns, who are best heard† at home, to seek our own home, and to sell our hopes of this little clay inn and idol of the earth, where we are neither well summered nor well wintered. Oh that our souls would so fall at odds with the love of this world, as to think of it as a traveller doth of a drink of water, which is not any part of his treasure, but goeth away with the using! for ten miles' journey maketh that drink to him as nothing. Oh that we had as soon done with this world, and could as quickly despatch the love of it! But as a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out of its room, so neither can we be masters and lords of two loves. Blessed were we, if we could make ourselves master of that invaluable treasure, the love of Christ; or rather suffer ourselves to be mastered and subdued to Christ's love, so as Christ were our "all things," and all other things our nothings, and

* An object which we resort to in addition to Christ.

† A Scottish phrase for "best served;" the word "to hear" being used for "to attend to, or treat." See *Jamieson's Dict.*

the refuse of our delights. Oh let us be ready for shipping, against the time our Lord's wind and tide call for us ! Death is the last thief, that will come without din or noise of feet, and take our souls away, and we shall take our leave of time, and face eternity ; and our Lord will lay together the two sides of this earthly tabernacle, and fold us, and lay us by, as a man layeth by* clothes at night, and put the one half of us in a house of clay, the dark grave, and the other half of us in heaven or hell. Seek to be found of your Lord in peace, and gather in your flitting,† and put your soul in order ; for Christ will not give a nail-breadth of time to our little sand-glasses.

Pray for Zion, and for me, His prisoner, that He would be pleased to bring me amongst you again, full of Christ, and freighted‡ and laden with the blessing of His Gospel.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his only Lord and Master,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CXCVI.—*To EARLSTON, the Younger.*

(SUFFERINGS—HOPE OF FINAL DELIVERANCE—THE BELIEVER
IN SAFE KEEPING—THE RECOMPENSE MARRED BY TEMP-
TATIONS.)



WORTHY AND DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I long to hear from you. I remain still a prisoner of hope, and do think it service to the Lord to wait on still with submission, till the Lord's morning sky break, and His summer day

* Lay aside.

† Furniture removed from a house when the tenant removes.

‡ Freight.

dawn. For I am persuaded that it is a piece of the chief errand of our life (which God sent us for, some years, down to this earth, among devils and men, the firebrands of the devil, and temptations), that we might suffer for a time here amongst our enemies; otherwise He might have made heaven to wait on us, at our coming out of the womb, and have carried us home to our country, without letting us set down our feet in this knotty and thorny life. But seeing a piece of suffering is carved to every one of us, less or more, as infinite Wisdom hath thought good, our part is to harden and habituate our soft and thin-skinned nature to endure fire and water, devils, lions, men, losses, wo* hearts, as those that are looked upon by God, angels, men, and devils. Oh, what folly is it, to sit down and weep upon a decree of God, that is both deaf and dumb to our tears, and must stand still as unmoveable as God who made it! For who can come behind our Lord, to alter or better what He hath decreed and done? It were better to make windows in our prison, and to look out to God and our country, heaven, and to cry like fettered men who long for the King's free air, "Lord, let Thy kingdom come! Oh, let the Bridegroom come! And, O day, O fair day, O everlasting summer day, dawn and shine out, break out from under the black night sky, and shine!" I am persuaded that, if every day a little stone in the prison-walls were broken, and thereby assurance given to the chained prisoner, lying under twenty stone of irons upon arms and legs, that at length his chain should wear into two pieces, and a hole should be made at length as wide as he might come safely over to his long-desired liberty; he would, in patience, wait on, till time should hole† the prison-wall and break his chains. The Lord's hopeful prisoners, under their trials, are in that case. Years and months will take out, now one little stone, then another, of this house of clay; and at length time shall win‡ out the breadth of a fair door, and send out the imprisoned soul to the free air in heaven. And time shall file off, by little and little, our iron bolts which are now on legs and arms, and outdate

* Grieved, woeful.

† Pierce through, make a hole. Let. 177.

‡ Get.

and wear our troubles threadbare and holey,* and then wear them to nothing; for what I suffered yesterday, I know, shall never come again to trouble me.

Oh that we could breathe out new hope, and new submission every day, into Christ's lap! For, certainly, a weight of glory well weighed, yea, increasing to a far more exceeding and eternal weight, shall recompense both weight and length of light, and clipped, and short-dated† crosses. Our waters are but ebb,‡ and come neither to our chin, nor to the stopping of our breath. I may see (if I would borrow eyes from Christ) dry land, and that near. Why then should we not laugh at adversity, and scorn our short-born and soon-dying temptations? I rejoice in the hope of that glory to be revealed, for it is no uncertain glory which we look for. Our hope is not hung upon such an untwisted thread as, "I imagine so," or "It is likely;" but the cable, the strong towel§ of our fastened anchor, is the oath and promise of Him who is eternal verity. Our salvation is fastened with God's own hand, and with Christ's own strength, to the strong stoup|| of God's unchangeable nature, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."¶ We may play, and dance, and leap upon our worthy and immoveable Rock. The ground is sure and good, and will bide** hell's brangling,†† and devils' brangling,†† and the world's assaults.

Oh, if our faith could ride it out against the high and proud waves and winds, when our sea seemeth to be all on fire! Oh, how oft do I let my grips‡‡ go! I am put to swimming and half sinking. I find that the devil hath the advantage of the ground in this battle; for he fighteth on known ground, in our corrupt nature. Alas! that is a friend near of kin and blood to himself, and will not fail to fall foul upon us. And hence it is, that He who saveth to the uttermost, and leadeth many sons to glory, is still

* Full of holes.

§ Rope, hawser.

** Endure.

† That last so short a time.

|| Pillar of wood, or post.

†† Shaking to and fro.

‡ Shallow.

¶ Mal. iii. 6.

‡‡ Firm hold.

righting* my falvation ; and twenty times a-day I ravel† my heaven, and then I muſt come with my ill-ravelled‡ work to Chriſt, to cumber Him (as it were) to right it, and to ſeek again the right end of the thread, and to fold up again my eternal glory with His own hand, and to give a right caſt of His holy and gracious hand to my marred and ſpilled§ falvation. Certainly it is a cumberſome|| thing to keep a fooliſh child from falls, and broken brows, and weeping for this and that toy, and raſh running, and ſickneſs, and bairns' diſeaſes ; ere he win¶ through them all, and win out of the mires, he coſteth meikle black cumber** and faſhery†† to his keepers. And ſo is a believer a cumberſome piece of work, and an ill-ravelled heſp‡‡ (as we uſe to ſay), to Chriſt. But God be thanked ; for many ſpilled§ falvations, and many ill-ravelled heſps hath Chriſt mended, ſince firſt He entered Tutor to loſt mankind. Oh, what could we bairns do without Him ! How ſoon would we mar all ! But the leſs of our weight be upon our own feeble legs, and the more that we be on Chriſt the ſtrong Rock, the better for us. It is good for us that ever Chriſt took the cumber of us ; it is our heaven to lay many weights and burdens upon Chriſt, and to make Him all we have, root and top, beginning and ending of our falvation. Lord, hold us here.

Now to this Tutor, and rich Lord, I recommend you. Hold faſt till He come ; and remember His priſoner.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his and your Lord Jeſus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Putting right. † Put into diſorder, like one twiſting threads confuſedly.

‡ Sadly entangled.

§ Spoiled.

|| Troubleſome.

¶ Get.

** Much ſad trouble.

†† The trouble of attending to details.

‡‡ Hank of yarn.



CXCVII.—To MR WILLIAM DALGLEISH. [Let. 117.]

(THOUGHTS AS TO GOD'S ARRANGEMENTS—WINNING SOULS
TO BE SUPREMEPLY DESIRED—LONGINGS FOR CHRIST.)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I received your letter. I bless our high and only wise Lord, who hath broken the snare that men had laid for you; and I hope that now He will keep you in His house, in despite of the powers of hell. Who knoweth, but the streets of our Jerusaleme shall yet be filled with young men, and with old men, and boys, and women with child? and that they shall plant vines in the mountains of Samaria? I am sure that the wheels, paces,* and motions of this poor Church are tempered and ruled, not as men would, but according to the good pleasure and infinite wisdom of our only wise Lord.

I am here, waiting in hope that my innocency, in this honourable cause, shall melt this cloud that men have casten over me. I know that my Lord had His own quarrels against me, and that my dross stood in need of this hot furnace; but I rejoice in this, that fair truth, beautiful truth (whose glory my Lord cleareth to me more and more), beareth me company; that my weak aims to honour my Master, in bringing guests to His house, now swell upon me in comforts; that I am not afraid to want a witness in heaven; and that it was my joy to have a crown put upon Christ's head in that country. Oh, what joy would I have, to see the wind turn upon the enemies of the cross of Christ, and to see my Lord Jesus restored, with the voice of praise, to His own free throne again! and to be brought amongst you, to see the beauty of the Lord's house!

I hope that country will not be so silly as to suffer men to pluck you away from them; and that ye will use means to keep my place empty, and to bring me back again to the people to whom I have Christ's right, and His Church's lawful calling.

* Weights of a clock.

Dear brother, let Christ be dearer and dearer to you. Let the conquest* of souls be top and root, flower and bloom† of your joys and desires, on this side of sun and moon. And in the day when the Lord shall pull up the four stakes of this clay tent of the earth, and the last pickle‡ of sand shall be at the nick§ of falling down in your watch-glass, and the Master shall call the servants of the vineyard to give them their hire, ye will esteem the bloom† of this world's glory like the colours of the rainbow, that no man can put into his purse and treasure: your labour and pains will then smile upon you.

My Lord now hath given me experience (howbeit weak and small) that our best fare here is hunger. We are but at God's by-board, || in this lower house; we have cause to long for supper-time, and the high table, up in the high palace. This world deserveth nothing but the outer court of our soul. Lord, hasten the marriage-supper of the Lamb! I find it still peace to give up with this present world, as with an old decourted¶ and cast off lover. My bread and drink in it is not so much worth, that I should not loathe the inns, and pack up my desires for Christ, whom I have sent out to the feckless** creatures in it. Grace, grace be with you.

Your affectionate brother, and Christ's prisoner,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CXCVIII.—*To the LAIRD OF CALLY.*

[Of JOHN LENNOX, Laird of Cally, near Girthon, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, to whom this letter is addressed, little is now known. He must have died previous to the 26th of January 1647, as at that date John Lennox of Cally is retoured heir of John Lennox of Cally, his father, "in the 20 pound land of Caliegertown, the 10 merk land of Burley, with mill and fishings of the same, within the parish of Girthon."

The modern mansion of Cally may be said, with its woods, to overhang the village of *Gatehouse*, which also is entirely modern, and got its name from

* Acquisition, winning. † Blossom. ‡ Small grain. § At the point.

|| Side-table.

¶ Cast out of court, discarded.

** Worthless.

the fact that the lodge, or gatehouse, of Cally was the first house built on that spot. The old house has disappeared, any remnant of it being quite hid by the fine old trees of the mansion. It is properly in the parish of Girthon, but borders on Anwoth. The land of "Calie-gerton," mentioned in the above extract, is evidently "Cally in Girthon." *Gatehouse* is one-half in Anwoth, and one-half in Girthon. The Free Church of Anwoth is in Gatehouse, the church being on the *Girthon* side of the stream (the Fleet), and the manse on the *Anwoth* side. The Fleet (which is navigable by very small vessels thus far) was formerly called *Avon*, "the water;" and this is the syllable that appears in both Girth-ON and AN-WOTH,—the former signifying "the village on the water," and the latter "the ford of the water."]

(SPIRITUAL SLOTH—DANGER OF COMPROMISE—SELF, THE
ROOT OF ALL SIN—SELF-RENUNCIATION.)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I have that confidence that your soul mindeth Christ and salvation. I beseech you, in the Lord, to give more pains and diligence to fetch * heaven than the country-sort of lazy professors, who think their own faith and their own godliness, because it is their own, best; and content themselves with a coldrise† custom and course, with a resolution to summer and winter in that sort of profession which the multitude and the times favour most; and are still shaping and clipping and carving their faith, according as it may best stand with their summer fun and a whole skin; and so breathe out both hot and cold in God's matters, according to the course of the times. This is their compass which they sail towards heaven by, instead of a better. Worthy and dear Sir, separate yourself from such, and bend yourself to the utmost of your strength and breath, in running fast for salvation; and, in taking Christ's kingdom, use violence. It cost Christ and all His followers sharp showers and hot sweats, ere they won‡ to the top of the mountain; but still§ our soft nature would have heaven coming to our bedside when we are sleeping, and lying down with us that we might go to heaven

* Make for.

† Chilly, heartless.

‡ Got to.

§ Always.

in warm clothes. But all that came there found wet feet by the way, and sharp storms that did take the hide* off their face, and found tos and fros, and ups and downs, and many enemies by the way.

It is impossible that a man can take his lusts to heaven with him; such wares as these will not be welcome there. Oh, how loath are we to forego our packalds† and burdens, that hinder us to run our race with patience! It is no small work to displease and anger nature, that we may please God. Oh, if it be hard to win one foot, or half an inch, out of our own will, out of our own wit, out of our own ease and worldly lusts (and so to deny ourself, and to say, “It is not I but Christ, not I but grace, not I but God’s glory, not I but God’s love constraining me, not I but the Lord’s word, not I but Christ’s commanding power as King in me!”), oh, what pains, and what a death is it to nature, to turn me, myself, my lust, my ease, my credit, over into, “My Lord, my Saviour, my King, and my God, my Lord’s will, my Lord’s grace!” But, alas! that idol, that whorish creature, *myself*, is the master-idol we all bow to. What made Eve miscarry? and what hurried her headlong upon the forbidden fruit, but that wretched thing *herself*? What drew that brother-murderer to kill Abel? That wild‡ *himself*. What drove the old world on to corrupt their ways? Who, but *themselves*, and their own pleasure? What was the cause of Solomon’s falling into idolatry and multiplying of strange wives? What, but *himself*, whom he would rather pleasure than God? What was the hook that took David and snared him first in adultery, but his *self-lust*? and then in murder, but his *self-credit* and *self-honour*? What led Peter on to deny his Lord? Was it not a piece of *himself*, and *self-love* to a whole skin? What made Judas sell his Master for thirty pieces of money, but a piece of *self-love*, idolizing of avaricious *self*? What made Demas to go off the way of the Gospel, to embrace this present world? Even *self-love* and love of gain for himself. Every man blameth the devil for his sins; but the

* Skin.

† Packs, wallets.

‡ Untamed, unruly.

great devil, the house-devil of every man, the house-devil that eateth and lieth in every man's bosom, is that idol that killeth all, *himself*. Oh, blessed are they who can deny themselves, and put Christ in the room of themselves! Oh, would to the Lord that I had not a *myself*, but Christ; nor a *my lust*, but Christ; nor a *my ease*, but Christ; nor a *my honour*, but Christ! O sweet word! "*I live no more, but Christ liveth in me!*"* Oh, if every one would put away himself, his own self, his own ease, his own pleasure, his own credit, and his own twenty things, his own hundred things, which he setteth up, as idols, above Christ! Dear Sir, I know that ye will be looking back to your old self, and to your self-lust, and self-idol, which ye set up in the lusts of youth above Christ.

Worthy Sir, pardon this my freedom of love; God is my witness, that it is out of an earnest desire after your soul's eternal welfare that I use this freedom of speech. Your fun, I know, is lower, and your evening sky and sunsetting nearer, than when I saw you last: strive to end your task before night, and to make Christ *yourself*, and to acquaint your love and your heart with the Lord. Stand now by Christ and His truth, when so many fail foully, and are false to Him. I hope that ye love Him and His truth: let me have power with you, to confirm you in Him. I think more of my Lord's sweet cross than of a crown of gold, and a free kingdom lying to it.

Sir, I remember you in my prayers to the Lord, according to my promise. Help me with your prayers, that our Lord would be pleased to bring me amongst you again, with the Gospel of Christ.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweetest Lord and Master,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Gal. ii. 20.



CXCIX.—*To JOHN GORDON of Cardonefs, the Younger.*

(DANGERS OF YOUTH—EARLY DECISION.)



EARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I long exceedingly to hear of the case of your soul, which hath a large share both of my prayers and careful thoughts. Sir, remember that a precious treasure and prize is upon this short play that ye are now upon. Even the eternity of well or wo to your soul standeth upon the little point of your well or ill-employed, short, and swift-posting sand-glass. Seek the Lord while He may be found ; the Lord waiteth upon you. Your soul is of no little price. Gold or silver, of as much bounds as would cover the highest heaven round about, cannot buy it. To live as others do, and to be free of open sins that the world crieth shame upon, will not bring you to heaven. As much civility and country discretion as would lie between you and heaven will not lead you one foot, or one inch, above condemned nature. And therefore take pains upon seeking of salvation, and give your will, wit, humour, the green desires of youth's pleasures off your hand, to Christ. It is not possible for you to know, till experience teach you, how dangerous a time youth is. It is like green and wet timber. When Christ casteth fire on it, it taketh not fire. There is need here of more than ordinary pains, for corrupt nature hath a good back-friend* of youth. And sinning against light will put out your candle, and stupify your conscience, and bring upon it more coverings and skin, and less feeling and sense of guiltiness ; and when that is done, the devil is like a mad horse that hath broken his bridle, and runneth away with his rider whither he listeth. Learn to know that which the apostle knew, the deceitfulness of sin. Strive to make prayer, and reading, and holy company, and holy conference your delight ; and when delight

* A friend to back, a help.

cometh in, ye shall by little and little smell the sweetness of Christ, till at length your soul be over head and ears in Christ's sweetness. Then shall ye be taken up to the top of the mountain with the Lord, to know the ravishments of spiritual love, and the glory and excellency of a seen, revealed, felt, and embraced Christ: and then ye shall not be able to loose yourself off Christ, and to bind your soul to old lovers. Then, and never till then, are all the paces,* motions, walkings,* and wheels of your soul in a right tune, and in a spiritual temper.

But if this world and the lusts thereof be your delight, I know not what Christ can make of you; ye cannot be metal to be a vessel of glory and mercy. As the Lord liveth, thousand thousands are beguiled with security, because God, and wrath, and judgment are not terrible to them. Stand in awe of God, and of the warnings of a checking and rebuking conscience. Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking, and thinking. Your actions will smell of Him, if He be in you. There is an instinct in the new-born babes of Christ, like the instinct of nature that leads birds to build their nests, and bring forth their young, and love such and such places, as woods, forests, and wildernesses, better than other places. The instinct of nature maketh a man love his mother-country above all countries; the instinct of renewed nature, and supernatural grace, will lead you to such and such works, as to love your country above, to fight to be clothed with your house not made with hands, and to call your borrowed prison here below a borrowed prison, and to look upon it servant-like and pilgrim-like. And the pilgrim's eye and look is a disdainful-like, discontented cast of his eye, his heart crying after his eye, "Fy, fy, this is not like my country."

I recommend to you the mending of a hole, and reforming of a failing, one or other, every week; and put off a sin, or a piece of it, as anger, wrath, lust, intemperance, every day, that ye may more easily master the remnant of your corruption. God hath

* Weights of a clock. The "*walkings*" may be the "*waukings*," i.e., the striking of the clock; or it is for the *wagging*s of the pendulum.

given you a wife; love her, and let her breasts satisfy you; and, for the Lord's sake, drink no waters but out of your own cistern. Strange wells are poison. Strive to learn some new way against your corruption from the man of God, Mr W. D. [William Dalglish], or other servants of God. Sleep not sound, till ye find yourself in that case that ye dare look death in the face, and durst hazard your soul upon eternity. I am sure that many ells and inches of the short thread of your life are by-hand* since I saw you; and that thread hath an end; and ye have no hands to cast a knot,† and add one day, or a finger-breadth, to the end of it. When hearing, and seeing, and the outer walls of the clay house shall fall down, and life shall render the besieged castle of clay to death and judgment, and ye find your time worn‡ ebb, and run out, what thoughts will you then have of idol-pleasures, that possibly are now sweet? What bud§ or hire would you then give for the Lord's favour? and what a price would you then give for pardon? It were not amiss to think, "What if I were to receive a doom, and to enter into a furnace of fire and brimstone? What if it come to this, that I shall have no portion but utter darkness? And what if I be brought to this, to be banished from the presence of God, and to be given over to God's serjeants, the devil and the power of the second death?" Put your soul, by supposition, in such a case, and consider what horror would take hold of you, and what ye would then esteem of pleasing yourself in the course of sin. Oh, dear Sir, for the Lord's sake awake to live righteously, and love your poor soul! And after ye have seen this my letter, say with yourself, "The Lord will seek an account of this warning which I have received."

Lodge Christ in your family. Receive no stranger hireling as your pastor. I bless your children. Grace be with you.

Your lawful and loving pastor,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R.

* Paft from you.

† Tie on a knot, to prevent it slipping on.

‡ Worn down, till it is like the tide at low water.

§ Bribe.

CC.—To ROBERT GORDON, *Bailie of Ayr.* [Let. 129.]

(THE MISERY OF MERE WORLDLY HOPE—EARNESTNESS
ABOUT SALVATION.)

WORTHY SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I long to hear from you. Our Lord is with His afflicted Kirk, so that this Burning Bush is not consumed to ashes. I know that submissive on-waiting for the Lord will at length ripen the joy and deliverance of His own, who are truly blessed on-waiters. What is the dry and miscarrying hope of all them who are not in Christ, but confusion and wind? Oh, how pitifully and miserably are the children of this world beguiled, whose wine cometh home to them water, and their gold brags and tin! And what wonder, that hopes builded upon sand should fall and sink? It were good for us all to abandon the forlorn, and blasted, and withered hope which we have had in the creature; and let us henceforth come and drink water out of our own well, even the fountain of living waters, and build ourselves and our hope upon Christ our Rock. But, alas! that that natural love which we have to this borrowed home that we were born in, and that this clay city, the vain earth, should have the largest share of our heart! Our poor, lean, and empty dreams of confidence in something beside God are no farther travelled than up and down the noughty* and feckless† creatures. God may say of us, as He said, “Ye rejoice in a thing of nought.”‡ Surely we spin our spider’s web with pain, and build our rotten and tottering house upon a lie, and falsehood, and vanity.

Oh, when will we learn to have thoughts higher than the sun and moon! and learn§ our joy, hope, confidence, and our soul’s

* In which there is nothing. Others read “*naughty*,” i.e., evil.

† Unsubstantial. ‡ Amos vi. 13. § Teach; it is the German “*lehren*.”

desires to look up to our best country, and to look down to clay tents, set up for a night's lodging or two in this uncouth land ! and laugh at our childish conceptions and imaginations that suck our joy out of creatures—wo, sorrow, losses, and grief ! O sweetest Lord Jesus ! O fairest Godhead ! O Flower of men and angels ! why are we such strangers to, and far-off beholders of, Thy glory ? Oh, it were our happiness for evermore, that God would cast a pest, a botch, a leprosy, upon our part of this great whore, a fair and well-busked* world, that clay might no longer deceive us ! But oh that God may burn and blast our hope here-away,† rather than that our hope should live to burn us ! Alas, the wrong side of Christ (to speak so), His black side, His suffering side, His wounds, His bare coat, His wants, His wrongs, the oppressions of men done to Him, are turned towards men's eyes ; and they see not the best and fairest side of Christ, nor see they His amiable face and His beauty, that men and angels wonder at.

Sir, lend your thoughts to these things, and learn to contemn this world, and to turn your eyes and heart away from beholding the masked beauty of all things under time's law and doom. See Him who is invisible, and His invisible things. Draw by‡ the curtain, and look in with liking and longing to a kingdom undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved for you in the heaven. This is worthy of your pains, and worthy of your soul's sweating, and labouring, and seeking after, night and day. Fire will fly over the earth and all that is in it ; even destruction from the Almighty. Fy, fy, upon that hope, that shall be dried up by the root ! Fy upon the drunken night-bargains, and the drunken and mad covenants that sinners make with death and hell after cups, and when men's souls are mad and drunken with the love of this lawless life. They think to make a nest for their hopes, and take quarters and conditions of hell and death, that they shall have ease, long life, peace ; and in the morning, when the last trumpet shall awake them, then they rue the block.§ It is time, and high time, for you to

* Gaily decked.

† In this quarter.

‡ Draw aside.

§ Bargain.

think upon death and your accounts, and to remember what ye are, and where ye will be before the year of our Lord 1700. I hope ye are thinking upon this. Pull at your soul, and draw it aside from the company that it is with and round, and whisper into it news of eternity, death, judgment, heaven, and hell. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCI.—To ALEXANDER GORDON of Earlstoun.

(CHRIST'S KINGDOM TO BE EXALTED OVER ALL; AND MORE PAINS TO BE TAKEN TO WIN FARTHER UNTO HIM.)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—It is like, if ye, the gentry and nobility of this nation, be “men in the streets” (as the word speaketh*) for the Lord, that He will now deliver His flock, and gather and rescue His scattered sheep, from the hands of cruel and rigorous lords that have ruled over them with force. Oh that mine eyes might see the moon-light turn to† the light of the sun! But I still fear that the quarrel of a broken covenant in Scotland standeth before the Lord.

However it be, I avouch it before the world, that the tabernacle of the Lord shall again be in the midst of Scotland, and the glory of the Lord shall dwell in beauty, as the light of many days in one, in this land. Oh, what could my soul desire more (next to my Lord Jesus), while I am in this flesh, but that Christ and His kingdom might be great among Jews and Gentiles; and that the isles, and amongst them overclouded and darkened Britain, might have the glory of a noon-day's sun! Oh that I had anything (I will not except my part in Christ) to wadset‡ or lay in pledge, to redeem

* Alluding to Jer. v. 1.

† Into.

‡ Mortgage, alienate.

and buy such glory to my highest and royal Prince, my sweet Lord Jesus ! My poor little heaven were well bestowed, if it could stand a pawn* for ever to set on high the glory of my Lord. But I know that He needeth not wages nor hire at my hand ; yea, I know, if my eternal glory could weigh down in weight its lone† all the eternal glory of the blessed angels, and of all the spirits of just and perfect men, glorified and to be glorified, oh, alas ! how far am I engaged to forego it for, and give it over to Christ, so being He might thereby be set on high above ten thousand thousand millions of heavens, in the conquest of many, many nations to His kingdom ! Oh that His kingdom would come ! Oh that all the world would stoop before Him ! O blessed hands that shall put the crown upon Christ's head in Scotland ! But, alas ! I can scarce get leave to ware‡ my love on Him. I can find no ways to lay out my heart upon Christ ; and my love, that I with my soul bestow on Him, is like to die upon my hand. And I think it no bairn's play to be hungered with Christ's love. To love Him ; and to want Him, wanteth little of hell. I am sure that He knoweth how my joy would swell upon me, from a little well to a great sea, to have as much of His love, and as wide a soul answerable to comprehend it, till I cried, " Hold, Lord ! no more." But I find that He will not have me to be mine own steward, nor mine own carver. Christ keepeth the keys of Christ (to speak so), and of His own love ; and He is a wiser distributor than I can take up. I know that there is more in Him than would make me run over like a coast-full§ sea. I were happy for evermore to get leave to stand but|| beside Christ and His love, and to look in ; suppose I were interdicted of God to come near-hand, ¶ touch, or embrace, kiss, or set to my sinful head, and drink myself drunk with that lovely thing. God send me that which I would have ! For now I verily see, more clearly than before, our folly in drinking dead waters, and in playing the whore with our soul's love upon running-out wells, and broken sherds of crea-

* A pledge.

† By itself, without any other.

‡ To expend.

§ Full to its utmost shore. || Were it only this and no more. ¶ Near to it.

tures of yesterday, which time will unlaw* with the penalty of losing their being and natural ornaments. Oh, when a foul's love is itching (to speak so) for God; and when Christ, in His boundless and bottomless love, beauty, and excellency, cometh and rubbeth up and exciteth that love, what can be heaven, if this be not heaven? I am sure that this bit feckless,† narrow, and short love of regenerated sinners was born for no other end, than to breathe, and live, and love, and dwell in the bosom and betwixt the breasts of Christ. Where is there a bed or a lodging for the saints' love, but Christ? Oh that He would take ourselves off our hand! for neither we nor the creatures can be either due conquest,‡ or lawful heritage, to love. Christ, and none but Christ, is Lord and Proprietor of it. Oh, alas, how pitiful is it, that so much of our love goeth by§ Him! Oh, but we be wretched masters of our foul's love. I know it to be the depth of bottomless and unfearchable providence, that the saints are suffered to play the whore from God, and that their love goeth a-hunting, when God knoweth that it shall roast nothing of that at supper time.|| The renewed would have it otherwise; and why is it so, seeing our Lord can keep us without nodding, tottering, or reeling, or any fall at all? Our desires, I hope, shall meet with perfection; but God will have our sins an office-house for God's grace, and hath made sin a matter of an unlaw* and penalty for the Son of God's blood. And howbeit sin should be our sorrow, yet there is a sort of acquiescing and resting upon God's dispensation required of us, that there is such a thing in us as sin, whereupon mercy, forgiveness, healing, curing, in our sweet Physician, may find a field to work upon. Oh, what a deep is here, that created wit cannot take up! However matters go, it is our happiness to win new ground daily in Christ's love, and to purchase a new piece of it daily, and to add conquest‡ to conquest, till our Lord Jesus and we be so near each other, that Satan shall not draw a straw or a thread betwixt us. -

And, for myself, I have no greater joy, in my well-favoured

* Fine on one who has broken the law.

† Acquisition, by money or labour.

VOL. II.

‡ Worthless.

§ Paid.

|| Prov. xii. 27.

bonds for Christ, than that I know time will put Him and me together ; and that my love and longing hath room and liberty, amidst my bonds and foes (whereof there are not a few here of all ranks), to go to visit the borders and outer coasts of the country of my Lord Jesus, and see, at least afar off and darkly, the country which shall be mine inheritance, which is the due of my Lord Jesus, both through birth and conquest. I dare avouch to all that know God, that the saints know not the length and largeness of the sweet earnest, and of the sweet green sheaves before the harvest, that might be had on this side of the water, if we would take more pains : and that we all go to heaven with less earnest, and lighter purses of the hoped-for sum, than otherwise we might do, if we took more pains to win further in upon Christ, in this pilgrimage of our absence from Him.

Grace, grace and glory be your portion.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R.

CCII.—*To the LAIRD OF CALLY.*

(*YOUTH A PRECIOUS SEASON—CHRIST'S BEAUTY.*)



WORTHY SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—
I have been too long, I confess, in writing to you. My suit now to you, in paper, since I have no access to speak to you as formerly, is, that ye would lay the foundation sure in your youth. When ye begin to seek Christ, try, I pray you, upon what terms ye covenant to follow Him, and lay your account what it may cost you ; that neither summer nor winter, nor well* nor woe, may cause you change your Master, Christ. Keep fair to Him, and be honest and faithful, that He find not a crack in you. Surely ye are now in the throng of temptations. When youth is come to its fairest bloom, then the devil, and the lusts of a deceiving world,

* Weal.

and sin are upon horseback, and follow with upfalls. If this were not so, Paul needeth not to have written to a sanctified and holy youth, Timothy (a faithful preacher of the Gospel), to flee the lusts of youth. Give Christ your virgin love ; you cannot put your love and heart into a better hand. Oh ! if ye knew Him, and saw His beauty, your love, your liking, your heart, your desires, would close with Him, and cleave to Him. Love, by nature, when it seeth, cannot but cast out its spirit and strength upon amiable objects, and good things, and things love-worthy ; and what fairer thing than Christ ? O fair sun, and fair moon, and fair stars, and fair flowers, and fair roses, and fair lilies, and fair creatures ; but O ten thousand thousand times fairer Lord Jesus ! Alas, I wronged Him in making the comparison this way ! O black sun and moon, but O fair Lord Jesus ! O black flowers, and black lilies and roses, but O fair, fair, ever fair Lord Jesus ! O all fair things black and deformed, without beauty, when ye are beside that fairest Lord Jesus ! O black heaven, but O fair Christ ! O black angels, but surpassingly fair Lord Jesus ! I would seek no more to make me happy for evermore, but a thorough and clear sight of the beauty of Jesus, my Lord. Let my eyes enjoy His fairness, and stare Him for ever in the face, and I have all that can be wished. Get Christ rather than gold or silver ; seek Christ, howbeit ye should lose all things for Him.

They take their marks by the moon,* and look askint, in looking to fair Christ, who resolve for the world and their ease, and for their honour, and court, and credit, or for fear of losses and a fore skin, to turn their backs upon Christ and His truth. Alas, how many blind eyes and squint lookers look this day in Scotland upon Christ's beauty, and they see a spot in Christ's fair face ! . Alas, they are not worthy of Christ who look this way upon Him, and see no beauty in Him why they should desire Him ! God send me my fill of His beauty, if it be possible that my soul can be full of His beauty here. But much of Christ's beauty needeth not abate the eager

* A proverb for being changeable, or for judging by imperfect evidence.

appetite of a foul (sick of love for Himself) to see Him in the other world, where He is seen as He is.

I am glad, with all my heart, that ye have given your greenest morning-age to this Lord Jesus. Hold on, and weary not; faint not. Resolve upon suffering for Christ; but fear not ten days' tribulation, for Christ's four cross is sugared with comforts, and hath a taste of Christ Himself. I esteem it to be my glory, my joy, and my crown, and I bless Him for this honour, to be yoked with Christ, and married to Him in suffering, who therefore was born, and therefore came into the world, that He might bear witness to the truth. Take pains, above all things, for salvation; for without running, fighting, sweating, wrestling, heaven is not taken. Oh, happy soul, that crosseth nature's stomach, and delighteth to gain that fair garland and crown of glory! What a feckless* loss is it for you to go through this wilderness, and never taste sin's sugared pleasures! What poorer is a soul to want pride, lust, love of the world, and the vanities of this vain and worthless world? Nature hath no cause to weep at the want of such toys as these. Esteem it your gain to be an heir of glory. Oh, but this is an eye-look to a fair rent! The very hope of heaven, under troubles, is like wind and fails to the soul, and like wings, when the feet come out of the snare. Oh, for what stay we here? Up, up, after our Lord Jesus! This is not our rest, nor our dwelling. What have we to do in this prison, except only to take meat and house-room in it for a time?

Grace, grace be with you.

Your soul's well-wisher, and Christ's prisoner,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Unsubstantial, trifling.



CCIII.—*To WILLIAM GORDON at Kenmure.*

[This may be the same correspondent as he to whom Let. 72 is addressed. He may have been on a visit to Kenmure.]

(TESTIMONY TO CHRIST'S WORTH—MARKS OF GRACE IN
CONVICTION OF SIN AND SPIRITUAL CONFLICT.)

DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I have been long in answering your letter, which came in good time to me. It is my aim and hearty desire, that my furnace, which is of the Lord's kindling, may sparkle* fire upon standers-by, to the warming of their hearts with God's love. The very dust that falleth from Christ's feet, His old ragged clothes, His knotty and black crosses, are sweeter to me than kings' golden crowns, and their time-eaten pleasures. I should be a liar and false witness, if I would not give my Lord Jesus a fair testimonial† with my whole soul. My word, I know, will not heighten Him :‡ He needeth not such props under His feet to raise His glory high. But, oh that I could raise Him the height of heaven, and the breadth and length of ten heavens, in the estimation of all His young lovers ! for we have all shapen§ Christ but too narrow and too short, and formed conceptions of His love, in our conceit, very unworthy of it. Oh that men were taken and caught with His beauty and fairness ! they would give over playing with idols, in which there is not half room for the love of one soul to expatiate itself. And man's love is but heart-hungered in gnawing upon bare bones, and sucking at dry breasts. It is well wared|| they want, who will not come to Him who hath a world of love, and goodness, and bounty for all. We seek to thaw our frozen hearts at the cold smoke of the short-timed creature, and our souls gather neither heat, nor life, nor light ; for these cannot give to us what they have not in themselves. Oh that we could thrust in

* Emit sparks of fire.

† Attestation.

‡ Make Him higher.

§ Formed an idea of.

|| Well deserved that they should want.

through these thorns, and this throng of bastard lovers, and be ravished and sick of love for Christ! We should find some footing, and some room, and sweet ease for our tottering and witleſs ſouls in our Lord. I wiſh it were in my power, after this day, to cry down all love but the love of Chriſt, and to cry down all gods but Chriſt, all favours but Chriſt, all well-beloveds but Chriſt, and all ſoul-ſuitors and love-beggars but Chriſt.

Ye complain that ye want a mark of the ſound work of grace and love in your ſoul. For answer, conſider for your ſatisfaction (till God ſend more) 1 John iii. 14. And as for your complaint of deadneſs and doubtings, Chriſt will, I hope, take your deadneſs and you together. They are bodies full of holes, running boils, and broken bones which need mending, that Chriſt the Phyſician taketh up: whole veſſels are not for the Mediator Chriſt's art. Publicans, ſinners, whores, harlots, are ready market-wares for Chriſt. The only thing that will bring ſinners within a caſt of Chriſt's drawing arm is that which ye write of, ſome feeling of death and ſin. That bringeth forth complaints; and, therefore, out of ſenſe complain more, and be more acquaint* with all the cramps, ſitches, and ſoul-ſwoonings that trouble you. The more pain, and the more night-watching, and the more fevers, the better. A ſoul bleeding to death, till Chriſt were ſent for, and cried for in all haſte, to come and ſtem the blood, and cloſe up the hole in the wound with His own hand and balm, were a very good diſeaſe, when many are dying of a whole heart. We have all too little of hell-pain and terrors that way; nay,† God ſend me ſuch a hell as Chriſt hath promiſed to make a heaven of. Alas! I am not come that‡ far on the way, as to ſay in ſad earneſt, "Lord Jeſus, great and ſovereign Phyſician, here is a pained patient for Thee." But the thing that we miſtake is the want of victory. We hold that to be the mark of one that hath no grace. Nay, ſay I, the want of *fighting* were a mark of no grace; but I ſhall not ſay the want of *victory* is ſuch a mark. If my fire and the devil's water make crackling like thunder

* Acquainted.

† So far.

‡ May God ſend me?

in the air, I am the lefs feared ; for where there is fire, it is Chrif's part, which I lay and bind upon Him, to keep in the coal, and to pray the Father that my faith fail not, if I in the meantime be wrefling, and doing, and fighting, and mourning. For prayer putteth not Paul's devil (the thorn in the flefh, and the messenger of Satan) to the door at firft ; but our Lord will have them to try every one, and let Paul fend* for himfelf, by God's help, God keeping the ftakes, and moderating† the play. And ye do well not to doubt, if the ground-ftone‡ be fure, but to try if it be fo ; for there is great odds between doubting that we have grace, and trying if we have grace. The former may be fin, but the latter is good. We are but loofe in trying our free-holding§ of Chrif, and making fure work of Chrif. Holy fear is a fearching of the camp, that there be no enemy within our bofom to betray us, and a feeing that all be faft and fure. For I fee many leaky veffels fair before the wind, and profeffors who take their conversion upon trust, and they go on fecurely, and fee not the under-water,|| till a ftorm fink them. Each man had need twice a-day, and oftener, to be riped,¶ and fearched with candles.

Pray for me, that the Lord would give me houfe-room again, to hold a candle to this dark world.—Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his fweet Lord and Mafter,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R.

CCIV.—To MARGARET FULLERTON.

(CHRIST, AND NOT CREATURES, WORTHY OF ALL LOVE—
LOVE NOT TO BE MEASURED BY FEELING.)



ISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am glad that ever ye did caft your love on Chrif ; faften more and more love every day on Him. Oh, if I had

* Shift for.

† Ruling over ; an ecclefiaftical term, ftill ufed.

‡ Foundation-ftone.

§ Lands held for life.

|| Bilge-water.

¶ Thoroughly fearched, as when a thief's pockets are examined.

a river of love, a sea of love that would never go dry, to bestow upon Him! But, alas, the pity! Christ hath beauty for me, but I have not love for Him. Oh, what pain is it to see Christ in His beauty, and then to want a heart and love for Him! But I see that want we must, till Christ lend us, never to be paid again. Oh that He would empty these vaults and lower houses (of these poor souls) of bastard and base lovers, which we follow! And verily, I see no object in heaven or in earth that I could ware* this much of love upon, that I have upon Christ. Alas! that clay, and time, and shadows, run away with our love, which is ill spent upon any but upon Christ. Each fool at the day of judgment will seek back his love from the creatures, when he shall see them all in a fair† fire. But they shall prove irresponsal‡ debtors; and, therefore, it is best here, that we look ere we leap, and look ere we love.

I find now under His cross, that I would fain give Him more than I have to give Him, if giving were in my power; but I rather wish Him my heart, than give Him it. Except He take it, and put Himself in possession of it (for I hope He hath a market-right to me, since He hath ransomed me), I see not how Christ can have me. Oh that He would be pleased to be more homely§ with my soul's love, and to come into my soul, and take His own! But when He goeth away and hideth Himself, all is to me that I had of Christ as if it had fallen into the sea-bottom. Oh that I should be so fickle in my love, as to love Him only by the eyes and the nose! that is, to love Him only in as far as fond and foolish sense carrieth me, and no more; and when I see not, and smell not, and touch not, then I have all to seek. I cannot love *perqueer*,|| nor rejoice *perqueer*. But this is our weakness, till we be at home, and shall have aged men's stomachs to bear Christ's love.

Pray for me, that our Lord would bring me back to you, with

* Expend, lay out.

† A Scotticism for, a complete blaze.

‡ Not able to pay back.

§ Familiar.

|| Perfectly; "*par-cœur*," by heart, is the etymology.

a new blessing of the Gospel of Christ. I forget not you. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his fweet Lord Jefus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCV.—*For the Right Honourable my* LADY VISCOUNTESS OF
KENMURE.

(*DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM—CHRIST'S
LOVE.*)



MY VERY NOBLE AND DEAR LADY,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—The Lord hath brought me safely to Aberdeen : I have gotten lodging in the hearts of all I meet with. No face that hath not smiled upon me ; only the indwellers of this town are dry, cold, and general. They consist of Papists, and men of Gallio's metal, firm in no religion ; and it is counted no wisdom here to countenance a confined and silenced prisoner. But the shame of Christ's cross shall not be my shame. Queensberry's attempt seemeth to sleep, because the Bishop of Galloway was pleased to say to the treasurer that I had committed treason ; which word blunted the treasurer's borrowed zeal. So I thank God, who will not have me to anchor my soul upon false ground, or upon flesh and blood ; it is better to be fastened within the vail.

I find my old challenges* reviving again, and my love often jealous† of Christ's love, when I look upon my own guiltiness. And I verily think that the world hath too soft an opinion of the gate‡ to heaven, and that many shall get a blind and sad beguile§ for heaven. For there is more ado than a cold and frozen “ Lord, Lord.” It must be a way narrower and straiter than we conceive ; for “ the righteous shall *scarcely* be saved.” It were good to take a

* Self-upbraidings. † Suspicious. ‡ Way. § Delusive disappointment.

more judicious view of Christianity ; for I have been doubting if ever I knew any more of Christianity than the letters of the name.

I will not lie on my Lord. I find often much joy and unspeakable comfort in His sweet presence, who sent me hither ; and I trust, this house of my pilgrimage shall be my palace, my garden of delights, and that Christ will be kind to poor sold Joseph, who is separated from his brethren. I would be sometimes too hot, and too joyful, if the heart-breaks at the remembrance of sin, and fair, fair feast-days with King Jesus, did not cool me, and four my sweet joys. Oh, how sweet is the love of Christ ! and how wise is that love ! But let faith frist* and trust a while ; it is no reason sons should offend, that the father giveth them not twice a-year hire, as he doth to hired servants. Better that God's heirs live upon *hope*, than upon *hire*.

Madam, your Ladyship knoweth what Christ hath done to have all your love ; and that He alloweth not His love† upon your dear child. Keep good quarters with Christ in your love. I verily think that Christ hath said, “ I must needs-force‡ have Jean Campbell for Myself ; ” and He hath laid many oars in the water, to fish and hunt home-over§ your heart to heaven. Let Him have His prey, He will think you well won, when He hath gotten you. It is good to have recourse often, and to have the door open, to our stronghold. For the sword of the Lord, the sword of the Lord is for Scotland ! And yet two or three berries shall be left in the top of the olive-tree.

If a word can do my brother good in his distress, I know your Ladyship will be willing and ready to speak it, and more also. Now the only wife God, and your only, only One, He who dwelt in The Bush, be with you. I write many kisses and many blessings in Christ

* Put off for a time, postpone.

† Does not permit you to give the child that love which belongs to Himself.

‡ By main force, by hook or crook.

§ Homeward.

to your dear child : the blessings of his father's God, the blessings due to the fatherless and the widow, be yours and his.

Your Ladyship's in his only, only Lord Jefus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN.

POSTSCRIPT.

Madam, be pleased at a fit time to try my Lord of Lorn's mind, if his Lordship would be pleased that I dedicate another work against the Arminians, to his honourable name.* For howbeit I would compare no patron to his Lordship, and though I have sufficient experience of his love, yet it is possible that his Lordship may think it not expedient at this time. But I expect your Ladyship's answer, and I hope that your Ladyship will be plain.

CCVI.—*For the Right Honourable my* LADY VISCOUNTESS OF KENMURE.

(*THE USE OF SUFFERINGS—FEARS UNDER THEM—DESIRE THAT CHRIST BE GLORIFIED.*)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to your Ladyship.

—I long to hear from you, and that dear child; and for that cause I trouble you with letters.

I am for the present thinking the sparrows and the swallows, that build their nests in Anwoth, blessed birds. The Lord hath made all my congregation desolate. Alas! I am oft at this, “Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me.” O earth, earth, cover not the violence done to me. I know it is my faithless jealousy,† in this my dark night, to take a friend for a foe; yet hath not my Lord made any plea‡ with me. I chide with Him, but He giveth

* “What his Lordship's answer was, we are not informed; but Rutherford did not publish any book at that time, or for some years afterwards, though it is not improbable that, while under confinement, he devoted himself much to theological study.” (*Murray's Life of Rutherford.*)

† Suspicion.

‡ Quarrel.

me fair words. Seeing my sins and the sins of my youth deserved strokes, how am I obliged to my Lord, who amongst many crosses hath given me a waled* and chosen cross, to suffer for the name of my Lord Jesus! Since I must have chains, He would put golden chains on me, watered† over with many consolations. Seeing I must have sorrow (for I have sinned, O Preserver of mankind!), He hath waled* out for me joyful sorrow,—honest, spiritual, and glorious sorrow. My crosses come through mercy and love's fingers, from the kind heart of a Brother, Christ my Lord; and, therefore, they must be sweet and fugged. Oh, what am I! such a lump, such a rotten mass of sin, to be counted a bairn worthy to be nurtured,‡ and stricken with the best and most honourable rod in my Father's house, the golden rod, wherewith my eldest Brother, the Lord, Heir of the inheritance, and His faithful witnesses were stricken withal.

It would be thought that I should be thankful and rejoice. But my beholders and lovers in Christ have eyes of flesh, and have made my one to be ten, and I am somebody in their books. My witness is above, that there are armies of thoughts within me saying the contrary, and laughing at their wide mistake. If my inner side were seen, my corruption would appear: I would lose and forfeit love and respect at the hands of any that love God: pity would come in the place of these. Oh, if they would yet set me lower, and my well-beloved Christ higher! I would I had grace and strength of my Lord to be joyful, and contentedly glad and cheerful, that God's glory might ride, and openly triumph before the view of men, angels, devils, earth, heaven, hell, sun, moon, and all God's creatures, upon my pain and sufferings; providing always, that I felt not the Lord's hatred and displeasure.

But I fear that His fair glory be but soiled in coming through such a foul creature as I am. If I could be the sinless matter of

* Selected from among others.

† Plated over. So in a sermon preached at Anwoth, 1630, on Zechar. xiii. 7, he says, "The watering will go off, and leave nothing but dross."

‡ Put under discipline.

glorifying Christ, howbeit to my loss, pain, sufferings, and extremity of wretchedness, how would my soul rejoice! But I am far from this. He knoweth that His love hath made me a prisoner, and bound me hand and foot; but it is my pain that I cannot win loose, nor get loose hands and a loosed heart, to do service to my Lord Jesus, and to speak His love. I confess that I have neither tongue nor pen to do it. Christ's love is more than my praises, and above the thoughts of the angel Gabriel, and all the mighty hosts that stand before the throne of God. I think shame, I am sad and cast down, to think that my foul tongue, and my polluted heart, should come in to help others to sing aloud the praises of the love of Christ: all I dow* do, is to wish the choir to grow throng,† and to grow in the extolling of Christ. Wo, wo is me for my guiltiness seen to few! My hidden wounds, still bleeding within me, are before the eyes of no man; but if my sweet Lord Jesus were not still bathing, washing, balming, healing, and binding them up, they should rot, and break out to my shame.

I know not what will be the end of my suffering. I have seen but the one side of my cross; what will be the other side, He knoweth who hath His fire in Zion. Let Him lead me, if it were through hell. I thank my Lord, that my on-waiting and holding my peace as I do (to see what more Christ will do to me), is my joy. Oh, if my ease, joy, pleasure for evermore, were laid in wadset‡ and in pledge, to buy praises to Christ! But I am far from this. It is easy for a poor soul, in the deep debt of Christ's love, to spit farther§ than he dow leap or jump, and to feed upon broad wishes that Christ may be honoured; but in performance I am stark nought. I have nothing, nothing to give Christ but poverty. Except He would comprise|| and arrest my soul and my love (oh, oh, if He would do that!), I have nothing for Him. He may indeed seize upon a dyvour's¶ person, soul and body; but he hath no goods for

* Am able to do.

† Crowded.

‡ In mortgage.

§ To show a wish to get at more than he can accomplish.

|| Arrest by process of law.

¶ The debtor's person.

Christ to meddle with. But how glad would my soul be, if He would forfeit* my love and never give it me again!

Madam, I would be glad to hear that Christ's claim to you were still the more, and that you were still going forward, and that you were nearer Him. I do not honour Christ myself; but I wish all others to make fail to Christ's house. I would I could invite you to go into your Well-beloved's house-of-wine, and that upon my word; you would then see a new mystery of love in Christ that you never saw before.

I am somewhat encouraged in that your Ladyship is not dry and cold to Christ's prisoner, as some are. I hope it is put up in my Master's count-book. I am not much grieved that my jealous Husband break in pieces my idols, that either they dare not or will not do for me. My Master needeth not their help, but they had need to be that serviceable as to help Him. Madam, I have been that bold as to put you and that sweet child into the prayers of Mr Andrew Cant, Mr James Martin, the Lady Leyes, and some others in this country that truly love Christ. Be pleased to let me hear how the child is. The blessings that came "upon the head of Joseph, and on the top of the head of him who was separated from his brethren," and the "good-will of Him who dwelt in The Bush," be seen upon him and you. Madam, I can say, by some little experience, more now than before of Christ to you. I am still upon this, that if you seek, there is a pose, ‡ a hidden treasure, and a gold mine in Christ, you never yet saw. Then come and see.

Thus recommending you to God's dearest mercy, I rest, your own, in his sweet Lord Jesus, at all obedience,

S. R.

My Lady Marischall § is very kind to me, and her son also.

ABERDEEN, *June 17, 1637.*

* Declare it a forfeiture to Himself.

† I am not able to honour.

‡ Secret hoard.

§ Lady Marischall, whose maiden name was Margaret Erskine, being the eldest daughter of John Erskine, seventh Earl of Mar, by Lady Margaret

CCVII.—*To JOHN HENDERSON, in Rusco.*

[He was probably tenant in the farm of Rusco, which is at the foot of the hill Castramond, a farm on the property of Gordon of Rusco.]

(PRACTICAL HINTS.)

LOVING FRIEND,—I earnestly desire your salvation. Know the Lord and seek Christ. You have a soul that cannot die : see for a lodging to your poor soul , for that house of clay will fall. Heaven or nothing ! either Christ or nothing ! Use prayer in your house, and set your thoughts often upon death and judgment. It is dangerous to be loose in the matter of your salvation. Few are saved ; men go to heaven in ones and twos, and the whole world lieth in sin. Love your enemies, and stand by the truth which I have taught you, in all things. Fear not men, but let God be your fear. Your time will not be long : make the seeking of Christ your daily task. Ye may, when ye are in the fields, speak to God. Seek a broken heart for sin ; for without

Stewart, daughter to Efme, Duke of Lennox, was the wife of William, sixth Earl of Marischall. In 1635 she became a widow, his Lordship having died on the 28th of October that year, aged about fifty. She had to him seven children, four sons and three daughters. (*Douglas' Peerage ; Relation of the Origin of the Keiths in Scotland*, MS. Advocates Library.)

Lady Marischall's son, whose kindness Rutherford also gratefully records, was William, who succeeded his father, as is evident from a subsequent letter. He was a devoted adherent of Charles II. ; and entering with zeal into the engagement in 1648 for the King's liberation, commanded a regiment of horse at the battle of Preston, where the Scottish army was routed by the English, and from which he hardly escaped with his life. When he and others of the King's friends, who had assembled at Alyth in 1650 for settling matters to support the royal cause, were surprised and taken by a large body of English horse sent out by Monk, the Earl, with some of his friends, were sent prisoners to the Tower of London by sea, where he was kept for a long time. He died in 1670, at his house of Inverringie, and was succeeded by his brother George.

that there is no meeting with Christ. I speak this to your wife, as well as to yourself. I desire your sifter, in her fears and doubtings, to fasten her grips* on Christ's love. I forbid her to doubt; for Christ loveth her, and hath her name written in His book. Her salvation is fast coming. Christ her Lord is not slow in coming, nor slack in His promise.

Grace be with you.

Your loving pastor,

S. R.

ABERDEEN.

CCVIII.—*To MR ALEXANDER COLVILLE of Blair.* [Let. 99.]

(REGRETS FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO PREACH—LONGINGS FOR CHRIST.)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I would desire to know how my Lord took my letter, which I sent him, and how he is. I desire nothing, but that he may be fast and honest to my royal Master and King.

I am well every way, all praise to Him in whose books I must stand for ever as His debtor! Only my silence paineth me. I had one joy out of heaven, next to Christ my Lord, and that was to preach Him to this faithless generation; and they have taken that from me. It was to me as the poor man's one eye, and they have put out that eye. I know that the violence done to me, and His poor bereft bride, is come up before the Lord; and, suppose that I see not the other side of my cross, or what my Lord will bring out of it, yet I believe that the vision shall not tarry, and that Christ is on His journey for my deliverance. He goeth not slowly, but passeth over ten mountains at one stride. In the meantime, I am

* Firm hold.

pained with His love, because I want real possession. When Christ cometh, He stayeth not long; but certainly, the blowing of His breath upon a poor soul is heaven upon earth; and when the wind turneth into the north, and He goeth away, I die, till the wind change into the west, and He visit His prisoner. But He holdeth me not often at His door. I am richly repaid for suffering for Him. Oh, if all Scotland were as I am, except my bonds! Oh, what pain I have, because I cannot get Him praised by my sufferings! Oh that heaven (within and without) and the earth were paper, and all the rivers, fountains, and seas were ink, and I able to write all the paper (within and without) full of His praises, and love, and excellency, to be read by man and angel! Nay, this is little; I owe my heaven to Christ; and do desire, howbeit I should never enter in at the gates of the New Jerusalem, to send my love and my praises over the wall to Christ. Alas, that time and days lie betwixt Him and me, and adjourn our meeting! It is my part to cry, "Oh, when will the night be past, and the day dawn, that we shall see one another!"

Be pleased to remember my service to my Lord, to whom I wrote; and show him that, for his affection to me, I cannot but pray for him, and earnestly desire that Christ miss him not out of the roll of those who are His witnesses, now when His kingly honour is called in question. It is his honour to hold up Christ's royal train, and to be an instrument to hold the crown upon Christ's head. Show him, because I love his true honour and standing, that this is my earnest desire for him.

Now I bless you; and the prayers of Christ's prisoner come upon you; and His sweetest presence, whom ye serve in the Spirit, accompany you.

Yours, at all obliged obedience in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *June 23, 1637.*

CCIX.—*To his Reverend and Dear Brother, MR JOHN NEVAY.*

[Let. 179.]

(CHRIST'S SURPASSING EXCELLENCY—HIS CAUSE IN
SCOTLAND.)



Y REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I have exceedingly many whom I write to, else I would be kinder in paper.

I rejoice that my sweet Master hath any to back Him. Thick, thick* may my royal King's court be. Oh that His kingdom might grow! It were my joy to have His house full of guests.

Except that I have some cloudy days, for the most part I have a king's life with Christ. He is all perfumed with the powders of the merchant; He hath a king's face, and a king's smell. His chariot, wherein He carrieth His poor prisoner, is of the wood of Lebanon; it is paved with love. Is not that soft ground to walk or lie on? I think better of Christ than ever I did; my thoughts of His love grow and swell on me. I never write to any of Him so much as I have felt. Oh, if I could write a book of Christ, and of His love! Suppose I were made white ashes, and burnt for this same truth that men count but as knots of straw, it were my gain, if my ashes could proclaim the worth, excellency, and love of my Lord Jesus. There is much telling† of Christ: I give over the weighing of Him; heaven would not be the beam of a balance to weigh Him in. What eyes be on me, or what wind of tongues be on me, I care not: let me stand in this stage in the fool's coat, and act a fool's part to the rest of this nation. If I can set my Well-beloved on high, and witness fair for Him, a fig for their hosanna. If I can roll myself in a lap of Christ's garment, I shall lie there, and laugh at the thoughts of dying bits of clay.

Brother, we have cause to weep for our harlot-mother; her

* Crowded.

† Counting; much to set down in the account.

Husband is sending her to Rome's brothel-house, which is the gate* she liketh well. Yet I persuade you that there shall be a fair after-growth for Christ in Scotland, and that this Church shall sing the Bridegroom's welcome home again to His own house. The worms shall eat them first, ere they cause Christ to take good-night at Scotland. I am here assaulted with the Doctors' guns;† but I bless the Father of lights, that they draw not blood of truth. I find no lodging in the hearts of natural men, who are cold friends to my Master.

I pray you, remember my love to that gentleman, A. C. My heart is knit to him, because he and I have one Master. Remember my bonds, and present my service to my Lord and my Lady.‡ I wish that Christ may be dearer to them than He is to many of their place.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *July 5, 1637.*

CCX.—*To my LADY BOYD.*

(*HIS SOUL FAINTING FOR CHRIST'S MATCHLESS BEAUTY—
PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.*)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Few, I believe, know the pain and torment of Christ's fristed§ love: fristing with Christ's presence is a matter of torment. I know a poor soul that would lay all oars in the water for a banquet or feast of Christ's love. I cannot think but it must be uptaking|| and sweet, to see the white and red of Christ's fair

* The road she is too much inclined to take.

† Meaning the Aberdeen Doctors. ‡ The Earl of Loudon and his lady.

§ Deferred till a future time.

|| Thomson says, "exhilarating." But Jamieson quotes instances of this word being used for "elevating, or exalting."

face ; for He is white and ruddy, and the chiefeſt among ten thouſand.* I am ſure that muſt be a well-made face of His : heaven muſt be in His viſage ; glory, glory for evermore muſt ſit on His countenance. I dare not curſe the mask and covering that are on His face ; but oh, if there were a hole in it ! Oh, if God would tear the mask ! Fy, fy upon us ! we were never aſhamed till now, that we do not proclaim our pining and languiſhing for Him. I am ſure that never tongue ſpake of Chriſt as He is. I am ſtill of that mind, and ſtill will be, that we wrong and undervalue that holy, holy One, in having ſuch ſhort and ſhallow thoughts of His weight and worth. Oh, if I could but have leave to ſtand beſide and ſee the Father weigh Chriſt the Son, if it were poſſible ! But how every one of them comprehendeth another, we, who have eyes of clay, cannot comprehend. But it is a pity for evermore, and more than ſhame, that ſuch an one as Chriſt ſhould ſit in heaven His lone† for us. To go up thither once-errand,‡ and on purpoſe to ſee, were no ſmall glory. Oh that He would ſtrike out windows, and fair and great lights, in this old houſe, this fallen-down ſoul, and then ſet the ſoul near-hand§ Chriſt, that the rays and beams of light and the ſoul-delighting glances of the fair, fair Godhead might ſhine in at the windows, and fill the houſe ! A fairer, and more near, and direct, ſight of Chriſt would make room for His love ; for we are but pinched and ſtraightened in His love. Alas, it were eaſy to meaſure and weigh all the love that we have for Chriſt, by inches and ounces ! Alas, that we ſhould love by meaſure and weight, and not rather have floods and feaſts of Chriſt's love. Oh that Chriſt would break down the old narrow veſſels of theſe narrow and ebb|| ſouls, and make fair, deep, wide, and broad ſouls, to hold a ſea and a full tide (flowing over all its banks) of Chriſt's love !

Oh that the Almighty would give me my requeſt ! that I might ſee Chriſt come to His temple again, as He is minting,¶ and, it is

* Cant. v. 10.

† On the ſole errand.

|| Shallow, as the tide at ebb.

† By Himſelf.

§ Near to.

¶ Aiming.

like, minding to do. And if the land were humbled, the judgments threatened are with this reservation (I know), "If ye will turn and repent." Oh, what a heaven should we have on earth, to see Scotland's moon like the light of the sun, and Scotland's sun-light sevenfold, like the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound!* Alas, that we will not pull and draw Christ to His old tents again, to come and feed among the lilies, till the day break, and the shadows flee away! Oh that the nobles would go on, in the strength and courage of the Lord, to bring our lawful King Jesus home again! I am persuaded that He shall return again in glory to this land; but happy were they, who would help to convoy† Him to His sanctuary, and set Him again up upon that mercy-seat, betwixt the cherubim. O sun, return to darkened Britain! O fairest among all the sons of men, O most excellent One, come home again! come home, and win the praises and blessings of the mourners in Zion, the prisoners of hope, that wait for Thee! I know that He can also triumph in suffering, and weep and reign, and die and triumph, and remain in prison and yet subdue His enemies; but how happy were I to see the coronation-day of Christ, to see His mother, who bare Him, put the crown upon His head again, and cry with shouting, till the earth should ring, "Let Jesus, our King, live and reign for evermore!"

Grace, grace be with your Ladyship.

Your Ladyship's, at all obedience in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Isa. xxx. 26.

† Accompany Him on the way, as when friends go out to bear friends company. See note, Let. 230.



CCXI.—*To a Christian Gentlewoman.*(GOD'S SKILL TO BLESS BY AFFLICTION—UNKINDNESS OF
MEN—NEAR THE DAY OF MEETING THE LORD.)

ISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Though not acquainted, yet at the desire of a Christian brother, I have thought good to write a line unto you, entreating you, in the Lord Jesus, under your trials to keep an ear open to Christ, who can speak for Himself, howbeit your visitations,* and your own sense, should dream hard things of His love and favour. Our Lord never getteth so kind a look of us, nor our love in such a degree, nor our faith in such a measure of steadfastness, as He getteth out of the furnace of our tempting fears and sharp trials. I verily believe (and too sad proofs in me say no less), that if our Lord would grind our whorish lusts into powder, the very old ashes of our corruption would take life again, and live, and hold us under so much bondage, that may humble us, and make us sad, till we be in that country where we shall need no physic at all. Oh, what violent means doth our Lord use to gain us to Him, as if indeed we were a prize worthy His fighting for! And be sure, if leading would do the turn, He would not use pulling of the hair, and drawing: but the best of us will bide† a strong pull of our Lord's right arm ere we follow Him. Yet I say not this, as if our Lord always measured afflictions by so many ounce-weights, answerable to the grain-weights of our guiltiness. I know that He doth in many (and possibly in you), seek nothing so much as faith, that can endure summer and winter in their extremity. Oh, how precious to the Lord are faith and love, that when threshed, beaten, and chased away, and bosted‡ as it were by God Himself, doth yet look warm-like, love-like, kind-like, and life-like, home-over§ to Christ, and would be in at Him, ill and well as it may be.

* The afflictions wherewith you have been visited.

† Endure.

‡ Threatened with a blow.

§ Homewards

Think it not much that your husband, or the nearest to you in the world, proveth to have the bowels and mercy of the ostrich, hard, and rigorous, and cruel ; for the Lord taketh up such fallen ones as these.* I could not wish a sweeter life, or more satisfying expressions of kindness, till I be up at that Prince of kindness, than the Lord's saints find, when the Lord taketh up men's refuse, and lodgeth this world's outlaws, whom no man seeketh after. His breath is never so hot, His love casteth never such a flame, as when this world, and those who should be the helpers of our joy, cast water on our coal. It is a sweet thing to see them cast out, and God taken in ; and to see them throw us away as the refuse of men, and God take us up as His jewels and His treasure. Often He maketh gold of dross, as once He made the cast-away stone, " the stone rejected by the builders," the head of the corner. The princes of this world would not have our Lord Jesus as a pinning† in the wall, or to have any place in the building ; but the Lord made Him the master-stone of power and place. God be thanked, that this world hath not power to cry us down so many pounds, as rulers cry down light gold, or light silver. We shall stand for as much as our master-coiner Christ, whose coin, arms, and stamp we bear, will have us. Christ hath no miscarrying balance. Thank your Lord, who chafeth your love through two kingdoms, and followeth you and it over sea, to have you for Himself, as He speaketh.‡ For God layeth up His saints, as the wale§ and the choice of all the world, for Himself ; and this is like Christ and His love. Oh, what in heaven, or out of heaven, is comparable to the smell of Christ's garments ! Nay, suppose that our Lord would manifest His art, and make ten thousand heavens of good and glorious things, and of new joys, devised out of the deep of infinite wisdom, He could not make the like of Christ ; for Christ is God, and God cannot be

* Ps. xxvii. 10.

† Small stone to fill a crevice in the wall. He says, " Would they give Him no room ? Might they not have made Him *a pinning* ? " in a sermon at Anwoth, on Zech. xi. 9, preached 1634.

‡ Hos. iii. 3.

§ The selected portion.

made. And therefore, let us hold with Christ, howbeit we might have our wale* and will of a host of lovers, as many as three heavens could contain.

Oh that He and we were together! Oh, when Christ and ye shall meet about the utmost march† and borders of time, and the entry into eternity, ye shall see heaven in His face at the first look, and salvation and glory fitting in His countenance, and betwixt His eyes. Faint not; the miles to heaven are but few and short. He is making a green bed (as the word speaketh‡) of love, for Himself and you. There are many heads lying in Christ's bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest; and, therefore, go on, and let hope go before you. Sin not in your trials, and the victory is yours. Pray, wrestle, and believe, and ye shall overcome and prevail with God, as Jacob did. No windlestraws§, no bits of clay, no temptations, which are of no longer life than an hour, will then be able to withstand you, when once you have prevailed with God.

Help me with your prayers, that it would please the Lord to give me house-room again, to speak of His righteousness in the great congregation, if it may seem good in His sight.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, July 6, 1637.

CCXII.—To WILLIAM GLENDINNING. [Let. 137.]

(SEARCH INTO CHRIST'S LOVELINESS—WHAT HE WOULD
SUFFER TO SEE IT—HIS COMING TO DELIVER.)



DEAR BROTHER,—Ye are heartily welcome to that honour that Christ hath made common to us both, which is to suffer for His name. Verily I think it my

* Selected portion.

† Boundary.

‡ Cant. i. 16.

§ Withered stalks of grass.

garland and crown ; and if the Lord should ask of me my blood and life for this cause, I would gladly, in His strength, pay due debt to Christ's honour and glory, in that kind. Acquaint yourself with Christ's love, and ye shall not miss to find new golden mines and treasures in Christ. Nay, truly, we but stand beside Christ, we go not in to Him to take our fill of Him. But if He would do two things,—1. Draw the curtains, and make bare His holy face ; and then, 2. Clear our dim and bleared eyes, to see His beauty and glory. He should find many lovers. I would seek no more happiness than a sight of Him so near-hand,* as to see, hear, smell, and touch, and embrace Him. But, oh, closed doors, and vails, and curtains, and thick clouds hold me in pain, while I find the sweet burning of His love, that many waters cannot quench ! Oh, what sad hours have I, when I think that the love of Christ scaureth† at me, and bloweth‡ by me ! If my Lord Jesus would come to bargaining for His love, I think He might make the price Himself. I should not refuse ten thousand years in hell, to have a wide soul enlarged and made wider, that I might be exceedingly, even to the running-over, filled with His love. Oh, what am I, to love such a One, or to be loved by that high and lofty One ! I think the angels may blush to look upon Him ; and what am I, to fyle§ such infinite brightness with my sinful eyes ! Oh that Christ would come near, and stand still, and give me leave to look upon Him ! for to look seemeth the poor man's privilege, since he may, for nothing and without hire, behold the sun. I should have a king's life, if I had no other thing to do, than for evermore to behold and eye my fair Lord Jesus : nay, suppose I were holden out at heaven's fair entry, I should be happy for evermore, to look through a hole in the door, and see my dearest and fairest Lord's face. O great King, why standest Thou aloof ? Why remainest Thou beyond the mountains ? O Well-beloved, why dost Thou pain a poor soul with delays ? A long time out of Thy glorious presence is two deaths and two hells to me. We must meet, I must see Him, I

* Near at hand.

† Is afraid of, boggles.

‡ Past.

§ Defile.

dow* not want Him. Hunger and longing for Christ hath brought on such a necessity of enjoying Christ, that, cost me what it will, I cannot but assure Christ that I will not, I dow not want Him ; for I cannot master nor command Christ's love. Nay, hell (as I now think), and all the pains in it, laid on me alone, would not put me from loving. Yea, suppose that my Lord Jesus would not love me, it is above my strength or power to keep back or imprison the weak love which I have, but it must be out to Christ. I would set heaven's joy aside, and live upon Christ's love its lone.† Let me have no joy but the warmness and fire of Christ's love ; I seek no other, God knoweth. If this love be taken from me, the bottom is fallen out of all my happiness and joy ; and, therefore, I believe that Christ will never do me that‡ much harm, as to bereave a poor prisoner of His love. It were cruelty to take it from me ; and He, who is kindness itself, cannot be cruel.

Dear brother, weary not of my sweet Master's chains ; we are so much the sinner § to Christ that we suffer. Lodge not a hard thought of my royal King. Rejoice in His cross. Your deliverance sleepeth not. He that will come is not slack of His promise. Wait on for God's timeous || salvation ; ask not when, or how long ? I hope He shall lose nothing of you in the furnace, but drops. Commit your cause in meekness (forgiving your oppressors) to God, and your sentence shall come back from Him laughing. Our Bridegroom's day is passing fast on ; and this world, that seemeth to go with a long and a short foot, shall be put into two ranks. Wait till your ten days ¶ be ended, and hope for the crown. Christ will not give you a blind ** in the end.

Commend me to your wife and father, and to Bailie M. A. ; and send this letter to him.

* Am not able to do without Him.

† By itself.

‡ So.

§ More nearly related. " We behaved to be as sinner as brethren," occurs in one of his sermons.

|| Seasonable.

¶ Rev. ii. 10.

** A cheat, or disappointment.

The prayers of Christ's prisoner be upon you, and the Lord's presence accompany you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, July 6, 1637.

S. R.

CCXIII.—To ROBERT LENNOX of *Disdove*.

[*Disdove*, or *Disdow*, is a farm about a mile from Girthon, on the sloping brae. *Lennox's* name often occurs in the "Minute-book of Comm. of Covenanters." Was he connected with *Lennox of Cally* ?]

(MEN'S FOLLY IN UNDERVALUING CHRIST—IT IS HE THAT SATISFIETH—ADMIRATION OF HIM.)



DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. —I beseech you in the Lord Jesus, make fast and sure work of life eternal. Sow not rotten seed : every man's work will speak for itself, what his seed hath been. Oh, how many see I, who sow to the flesh ! Alas, what a crop will that be, when the Lord shall put in His hook* to reap this world that is ripe and white for judgment !

I recommend to you holiness and sanctification,* and that you keep yourself clean from this present evil world. We delight to tell our own dreams, and to flatter our own flesh with the hope which we have. It were wisdom for us to be free, plain, honest, and sharp with our own souls, and to charge them to brew better, that they may drink well, and fare well, when time is melted away like snow in a hot summer. Oh, how hard a thing is it, to get the soul to give up with all things on this side of death and doomsday ! We say that we are removing and going from this world ; but our heart stirreth not one foot off its seat. Alas ! I see few heavenly-minded souls, that have nothing upon the earth but their body of clay going up and down this earth, because their soul and the powers of it are up in heaven, and there their hearts live, desire, enjoy, rejoice. Oh !

* Sickle.

men's souls have no wings; and, therefore, night and day they keep their nest, and are not acquainted with Christ. Sir, take you to your one thing, to Christ, that ye may be acquainted with the taste of His sweetness and excellency; and charge your love not to dote upon this world, for it will not do your business in that day, when nothing will come in good stead to you but God's favour. Build upon Christ some good, choice, and fast work; for when your soul for many years hath taken the play, and hath posted, and wandered through the creatures, ye will come home again with the wind.* They are not good, at least not the soul's good. It is the infinite Godhead that must allay the sharpness of your hunger after happiness, otherwise there shall still be a want of satisfaction to your desires: and if He should cast in ten worlds into your desires, all shall fall through, and your soul will still cry, "Red† hunger, black hunger." But I am sure there is sufficient for you in Christ, if ye had seven souls and seven desires in you.

Oh, if I could make my Lord Jesus market-sweet,‡ lovely, desirable, and fair to all the world, both to Jew and Gentile! Oh, let my part of heaven go for it, so being He would take my tongue to be His instrument, to set out Christ in His whole braveries of love, virtue, grace, sweetness, and matchless glory, to the eyes and hearts of Jews and Gentiles! But who is sufficient for these things? Oh, for the help of angels' tongues, to make Christ eye-sweet§ and amiable to many thousands! Oh, how little doth this world see of Him, and how far are they from the love of Him, seeing there is so much loveliness, beauty, and sweetness in Christ, that no created eye did ever yet see! I would that all men knew His glory, and that I could put many in at the Bridegroom's chamber-door, to see His beauty, and to be partakers of His high, and deep, and broad, and boundless love. Oh, let all the world come nigh

* Like a ship running before the wind.

† *Red* and *black* are intensive words, like "burning shame," and "black disgrace."

‡ So attractive as to be sought for like precious wares at markets.

§ Attractive to the eye.

and see Christ, and they shall then see more than I can say of Him! Oh, if I had a pledge or pawn* to lay down for a seaful of His love! that I could come by so much of Christ, as would satisfy greening† and longing for Him, or rather increase it, till I were in full possession! I know that we shall meet; and therein I rejoice.

Sir, stand fast in the truth of Christ that ye have received. Yield to no winds, but ride out, and let Christ be your anchor, and the only He, whom ye shall look to see in peace. Pray for me, His prisoner, that the Lord would send me among you to feed His people.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCXIV.—To MR JAMES HAMILTON.

[JAMES HAMILTON was educated for the ministry in Scotland, but going over to Ireland, he continued for some time to act as steward or agent for his uncle, Lord Claneboy. He commenced his labours as a preacher of the Gospel in 1624, and in the following year was settled at Balwater, in the county of Down, in which charge, says Robert Blair, “he was painful, successful, and constant, notwithstanding he had many temptations to follow promotion, which he might easily have obtained.” (*Blair’s Life*.) In August 1636, he and several of his brethren in the ministry were deposed by Henry Leslie, Bishop of Down, for refusing to subscribe the canons then imposed on ministers in Ireland. From the dark prospect of the Presbyterian Church at that time, both in Ireland and in Scotland, he was induced to cast in his lot with those who that year embarked as emigrants for New England, but who were forced to return by the adverse state of the weather. After his coming over to Scotland, he became minister of Dumfries, and subsequently of Edinburgh, where he continued to labour for fifteen years. He was a member of the famous Assembly held at Glasgow in 1638. In March 1644, he and Mr Weir, minister of Dalserf, were appointed to administer the Solemn League and Covenant in Ireland. On their return to Scotland, falling in with the noted Alaster Macdonnell, the two ministers, with several others (including Hamilton’s

* One of these two words probably crept into the text from the margin, just as “banquet or feast,” Let. 210. Similar instances may be noticed in other letters.

† Yearning greedily.

father-in-law, Mr Watſon, a miniſter in Ireland), were taken priſoners, and carried to Caſtle Meagrie, or Mingarie, on the coaſt of Ardnamurchan, where they ſuffered incredible hardſhips, which brought Mr Weir and Mr Watſon to their graves. Hamilton was liberated in May 1645, after an imprifonment of ten months. In Auguſt 1651, when the Committee of Eſtates and of the General Aſſembly, of which he was a member, were fitting at Alyth, they were apprehended by a party of horſe ſent out by Monk immediately after his taking Dundee, and were ſhipped for the Tower of London, where Hamilton was kept two years. Continuing faithful to the principles for which he had formerly ſuffered, he was ejeſted from his charge in 1662, upon which he retired to Inveresk, and died on the 10th of March 1666. “He was naturally of an excellent temperament both of body and mind; always induſtrious and facetious in all the ſeveral provinces and ſcenes of his life; he was delightful to his friends and acquaintances, yea beloved of his enemies; he was bold for truth, and tenacious in everything of moment, though naturally, and in his own things, among the mildeſt of men; rich in learning, intelligent, judicious, he was great in eſteem with the greateſt and wiſeſt.”—(*Reid's Hiſtory of the Preſbyterian Church in Ireland.*) Blair, in his Life (p. 136, Wodrow Edit.), mentions another James Hamilton, miniſter, firſt at Killileagh, in Ireland, and then at Ballantrae, in Scotland. Blair's firſt wife was ſiſter to the wife of this James Hamilton.]

(SUFFERING FOR CHRIST'S HEADSHIP—HOW CHRIST VISITED
HIM IN PREACHING.)



EVEREND AND DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Our acquaintance is neither in bodily preſence, nor on paper; but as ſons of the ſame Father, and ſufferers for the ſame truth.

Let no man doubt that the ſtate of our queſtion, we are now forced to ſtand to by ſuffering exile and imprifonment, is, If Jeſus ſhould reign over His kirk, or not? Oh, if my ſinful arm could hold the crown on His head, howbeit it ſhould be ſtricken off from the ſhoulder-blade! For your enſuing and feared trial, my very deareſt in our Lord Jeſus, alas! what am I, to ſpeak comfort to a foldier of Chriſt, who hath done a hundred times more for that worthy and honourable cauſe than I can do? But I know, thoſe of whom the world was not worthy wandered up and down in deſerts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth; and

while there is one member of mystical Christ out of heaven, that member must suffer strokes, till our Lord Jesus draw in that member within the gates of the New Jerusalem, which He will not fail to do at last; for not one toe or finger of that body, but it shall be taken in within the city. What can be our part, in this pitched battle betwixt the Lamb and the Dragon, but to receive the darts in patience, that rebound off us upon our sweet Master; or rather light first upon Him, and then rebound off Him upon His servants? I think it a sweet north wind, that bloweth first upon the fair face of the Chief among ten thousand, and then lighteth upon our sinful and black faces. When once the wind bloweth off Him upon me, I think it hath a sweet smell of Christ; and so must be some* more than a single cross. I know that ye have a guard about you, and your attendance and train for your safety is far beyond your pursuer's force or fraud. It is good, under feud, to be near our ward-house,† and stronghold. We can do little to resist them who persecute us and oppose Him, but keep our blood and our wounds to the next court-day, when our complaints shall be read. If this day be not Christ's, I am sure the morrow shall be His.

As for anything I do in my bonds, when now and then a word falleth from me, alas, it is very little. I am exceedingly grieved that any should conceive anything to be in such a broken and empty reed. Let no man impute it to me, that the free and unbought wind (for I gave nothing for it) bloweth upon an empty reed. I am His over-burdened debtor. I cry, "Down with me, down, down with all the excellency of the world; and up, up with Christ!" Long, long may that fair One, that holy One, be on high! My curse be upon them that love Him not. Oh, how glad would I be, if His glory would grow out and spring up out of my bonds and sufferings! Certainly, since I became His prisoner, He hath won the yolk and heart of my soul. Christ is even become a new Christ

* Somewhat more than a cross.

† *Ward-house* seems the true reading, though "warhouse" is in former editions.

to me, and His love greener than it was. And now I strive no more with Him : His love shall carry it away. I lay down myself under His love. I desire to sing, and to cry, and to proclaim myself, even under the water, in His common,* and eternally indebted to His kindness. I will not offer to quit† commons with Him (as we used to say), for that will not be. All, all for evermore to be Christ's ! What further trials are before me, I know not ; but I know that Christ will have a saved soul of me, over on the other side of the water, on the yonder-side of crosses, and beyond men's wrongs.

I had but one eye, and that they have put out. My one joy, next to the flower of my joys, Christ, was to preach my sweetest, sweetest Master, and the glory of His kingdom, and it seemed no cruelty to them to put out the poor man's one eye. And now I am seeking about to see if *suffering* will speak my fair One's praises ; and I am trying if a dumb man's tongue can raise one note, or one of Zion's springs,‡ to advance my Well-beloved's glory. Oh, if He would make some glory to Himself out of a dumb prisoner ! I go with child of His word : I cannot be delivered. None here will have my Master : alas ! what aileth them at Him ?

I bless you for your prayers. Add to them praises : as I am able, I pay you home. I commend your diving in Christ's Testament ; I would I could set out the dead man's good-will to His friends, in His sweet Testament. Speak a prisoner's hearty commendations to Christ. Fear not, your ten days§ will over. Those that are gathered against Mount Zion, their eyes shall melt away in their eye-holes, and their tongues consume away in their mouths, and Christ's withered garden shall grow green again in Scotland. My Lord Jesus hath a word hid in heaven for Scotland, not yet brought out.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, July 7, 1637.

S. R.

* Under obligation.

† Tunes.

† To be free of obligation by requiting.

§ Rev. ii. 10.

CCXV.—To MISTRESS STUART.

[MRS STUART is the wife of Provost Stuart of Ayr, of whom see an account, Let. 161.]

(PERSONAL UNWORTHINESS—LONGING AFTER HOLINESS—
WINNOWER TIME.)



MISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am forry that ye take it so hardly that I have not written to you.

I am judged to be that which I am not. I fear that if I were put into the fire, I should melt away, and fall down in shreds of painted nature; for truly I have little stuff at home that is worth the eye of God's servants. If there be anything of Christ's in me (as I dare not deny some of His work), it is but a spark* of borrowed fire, that can scarce warm myself, and hath little heat for standers-by. I would fain have that which ye and others believe I have; but ye are only witnesses to my outer side, and to some words on paper. Oh that He would give me more than *paper-grace* or *tongue-grace*! Were it not that want paineth me, I should have a skaled† house, and gone a-begging long since. But Christ hath left me with some hunger, that is more hot than wise, and is ready often to say, "If Christ longed for me as I do for Him, we should not be long in meeting; and if He loved my company as well as I do His, even while I am writing this letter to you, we should fly into each other's arms." But I know there is more will than wit in this languor and pining love for Christ; and no marvel, for Christ's love would have hot harvest long ere midsummer. But if I have any love to Him, Christ hath both love to me, and wit to guide His love. And I see that the best thing I have hath as much dross beside it as might curse me and it both; and, if it were for

* Spark.

† Broken up and scattered.

no more, we have need of a Saviour to pardon the very faults, and diseases, and weakness of the new man, and to take away (to say so) our godly sins, or the sins of our sanctification, and the dross and scum of spiritual love. Wo, wo is me ! Oh, what need is there, then, of Christ's calling,* to scour, and cleanse, and wash away an ugly old body of sin, the very image of Satan ! I know nothing surer than that there is an office for Christ amongst us. I wish for no other heaven on this side of the last sea that I must cross, than this service of Christ, to make my blackness beauty, my deadness life, my guiltiness sanctification. I long much for that day, when I shall be holy. Oh, what spots are yet unwashen !† Oh that I could change the skin of the leopard and the Moor, and niffer‡ it with some of Christ's fairness ! Were my blackness and Christ's beauty carded through-other § (as we use to speak), His beauty and holiness would eat up my filthiness. But, oh, I have not casten old Adam's hue and colour yet. I trow that the best of us hath a smell yet of the old loathsome body of sin and guiltiness. Happy are they for evermore who can employ Christ, and set His blood and death on work, to make clean work to God of foul souls. I know that it is our sin that we would have sanctification on the sunny side of the hill, and holiness with nothing but summer, and no crosses at all. Sin hath made us as tender as if we were made of paper or glass. I am often thinking, what would I think of Christ and burning quick together ! of Christ and torturing, and hot melted lead poured in at mouth and navel ! Yet I have some weak experience (but very weak indeed), that suppose Christ and hell's torments were married together, and if there were no finding of Christ at all except I went to hell's furnace, that there, and in no other place, I could meet with Him, I trow, that (if I were as I have been since I was His prisoner) I would beg lodging for God's sake in hell's hottest furnace, that I might rub souls with Christ. But God be thanked, I shall find Him in a better lodging. We get

* Christ using His power for sanctifying us.

† Unwashed.

‡ Barter.

§ Promiscuously blended.

Christ better-cheap* than so : when He is roup'd† to us, we get Him but with a shower of summer troubles in this life, as sweet and soft to believers as a May-dew.

I would have you and myself helping Christ mystical to weep for His wife. And oh that we could mourn for Christ buried in Scotland, and for His two slain witnesses, killed because they prophesied ! If we could so importune and solicit God, our buried Lord and His two buried witnesses should rise again. Earth, and clay, and stone, will not bear down Christ and the Gospel in Scotland. I know not if I shall see the second temple, and the glory of it ; but the Lord hath deceived me if it be not to be reared up again. I would wish to give Christ His welcome home again. My blessing, my joy, my glory, and love be on the Home-comer.

I find no better use of suffering than that Christ's winnowing putteth chaff and corn in the saints to sundry places, and discovereth our dross from His gold, so as corruption and grace are so seen, that Christ saith in the furnace, "That is Mine, and this is thine. The scum and the grounds, thy stomach against the persecutors, thy impatience, thy unbelief, thy quarrelling, these are thine ; and faith, on-waiting, love, joy, courage, are Mine." Oh, let me die one of Christ's on-waiters, and one of His attendants !

I know that your heart and Christ are married together ; it were not good to make a divorce. Rue not of that meeting and marriage with such a Husband. Pray for me, His prisoner. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* *Cheap* is "bargain," and this phrase means, "better bargain."

† Set up to sale by auction.



CCXVI.—To MR HUGH MACKAIL of Irvine.

(ADVANTAGES OF OUR WANTS AND DISTEMPERS—CHRIST
UNSPEAKABLE.)



EVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I received your letter. I bless you for it.

My dry root would take more dew and summer's-rain than it getteth, were it not that Christ will have dryness and deadness in us to work upon. If there were no timber to work upon, art would die, and never be seen. I see that grace hath a field, to play upon and to course up and down, in our wants; so that I am often thanking God, not for guiltiness, but for guiltiness for Christ to whet and sharpen His grace upon. I am half content to have boils for the sake of the plasters of my Lord Jesus. Sickness hath this advantage, that it draweth our sweet Physician's hand, and His holy and soft fingers, to touch our withered and leper skins. It is a blessed fever that fetcheth Christ to the bedside. I think my Lord's "How doest thou with it, sick body?" is worth all my pained nights. Surely, I have no more for Christ than emptiness and want; take or leave, He will get me no otherwise. I must sell myself and my wants to Him; but I have no price to give for Him. If He would put a fair and real seal upon His love to me, and bestow upon me a larger share of Christ's love (which I would fainest* be in hands with of anything; I except not heaven itself), I should go on sighing and singing under His cross. But the worst is, many take me for somebody, because the wind bloweth upon a withered prisoner; but the truth is, that I am both lean and thin in that, wherein many believe I abound. I would, if bartering were in my power, niffer† joy with Christ's love and faith, and instead of the hot sunshine, be content to walk under a cloudy shadow

* More gladly possess than anything else.

† Exchange

with more grief and fadness, to have more faith, and a fair occasion of setting forth and commending Christ, and to make that lovely One, that fair One, that sweetest and dearest Lord Jesus, market-sweet* for many ears and hearts in Scotland. And, if it were in my power, to roup† Christ to the three kingdoms, and withal persuade buyers to come, and to take such sweet wares as Christ, I would think to have many sweet bargains betwixt Christ and the sons of men. I would that I could be humble and go with a low sail; I would that I had desires with wings, and running upon wheels, swift, and active, and speedy, in longing for Christ's honour. But I know that my Lord is as wise here as I dow‡ be thirsty; and infinitely more zealous of His honour than I can be hungry for the manifestation of it to men and angels. But, oh that my Lord would take my desires off my hand, and a thousand-fold more unto them, and sow spiritual inclinations upon them, for the coming of Christ's kingdom to the sons of men, that they might be higher, and deeper, and longer, and broader! For my longest measures are too short for Christ, my depth is ebb, and the breadth of my affections to Christ narrowed and pinched. Oh for an ingine§ and a wit, to prescribe ways to men how Christ might be all, in all the world! Wit is here behind affection, and affection behind obligation. Oh, how little dow‡ I give to Christ, and how much hath He given me! Oh that I could sing grace's praises, and love's praises! seeing that I was like a fool soliciting the Law, and making moyen|| to the Law's court for mercy, and found challenges that way. But now I deny that judge's power; for I am Grace's man. I hold not worth a drink of water, the Law, or any lord but Jesus:—and till I bethought me of this, I was slain with doubtings, and fears, and terrors. I praise the new court, and the new landlord, and the new salvation, purchased in the name of Jesus and at His instance. Let the Old Man, if he please, go make his moan to

* Attractive in the market.

† Am able to be.

|| Seeking to get influence.

‡ Set up to sale by auction.

§ Disposition and ability.

the Law, and seek acquaintance thereaway,* because he is condemned in that court; I hope that the New Man (I and Christ together) will not be heard;† and this is the more soft and the more easy way for me and for my crosses together. Seeing that Christ singeth my welcome home, and taketh me in, and maketh short accounts and short work of reckoning betwixt me and my Judge, I must be Christ's man, and His tenant, and subject to His court. I am sure that suffering for Christ could not be borne otherwise; but I give my hand and my faith to all who would suffer for Christ, that they shall be well handled, and fare well in the same way, that I have found the crosses easy and light.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, July 8, 1637.

CCXVII.—*To ALEXANDER GORDON of Garloch.*

[ALEXANDER GORDON was proprietor of Garloch, an estate lying in Kells, about five miles N.W. of New Galloway. It is now corrupted into "Garroch." He was brother to Robert Gordon of Knockbrex, formerly noticed. He was a warm promoter of the Presbyterian cause in his day. Livingstone describes him as a "very gracious person;" and mentions him as present at a private meeting for prayer and Christian conference, with a number of "eminent Christians." John Gordon of Knockbrex, and his brother Robert, who were publicly executed in 1666, for being concerned in the insurrection at Pentland Hills, were the grandchildren of the subject of this notice. See Let. 65. They were tried for high treason and rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh upon the 7th of December that year, their goods confiscated, their bodies thereafter dismembered, and their heads fixed on the gate of Kirkcudbright. Other eight were at the same time condemned; and the arms of all the ten (because they had with uplifted hands renewed the Covenant at Lanark, previous to the engagement) were to be cut off and sent to that town, to be fixed on the top of the prison. This sentence was executed

* Seek a friend in that quarter.

† Not be heard lifting up His voice in that court of the Law.

in all its parts. The case of all the sufferers, but particularly that of the Gordons, who, as Wodrow informs us, “were youths of shining piety, and good learning and parts,” excited much sympathy. When turned off the ladder, the two brothers clasped each other in their arms, and in this affectionate embrace endured the pangs of death. “They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.”

Livingstone, in the beginning of his *Historical Relation of his Life*, mentions meetings which he used to hold at Airds (where Gordon of Earlstoun at one time resided), and at *Garloch*, or, as it is printed in different editions, *Gairleuch* or *Garleuch*. Gordon of Garloch was a warm friend to the truth.]

(FREE GRACE FINDING ITS MATERIALS IN US.)

DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. —If Christ were as I am, that time could work upon Him to alter Him, or that the morrow could bring a new day to Him, or bring a new mind to Him, as it is to me a new day, I could not keep a house or a covenant with Him. But I find Christ to be Christ, and that He is far, far, even infinite heavens’ height above men; and that is all our happiness. Sinners can do nothing but make wounds, that Christ may heal them; and make debts, that He may pay them; and make falls, that He may raise them; and make deaths, that He may quicken them; and spin out and dig hells for themselves, that He may ransom them. Now, I will bless the Lord that ever there was such a thing as the free grace of God, and a free ransom given for sold souls: only, alas! guiltiness maketh me ashamed to apply to Christ, and to think it pride in me to put out my unclean and withered hand to such a Saviour. But it is neither shame nor pride for a drowning man to swim to a rock, nor for a shipbroken soul to run himself ashore upon Christ. Suppose once I be guilty, needforce* I drow† not go by‡ Christ. We take in good part that pride, that beggars beg from the richer; and who so poor as we? and who so rich as He who selleth fine gold?§ I see, then, it is our best (let guiltiness plead

* Of sheer necessity.

† Old editions add, “*I cannot*,” which is evidently a marginal note.

‡ Pass by.

§ Rev. iii. 18.

what it listeth), that we have no mean* under the covering of heaven, but to creep in lowly and submissively with our wants to Christ. I have also cause to give His cross a good name and report. Oh, how worthy is Christ of my feckless† and light suffering! and how hath He deserved at my hands that, for His honour and glory, I should lay my back under seven hells' pains in one, if He call me to that! But, alas! my soul is like a ship run on ground through ebbness‡ of water. I am sanded,§ and my love is stranded, and I find not how to bring it on float again. It is so cold and dead, that I see not how to bring it to a flame. Fy, fy upon the meeting that my love hath given Christ. Wo, wo is me! I have a lover Christ, and yet I want love for Him! I have a lovely and desirable Lord, who is love-worthy, and who beggeth my love and heart, and I have nothing to give Him! Dear brother, come further in on Christ, and see a new treasure in Him. Come in, and look down, and see angels' wonder, and heaven and earth's wonder of love, sweetness, majesty, and excellency in Him.

I forget you not; pray for me, that our Lord would be pleased to send me among you again, freighted || and full of Christ.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCXVIII.—To JOHN BELL, *Elder*.

[There is in the churchyard of Anwoth a tombstone to one of this name, who died a martyr, and who lived at *Whitefide*. This person may have been related to him. His name appears at a petition of the elders and parishioners of Anwoth, presented to the Commission of the General Assembly, against the removal of Rutherford from that parish, when applications were made from

* No resource left. † Worthless. ‡ Shallowness at low tide.

§ "*Sanded*," as if it were "driven on the sands." It is like the phrase "Faith being gravelled," *i.e.*, non-plussed. || Freight.

St Andrews and Edinburgh respectively to obtain him. He is designated "John Bell of Hentoun." (*Murray's Life of Rutherford*, p. 356.) Rutherford here reminds him that "old age was come upon him." He appears, however, to have lived many years after this; for so late as January 13, 1657, Marion Bell is retoured "heir of John Bell of Hentoun, her grandfir," who was probably Rutherford's correspondent. On the same day she is retoured heir of "James Bell of Campbelltown (in Twynholm parish), her guidfir;" and of "John Bell of Campbelltown, her father." *Henton* is a small croft, as you go by the sea-side from Ardwell toward Knockbren. It was once a separate property. Before old Anwoth church was pulled down (see *Murray's Life of Rutherford*), there stood a seat or pew, on which were cut the letters "J. B." and the date "1631," understood to belong to this same person. And (though it occurred after Rutherford was gone to his rest) it may be interesting here to notice that the ancestor of the martyr, *John Bell of Whiteside* (which is situated in Anwoth), was connected with this family. The martyr's mother, too, was the grand-daughter of "The guidwife of Ardwell" (see Let. 101). His tomb (renewed a few years ago) is a flat stone near the west end of the old church, with the date 1685.

"This monument shall tell posterity
That blessed Bell of Whiteside here doth lie;
Who at command of bloody Lag was shot,
A murder strange which should not be forgot.
Douglas of Morton did him quarters give,
Yet cruel Lag would not let him survive.
This martyr fought some time to recommend
His soul to God, before his days did end:
The tyrant said, 'What, Devil? Ye've prayed enough
These long seven years on mountain and in cleugh.'
So instantly caused him, with other four,
Be shot to death upon Kirconnel Moor.
So thus did end the lives of these brave fairs
For their adhering to the Covenants."]

(DANGER OF TRUSTING TO A NAME—CONVERSION NO SUPERFICIAL WORK—EXHORTATION TO MAKE SURE.)



MY VERY LOVING FRIEND,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I have very often and long expected your letter; but if ye be well in soul and body, I am the less solicitous.

I beseech you, in the Lord Jesus, to mind your country above;

and now, when old age (the twilight going before the darknes of the grave, and the falling low of your sun before your night) is come upon you, advise with Christ, ere ye put your foot into the ship, and turn your back on this life. Many are beguiled with this, that they are free of scandalous and crying abominations ; but the tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is for the fire. The man that is not born again cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Common honesty will not take men to heaven. Alas ! that men should think that ever they met with Christ, who had never a sick night, through the terrors of God in their souls, or a sore heart for sin ! I know that the Lord hath given you light, and the knowledge of His will ; but that is not all, neither will that do your turn. I wish you an awakened soul, and that ye beguile not yourself in the matter of your salvation. My dear brother, search yourself with the candle of God, and try if the life of God and Christ be in you. Salvation is not casten to every man's door. Many are carried over sea and land to a far country in a ship, while-as they sleep much of all the way ; but men are not landed at heaven sleeping. The righteous are scarcely saved ; and many run as fast as either you or I, who miss the prize and the crown. God send me salvation, and save me from a disappointment, and I seek no more. Men think it but a stride, or step over to heaven ; but when so few are saved (even of a number like the sand of the sea—but a handful and a remnant, as God's word faith), what cause have we to shake ourselves, and to ask our poor soul, " Whither goest thou ? where shalt thou lodge at night ? where are thy charters and writs of thy heavenly inheritance ?" I have known a man turn a key in a door, and lock it by.* Many men leap over, as they think, and leap in. Oh, see ! see that ye give not your salvation a wrong cast, and think all is well, and leave your soul loose and uncertain. Look to your building, and to your ground-stone,† and what signs of Christ are in you, and set this world behind your back. It is time, now in

* Mislock, or turn the key, so as to push the bolt past the socket into which it should have been put.

† Foundation.

the evening, to cease from your ordinary work, and high time to know of your lodging at night. It is your salvation that is in dependence; and that is a great and weighty business, though many make light of the matter.

Now, the Lord enable you by His grace to work it out.

Your lawful and loving pastor,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCXIX.—*To* MR JOHN ROW.

[JOHN ROW, minister of Carnock, was probably the person to whom this letter is addressed. It could not be his son, of the same name, who afterwards became minister of St Nicholas Church, Aberdeen, and Principal of King's College; for he was at this time master of the grammar school of Perth, and did not qualify himself for the ministry till after the overthrow of Prelacy in 1638. John Row of Carnock, the third son of John Row (minister of Perth, a distinguished Reformer and coadjutor of Knox) was born at Perth about the close of the year 1568. He was ordained minister of Carnock at the end of the year 1592, where he laboured with great assiduity and success. He opposed the Perth Articles, and the introduction of Prelacy, with uncompromising zeal. He is the author of a History of the Kirk of Scotland, which has been printed by the Wodrow Society. He died on the 26th of June 1646, aged 78.]

(*CHRIST'S CROSSES BETTER THAN THE WORLD'S JOYS—CHRIST EXTOLLED.*)



REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I received yours. I bless His high and great name, that I like my sweet Master still the longer the better; a sight of His cross is more awsome* than the weight of it. I think the worst things of Christ, even His reproaches and His cross (when I look on these not with bleared eyes), far rather to be chosen than the laughter and worm-eaten joys of my adversaries. Oh that they were as I am, except my bonds! My witness is above, that my ministry, next to Christ, is dearest to me of anything; but I lay it

* Full of terror; looks worse than it is.

down at Christ's feet, for His glory and His honour as supreme Lawgiver, which is dearer to me.

My dear brother, if ye will receive the testimony of a poor prisoner of Christ, who dare not now dissemble for the world, I believe certainly, and expect thanks from the Prince of the kings of the earth, for my poor hazards (such as they are) for His honourable cause, whom I can never enough extol for His running-over love to my sad soul, since I came hither. Oh that I could get Him set on high and praised! I seek no more, as the top and root of my desires, than that Christ may make glory to Himself, and edification to the weaker,* out of my sufferings. I desire ye would help me both to pray and praise. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, July 8, 1637.

S. R.

CCXX.—*To my Lord CRAIGHALL.*

(DUTY OF BEING DISENTANGLED FROM CHRIST-DISHONOURING COMPLIANCES.)

MY LORD,—I persuade myself that, notwithstanding the greatness of this temptation, ye will not let Christ want a witness of you, to avow Him before this evil generation. And if ye advise with God's truth (the perfect testament of Christ, that forbiddeth all men's additions to His worship), and with the truly learned, and with all the sanctified in this land, and with that warner within you), which will not fail to speak against you, in God's time, if ye be not now fast and fixed for Christ), I hope then† that your Lordship will acquit yourself as a man of courage for Christ, and refuse to bow your knee superstitiously and idolatrously to wood or stone, or any creature whatsoever. I persuade myself that when ye shall take good night at this world, ye shall think it God's truth I now write.

* Philipp. i. 14.

† In that case.

Some fear that your Lordship hath obliged yourself to his Majesty by promise to satisfy his desire. If it be so, my dear and worthy Lord, hear me for your soul's good. Think upon swimming ashore after this shipwreck, and be pleased to write your humble apology to his Majesty; it may be that God will give you favour in his eyes. However it be, far be it from you to think a promise made out of weakness, and extorted by the terror of a king, should bind you to wrong your Lord Jesus. But for myself, I give no faith to that report, but I believe that ye will prove fast to Christ. To His grace I recommend you.

Your Lordship's, at all obedience in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *July 8, 1637.*

CCXXI.—*For* MARION M'NAUGHT.

(*HER PRAYERS FOR SCOTLAND NOT FORGOTTEN.*)



WORTHY AND DEAREST IN THE LORD,—I rejoice that you are a partaker of the sufferings of Christ. Faint not, keep breath, believe; howbeit men, and husband, and friends prove weak, yet your strength faileth not. It is not pride for a drowning man to grip to* the rock. It is your glory to lay hold on your Rock. O woman greatly beloved! I testify and avouch it in my Lord, that the prayers ye sent to heaven these many years bygone are come up before the Lord, and shall not be forgotten. What it is that will come, I cannot tell; but I know that, as the Lord liveth, these cries shall bring down mercy. I charge you, and those people with you, to go on without fainting or fear, and still believe, and take no nay-say.† If ye leave off, the field is lost; if ye continue, our enemies shall be a tottering wall, and a bowing fence. I write it (and keep this letter), utter desolation shall be to your adversaries, and to the haters of the

* Cling to with firm hold.

† Denial.

Virgin-daughter of Scotland. The bride will yet sing, as in the days of her youth. Salvation shall be her walls and bulwarks. The dry olive-tree shall bud again, and dry dead bones shall live; for the Lord will prophesy to the dry bones, and the Spirit shall come upon them, and we shall live.

I rejoice to hear of John Carlon! I shall not forget him. Remember me to Grizzel, and Jean Brown. Your husband hath made me heavy; but be courageous in the Lord. I fend blessings to Samuel and William. Show them that I will them to seek God in their youth.

Grace is yours.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, July 8, 1637.

CCXXII.—*To my* LADY CULROSS. [Let. 62.]

(CHRIST'S WAY OF SHOWING HIMSELF THE BEST—WHAT FITS FOR HIM—YEARNING AFTER HIM INSATIABLY—DOMESTIC MATTERS.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am much refreshed with your letter, now at length come to me. I find my Lord Jesus cometh not in that precise way that I lay wait for Him; He hath a gate* of His own. Oh, how high are His ways above my ways! I see but little of Him. It is best not to offer to learn† Him a lesson, but to give Him absolutely His own will, in coming, going, ebbing, flowing, and in the manner of His gracious working. I want nothing but a back-burden of Christ's love. I would go through hell, and the thick‡ of the damned devils, to have a hearty feast of Christ's love; for He hath fettered me with His love, and run away, and left me a chained man.

* Way, manner.

† Teach.

‡ Crowd.

Wo is me, that I was so loofe, rash, vain, and graceless, in my unbelieving thoughts of Christ's love! But what can a foul, under a non-entry* (when my rights were wadset† and lost), do else, but make a false libel against Christ's love! I know that yourself, Madam, and many more, will be witnesses against me, if I repent not of my unbelief; for I have been seeking the Pope's wares, some hire for grace within myself. I have not learned, as I should do, to put my stock and all my treasure into Christ's hand; but I would have a stock of mine own; and ere I was aware, I was taking hire to be the Law's advocate, to seek justification by works. I forgot that grace is the only garland that is worn in heaven upon the heads of the glorified. And now I half rejoice, that I have sickness for Christ to work upon. Since I must have wounds, well is‡ my foul. I have a day's work for my Physician, Christ. I hope to give Christ His own calling: it setteth Him full well to cure diseases.

My ebbings are very low, and the tide is far out when my Beloved goeth away; and then I cry, "Oh, cruelty! to put out the poor man's one eye;" and this was my joy next to Christ, to preach my Well-beloved. Then I make a noise about Christ's house, looking unco-like § in at His window, and casting my love and my desires over the wall, till God send better. I am often content that my bill lie in heaven till the day of my departure, providing I had assurance that mercy shall be written on the back of it. I would not care for on-waiting; but when I draw in a tired arm, and an empty hand withal, it is much to me to keep my thoughts in order. But I will not get a gate || for Christ's love. When I have done all I can, I would fain yield to His stream, and row with Christ, and not against Him. But while I live, I see that Christ's kingdom in me will not be peaceable, so many thoughts in me rise up against His honour and kingly power. Surely I have not expressed all His

* "*Non-entry*" is the condition of one, who though heir, has not yet obtained the legal investiture of his estate from the superior.

† My title-deeds pledged to others.

§ Like a stranger.

‡ Good is it for my soul.

|| Outlet.

sweet kindnes to me. I spare to do it, lest I be deemed to seek myself; but His breath hath smelled of the powders of the merchant, and of the King's spikenard. I think that I conceive new thoughts of heaven, because the card* and the map of heaven which He letteth me now see is so fair and so sweet. I am sure that we are niggards, and sparing bodies in seeking. I verily judge that we know not how much may be had in this life; there is yet something beyond all that we see, that seeking would light upon. Oh that my love-sickness would put me to a business, when all the world are found sleeping, to cry and knock! But the truth is, that since I came hither I have been wondering that, after my importunity to have my fill of Christ's love, I have not gotten a real sign, but have come from Him crying, "Hunger, hunger." I think that Christ letteth me see meat in my extremity of hunger, and giveth me none of it. When I am near the apple, He draweth back His hand, and goeth away to cause me follow; and again, when I am within an arm-length of the apple, He maketh a new break to the gate,† and I have Him to seek of new. He seemeth not to pity my dwinning‡ and swooning for His love. I dare sometimes put my hunger over to Him to be judged, if I would not buy Him with a thousand years in the hottest furnace in hell, so being I might enjoy Him. But my hunger is fed by want and absence. I hunger and I have not; but my comfort is to lie and wait on, and to put my poor soul and my sufferings into Christ's hand. Let Him make anything out of me, so being He be glorified in my salvation; for I know that I am made for Him. Oh that my Lord may win His own gracious end in me! I will not be at ease, while I but stand so far aback. Oh, if I were near Him and with Him, that this poor soul might be satisfied with Himself!

Your son-in-law, W. G., is now truly honoured for his Lord and Master's cause. When the Lord is fanning Zion, it is a good token that he is a true branch of the vine, that the Lord beginneth first to dress Him. He is strong in his Lord, as he hath written

* Chart, map.

† Rushes off again toward the road.

‡ Pining.

to me, and his wife is his encourager, which should make you rejoice.

As for your son, who is your grief, your Lord waited on you and me, till we were ripe, and brought us in. It is your part to pray and wait upon Him. When he is ripe, he will be spoken for. Who can command our Lord's wind to blow? I know that it shall be your good in the latter end. That is one of your waters to heaven, ye could not go about;* there are the fewer behind. I remember you and him, and yours, as I am able; but, alas! I am believed to be something, and I am nothing but an empty reed. Wants are my best riches, because I have these supplied by Christ.

Remember my dearest love to your brother.† I know that he pleadeth with his harlot-mother for her apostasy. I know also that ye are kind to my worthy Lady Kenmure, a woman beloved of the Lord, who hath been very mindful of my bonds. The Lord give her, and her child, to find mercy in the day of Christ! Great men are dry and cold in doing for me; the tinkling of the chains for Christ affrighteth them: but let my Lord break all my idols, I will yet bless Him. I am obliged to my Lord Lorn: I wish him mercy.

Remember my bonds with praises; and pray for me, that my Lord may leaven the north by my bonds and sufferings.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* One of the rivers which you must cross.

† James Melville of Hallhill, who succeeded his father, Sir James Melville. By a charter of the barony of Burntisland, granted to him 16th January 1638, he became Sir James Melville of Burntisland.—*Douglas' Peerage*, vol. ii., p. 112.



CCXXIII.—To ALEXANDER GORDON of Knockgray.

(STATE OF THE CHURCH—BELIEVERS PURIFIED BY AFFLICTION
—FOLLY OF SEEKING JOY IN A DOOMED WORLD.)



DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.
—There is no question but our mother-church hath a Father, and that she shall not die without an heir: her enemies shall not make Mount Zion their heritage. We see that whithersoever Zion's enemies go, suppose they dig many miles under ground, yet our Lord findeth them out: and He hath vengeance laid up in store for them, and the poor and needy shall not always be forgotten. Our hope was drooping and withering, and man was saying, "What can God make out of the old dry bones of this buried kirk?" The prelates and their followers were a grave above us. It is like that our Lord is to open our graves, and purposeth to cause His two slain witnesses to rise on the third day. Oh, how long wait I to hear our weeping Lord Jesus sing again, and triumph and rejoice, and divide the spoil!

I find it hard work to believe when the course of providence goeth cross-wise to our faith, and when misted* souls in a dark night cannot know east by west, and our sea-compass seemeth to fail us. Every man is a believer in daylight: a fair day seemeth to be made all of faith and hope. What a trial of gold is it to smoke it a little above the fire! but to keep gold perfectly yellow-coloured amidst the flames, and to be turned from vessel to vessel, and yet to cause our furnace to sound, and speak, and cry the praises of the Lord, is another matter. I know that my Lord made me not for fire, howbeit He hath fitted me in some measure for the fire. I bless His high name that I wax not paler, neither have I lost the colour of gold; and that His fire hath made me somewhat thin,† and that my Lord may pour me into any vessel He pleaseth. For a

* Enveloped in mist.

† Soft.

small wager I may justly quit my part of this world's laughter, and give up with time, and cast out* with the pleasures of this world.

I know a man who wondered to see any in this life laugh or sport. Surely our Lord seeketh this of us, as to any rejoicing in present perishing things. I see above all things, that we may sit down, and fold legs and arms, and stretch ourselves upon Christ, and laugh at the feathers that children are chasing here. For I think the men of this world like children in a dangerous storm in the sea, that play and make sport with the white foam of the waves thereof, coming in to sink and drown them ; so are men making fool's sports with the white pleasures of a stormy world, that will sink them. But, alas ! what have we to do with their sports which they make ? If Solomon said of laughter, that it was madness, what may we say of this world's laughing and sporting themselves with gold and silver, and honours, and court, and broad large conquests,† but that they are poor souls, in the height and rage of a fever gone mad ? Then a straw, a fig, for all created sports and rejoicing out of Christ ! Nay, I think that this world, at its prime and perfection, when it is come to the top of its excellency and to the bloom, might be bought with an halfpenny ; and that it would scarce weigh the worth of a drink of water. There is nothing better than to esteem it our crucified idol (that is, dead and slain), as Paul did.‡ Then let pleasures be crucified, and riches be crucified, and court and honour be crucified. And since the apostle saith that the world is crucified to him, we may put this world to the hanged man's doom, and to the gallows : and who will give much for a hanged man ? as little should we give for a hanged and crucified world. Yet, what a sweet smell hath this dead carrion to many fools in the world ! and how many wooers and suitors findeth this hanged carrion ! Fools are pulling it off the gallows, and contending for it. Oh, when will we learn to be mortified men, and to have our fill of those things that have but their short summer quarter of this life ! If we saw our Father's house, and that great and fair city, the

* Quarrel with.

† Acquisitions.

‡ Gal. vi. 14.

New Jerufalem, which is up above fun and moon, we would cry to be over the water, and to be carried in Chrift's arms out of this borrowed prifon.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his fweet Lord Jefus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCXXIV.—*To FULWOOD, the Younger.*

[WILLIAM SEMPLE of Fulwood, in Renfrewshire, was probably connected with Semple of Beltrees, in the parifh of Lochwinnoch.]

(*VANITY OF THE WORLD IN THE LIGHT OF DEATH AND CHRIST—THE PRESENT TRUTH—CHRIST'S COMING.*)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Upon the report of this worthy bearer concerning you, I thought good to fpeak a word to you. It is enough for acquaintance that we are one in Chrift.

My earneft defire to you is, that ye would, in the fear of God, compare your inch and hand-breadth of time with vaft eternity, and your thoughts of this now fair, blooming, and green world, with the thoughts which ye will have of it when corruption and worms will make their houfe in your eye-holes, and eat your flefh, and make that body dry bones. If ye fo do, I know then that your light of this world's vanity fhall be more clear than now it is; and I am perfuaded ye will then think that men's labours for this clay idol are to be laughed at. Therefore, come near, and take a view of that transparent beauty that is in Chrift, which would bufy the love of ten thoufand millions of worlds and angels, and hold them all at work. Surely I am grieved, that men will not fpend their whole love upon that royal and princely Well-beloved, that high and lofty One; for it is curfed love that runneth another way than upon Him. As for myfelf, if I had ten loves and ten fouls, oh, how glad would I be, if He would break in upon me and take

possession of them all ! Wo, wo is me, that He and I are so far afunder ! I hope we shall be in one country and one house together. Truly pain of love-sicknes for Jesus maketh me to think it long, long, long to the dawning of that day. Oh that He would cut short years and months and hours, and overleap time, that we might meet !

And for this truth, Sir, that ye profess, I avow before the world of men and angels, that it is the way, and the only way to our country ; the rest are by-ways ; and, that what I suffer for is the apple of Christ's eye, even His honour as Lawgiver and King of His Church. I think death too little ere I forfook it.* Do not, Sir, I beseech you in the Lord, make Christ's court thinner by drawing back from Him (it is too thin already) ; for I dare pledge my heaven upon it, that He will win His plea, and that the fools who plea against Him shall lose the wager,† which is their part of salvation, except they take better heed to their ways. Sir, free grace, that we give no hire for, is a jewel that our Lord giveth to few. Stand fast in the hope that you are called unto. Our Master will rend the clouds, and will be upon us quickly, and clear our cause, and bring us all out in our blacks and whites. Clean, clean garments, in the Bridegroom's eye, are of great worth. Step over this hand-breadth of world's glory into our Lord's new world of grace, and ye will laugh at the feathers that children are chasing in the air. I verily judge, that this inn, which men are building their nest in, is not worth a drink of cold water. It is a rainy and smoky house : best we come out of it, lest we be choked with the smoke thereof. Oh that my adversaries knew how sweet my sighs for Christ are, and what it is for a sinner to lay his head between Christ's breasts, and to be over head and ears in Christ's love ! Alas, I cannot cause paper to speak the height, and breadth, and depth of it ! I have not a balance to weigh the worth of my Lord

* “*Ere I forfook.*” “Ere I could be induced to forsake” His honour as King, I must be made to suffer something far more and worse than death.

† Something hazarded.

Jefus. Heaven, ten heavens, would not be the beam of a balance to weigh Him in. I muſt give over praifing Him. Angels ſee but little of Him. Oh, if that fair one would take the maſk off His fair face, that I might ſee Him ! A kiſs of Him through His maſk is half a heaven. O day, dawn ! O time, run faſt ! O Bridegroom, poſt, poſt faſt, that we may meet ! O heavens, cleave in two, that that bright face and head may ſet itſelf through the clouds ! Oh that the corn were ripe, and this world prepared for His hook !* Sir, be pleaſed to remember a priſoner's bonds. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his ſweet Lord Jefus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, July 10, 1637.

CCXXV.—*To his Pariſhioners.*

(PROTESTATION OF CARE FOR THEIR SOULS AND GLORY OF GOD—DELIGHT IN HIS MINISTRY, AND IN HIS LORD—EFFORTS FOR THEIR SOULS—WARNING AGAINST ERRORS OF THE DAY—AWFUL WORDS TO THE BACKSLIDER—INTENSE ADMIRATION OF CHRIST—A LOUD CALL TO ALL.)



EARLY BELOVED AND LONGED-FOR IN THE LORD, my crown and my joy in the day of Chriſt, —Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jefus Chriſt.

I long exceedingly to know if the oft-ſpoken-of match betwixt you and Chriſt holdeth, and if ye follow on to know the Lord. My day-thoughts and my night-thoughts are of you : while ye ſleep I am afraid of your ſouls, that they be off the rock. Next to my Lord Jefus and this fallen kirk, ye have the greateſt ſhare of my ſorrow, and alſo of my joy ; ye are the matter of the tears, care, fear, and daily prayers of an oppreſſed priſoner of Chriſt. As I am in bonds for my high and lofty One, my royal and princely Maſter,

* Sickle.

my Lord Jefus ; fo I am in bonds for you. For I fhould have fleep in my warm neft, and kept the fat world in my arms, and the cords of my tabernacle fhould have been faftened more ftrongly ; I might have fung an evangel* of eafe to my foul and you for a time, with my brethren, the fons of my mother, that were angry at me, and have thruft me out of the vineyard : if I would have been broken, and drawn on to mire you, the Lord's flock, and to caufe you to eat paftures trodden upon with men's feet, and to drink foul and muddy waters. But truly the Almighty was a terror to me, and His fear made me afraid. O my Lord, judge if my miniftry be not dear to me, but not fo dear by many degrees as Chrift my Lord ! God knoweth the fad and heavy Sabbaths I have had, fince I laid down at my Mafter's feet my two fhepherd's ftaves. I have been often faying, as it is written, " My enemies chafed me fore like a bird, without caufe : they have cut off my life in the dungeon, and caft a ftone upon me."† For, next to Chrift, I had but one joy, the apple of the eye of my delights, to preach Chrift my Lord ; and they have violently plucked that away from me. It was to me like the poor man's one eye ; and they have put out that eye, and quenched my light in the inheritance of the Lord. But my eye is toward the Lord : I know that I fhall fee the falvation of God, and that my hope fhall not always be forgotten. And my forrow fhall want nothing to complete it, and to make me fay, " What availeth it me to live ?" if ye follow the voice of a ftranger, of one that cometh into the fheep-fold not by Chrift the door, but climbeth up another way. If the man build his hay and ftubble upon the golden foundation, Chrift Jefus (already laid among you), and ye follow him, I affure you, the man's work fhall burn and never bide‡ God's fire : and ye and he both fhall be in danger of everlafting burning except ye repent. Oh, if any pain, any forrow, any lofs that I can fuffer for Chrift, and for you, were laid in pledge to buy Chrift's love to you ! and that I could lay my deareft joys, next to Chrift my Lord, in the gap betwixt you and eternal deftruction ! O if I had paper as broad

* Gofpel, good news. † Lam. iii. 52, 53. ‡ Endure, be able to bear.

as heaven and earth, and ink as the sea and all the rivers and fountains of the earth, and were able to write the love, the worth, the excellency, the sweetness, and due praises of our dearest and fairest Well-beloved ! and then if ye could read and understand it ! What could I want, if my ministry among you should make a marriage between the little bride in those bounds and the Bridegroom ? Oh, how rich a prisoner were I, if I could obtain of my Lord (before whom I stand for you) the salvation of you all ! Oh, what a prey had I gotten, to have you caught in Christ's net ! Oh, then I had cast out my Lord's lines and His net with a rich gain ! Oh then, well-warded* pained breast, and sore back, and crazed body, in speaking early and late to you ! My witness is above ; your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me. I would subscribe a suspension, and a fristing† of my heaven for many hundred years (according to God's good pleasure), if ye were sure in the upper lodging, in our Father's house, before me. I take to witness heaven and earth against you, I take instruments‡ in the hands of that sun and daylight that beheld us, and in the hands of the timber and walls of that kirk, if I drew not up a fair contract of marriage betwixt you and Christ, if I went not with offers betwixt the Bridegroom and you, and your conscience did bear you witness, your mouths confessed, that there were many fair trystes§ and meetings drawn on betwixt Christ and you at communion feasts, and other occasions ? There were bracelets, jewels, rings, and love-letters, sent to you by the Bridegroom. It was told you what a fair dowry ye should have, and what a house your Husband and ye should dwell in, and what was the Bridegroom's excellency, sweetness, might, power, the eternity and glory of His kingdom, the exceeding deepness of His love, who fought His black wife through pain, fires, shame, death, and the grave, and swimm'd the salt sea for her, undergoing the curse of the law, and then was made a curse for you ; and ye then consented, and

* Well laid out.

† Delaying till a future time.

‡ Take documents to attest.

§ Appointed meetings.

said, " Even so I take Him." I counsel you to beware of the new and strange leaven of men's inventions, beside and against the word of God, contrary to the oath of this kirk, now coming among you. I instructed you of the superstition and idolatry in kneeling in the instant of receiving the Lord's Supper, and of crossing in baptism, and of the observing of men's days, without any warrant of Christ our perfect Lawgiver. Countenance not the surplice, the attire of the mass-priest, the garment of Baal's priests. The abominable bowing to altars of tree* is coming upon you. Hate, and keep yourselves from idols. Forbear in any case to hear the reading of the new fatherless service-book,† full of gross heresies, popish and superstitious errors, without any warrant of Christ, tending to the overthrow of preaching. You owe no obedience to the bastard canons; they are unlawful, blasphemous, and superstitious. All the ceremonies that lie in Antichrist's foul womb, the wares of that great mother of fornications, the kirk of Rome, are to be refused. Ye see whither they lead you. Continue still in the doctrine which ye have received. Ye heard of me the whole counsel of God. Sew no clouts upon Christ's robe. Take Christ, in His rags and losses, and as persecuted by men, and be content to sigh and pant up the mountain, with Christ's cross on your back. Let me be reputed a false prophet (and your conscience once said the contrary), if your Lord Jesus will not stand by you and maintain you, and maintain your cause against your enemies.

I have heard, and my soul is grieved for it, that since my departure from you, many among you are turned back from the good old way, to the dog's vomit again. Let me speak to these men. It was not without God's special direction, that the first sentence that ever my mouth uttered to you was that, " And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind."‡ It is possible that my first meeting and yours may be when we shall both stand before

* Wood. † See Let. 161. The Service-book, which has no author's name.

‡ John ix. 39.

the dreadful Judge of the world ; and in the name and authority of the Son of God, my great King and Master, I write, by these presents, summonses to those men. I arrest their souls and bodies to the day of our compearance.* Their eternal damnation standeth subscribed, and sealed in heaven, by the hand-writing of the great Judge of quick and dead ; and I am ready to stand up, as a preaching witness against such to their face, on that day, and to say “Amen” to their condemnation, except they repent. The vengeance of the Gospel is heavier than the vengeance of the Law ; the Mediator’s malediction and vengeance is twice vengeance ; and that vengeance is the due portion of such men. And there I leave them as bond men, aye and whill† they repent and amend.

Ye were witnesses how the Lord’s day was spent while I was among you. O sacrilegious robber of God’s day, what wilt thou answer the Almighty when He seeketh so many Sabbaths back again from thee? What will the curser, swearer, and blasphemer do, when his tongue shall be roasted in that broad and burning lake of fire and brimstone? And what will the drunkard do, when tongue, lungs, and liver, bones, and all, shall boil and shall fry in a torturing fire? He shall be far from his barrels of strong drink then ; and there is not a cold well of water for him in hell. What shall be the case of the wretch, the covetous man, the oppressor, the deceiver, the earthworm, who can never get his wombful‡ of clay, when, in the day of Christ, gold and silver must lie burnt in ashes, and he must compear* and answer his Judge, and quit his clayey and noughty§ heaven? Wo, wo, for evermore, be to the time-turning atheist, who hath one god and one religion for summer, and another god and another religion for winter, and the day of fanning, when Christ fanneth all that is in His barn-floor : who hath a conscience for every fair and market, and the soul of him runneth upon these oiled wheels, time, custom, the world, and command of men. Oh,

* Appearing in court in obedience to legal summons.

† Ever and till, ever onward till.

‡ Bellyful, as Ps. xvii. 14.

§ That has nought in it.

if the careleſs atheiſt, and ſleeping man, who edgeth by* all with, “God forgive our paſtors if they lead us wrong, we muſt do as they command,” and layeth down his head upon time’s boſom, and giveth his conſcience to a deputy, and ſleepeth ſo, whill† the ſmoke of hell-fire fly up in his throat, and cauſe him to ſtart out of his doleful bed! Oh, if ſuch a man would awake! Many woes are for the over-gilded and gold-plaſtered hypocrite. A heavy doom is for the liar and white-tongued flatterer; and the flying book of God’s fearful vengeance, twenty cubits long, and ten cubits broad, that goeth out from the face of God, ſhall enter into the houſe, and in upon the ſoul of him that ſtealeth, and ſweareth falſely by God’s name.‡ I denounce eternal burning, hotter than Sodom’s flames, upon the men that boil in filthy luſts of fornication, adultery, inceſt, and the like wickedneſs. No room, no, not a foot-broad,§ for ſuch vile dogs within the clean Jeruſalem. Many of you put off all with this, “God forgive us, we know no better.” I renew my old answer: the Judge is coming in flaming fire, with all His mighty angels, to render vengeance to all thoſe that know not God, and believe not.|| I have often told you that ſecurity will ſlay you. All men ſay they have faith: as many men and women now, as many ſaints in heaven. And all believe (ſay ye); ſo that every foul dog is clean enough, and good enough, for the clean and new Jeruſalem above. Every man hath converſion and the new birth; but it is not lea¶ come. They had never a ſick night for ſin; converſion came to them in a night-dream. In a word, hell will be empty at the day of judgment, and heaven pang** full! Alas! it is neither eaſy nor ordinary to believe and to be ſaved. Many muſt ſtand, in the end, at heaven’s gates.†† When they go to take out their faith, they take out a fair nothing, or (as ye uſe to ſpeak) a blaſum.‡‡ Oh, lamentable diſappointment! I pray you, I charge you in the name of Chriſt, make faſt work of Chriſt and ſalvation.

* Puſhes aſide theſe warnings. † Till. ‡ Zech. v. 2, 3. § Foot-breadth.

|| 2 Theſs. i. 8.

¶ Genuinely, lawfully got.

** Crammed.

†† Luke xiii. 25.

‡‡ Mockery, illuſion.

I know there are some believers among you, and I write to you, O poor broken-hearted believers : all the comforts of Christ in the Old and New Testaments are yours. Oh, what a Father and Husband ye have ! Oh, if I had pen and ink, and ingine* to write of Him ! Let heaven and earth be consolidated into massy and pure gold, it will not weigh the thousandth part of Christ's love to a soul, even to me a poor prisoner. Oh, that is a massy and marvellous love ! Men and angels ! unite your force and strength in one, ye shall not heave nor poise it off the ground. Ten thousand worlds, as many worlds as angels can number, and then as a new world of angels can multiply, would not all be the balk† of a balance to weigh Christ's excellency, sweetness, and love. Put ten earths into one, and let a rose grow greater than ten whole earths, or whole worlds, oh, what beauty would be in it, and what a smell would it cast ! But a blast of the breath of that fairest Rose in all God's paradise, even of Christ Jesus our Lord, one look of that fairest face, would be infinitely in beauty, and smell, above all imaginable and created glory. I wonder that men dō bide‡ off Christ. I would esteem myself blessed, if I could make an open proclamation, and gather all the world, that are living upon the earth, Jew and Gentile, and all that shall be born till the blowing of the last trumpet, to flock round about Christ, and to stand looking, wondering, admiring, and adoring His beauty and sweetness. For His fire is hotter than any other fire, His love sweeter than common love, His beauty surpasseth all other beauty. When I am heavy and sad, one of His love-looks would do me meikle worlds' good.§ Oh, if ye would fall in love with Him, how blessed were I ! how glad would my soul be to help you to love Him ! But amongst us all, we could not love Him enough. He is the Son of the Father's love, and God's delight ; the Father's love lieth all upon Him. Oh, if all mankind would fetch all their love and lay it upon Him ! In-

* Ability and disposition.

† *Balk*, the beam. It meant originally a *ridge*. ‡ Are able to keep from Him.

§ More good than many worlds, or substantial good.

vite Him, and take Him home to your houses, in the exercise of prayer morning and evening, as I often desired you ; especially now, let Him not want lodging in your houses, nor lie in the fields, when He is shut out of pulpits and kirks. If ye will be content to take heaven by violence and the wind on your face for Christ and His crosses, I am here one who hath some trial of Christ's crosses, and I can say, that Christ was ever kind to me, but He overcometh Himself (if I may speak so) in kindness while I suffer for Him. I give you my word for it, Christ's crosses is not so evil as they call it ; it is sweet, light, and comfortable. I would not want the visitations of love, and the very breathings of Christ's mouth when He kisseth, and my Lord's delightful smiles and love-embracements under my sufferings for Him, for a mountain of gold, or for all the honours, court, and grandeur of velvet kirkmen.* Christ hath the yolk† and heart of my love. "I am my Beloved's, and my Well-beloved is mine."

Oh that ye were all hand-fasted‡ to Christ ! O my dearly-beloved in the Lord, I would I could change my voice, and had a tongue tuned by the hands of my Lord, and had the art of speaking of Christ, that I might point out to you the worth, and highness, and greatness, and excellency of that fairest and renowned Bridegroom ! I beseech you by the mercies of the Lord, by the sighs, tears, and heart's-blood of our Lord Jesus, by the salvation of your poor and precious souls, set up§ the mountain, that ye and I may meet before the Lamb's throne amongst the congregation of the first-born. Lord grant that that may be the trysting-place !|| that ye and I may put up our hands together, and pluck and eat the apples off the tree of life, and that we may feast together, and drink together of that pure river of the water of life, that cometh out from the throne of God and of the Lamb. Oh, how little is your hand-breadth and span-length of days here ! Your inch of time

* High Churchmen.

† Betrothed by joining hands.

|| Meeting-place by appointment.

† The innermost part.

§ Set to to climb.

is less than when ye and I parted. Eternity, eternity is coming, positing on with wings ; then shall every man's blacks and whites be brought to light. Oh, how low will your thoughts be of this fair-skinned but heart-rotten apple, the vain, vain, feckless world, when the worms shall make them houses in your eye-holes, and shall eat off the flesh from the balls of your cheeks, and shall make that body a number of dry bones ! Think not that the common gate* of serving God, as neighbours and others do, will bring you to heaven. Few, few are saved. The devil's court is thick† and many ; he hath the greatest number of mankind for his vassals. I know this world is a forest of thorns in your way to heaven ; but you must go through it. Acquaint yourselves with the Lord : hold fast Christ ; hear His voice only. Bless His name ; sanctify and keep holy His day ; keep the new commandment, " Love one another ;" let the Holy Spirit dwell in your bodies ; and be clean and holy. Love not the world : lie not, love and follow truth : learn to know God. Keep in mind what I taught you ; for God will seek an account of it, when I am far from you. Abstain from all evil, and all appearance of evil : follow good carefully, and seek peace and follow after it : honour your king, and pray for him. Remember me to God in your prayers ; I do not forget you. I told you often while I was with you, and now I write it again, heavy, sad, and fore is that stroke of the Lord's wrath that is coming upon Scotland. Wo, wo, wo, to this harlot-land ! for they shall take the cup of God's wrath from His hands, and drink, and spue, and fall, and not rise again. In, in, in with speed to your stronghold, ye prisoners of hope, and hide you there whill the anger of the Lord pass ! Follow not the pastors of this land, for the fun is gone down upon them. As the Lord liveth, they lead you from Christ, and from the good old way. Yet the Lord will keep the holy city, and make this withered kirk to bud again like a rose, and a field blessed of the Lord.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. The

* Way, manner.

† Crowded.

prayers and blessings of a prisoner of Christ, in bonds for Him, and for you, be with you all. Amen.

Your lawful and loving pastor,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *July* 13, 1637.

CCXXVI.—*To the* LADY KILCONQUHAIR.

[LADY KILCONQUHAIR, whose maiden name was Helen Murray, being the third daughter of Sir Archibald Murray of Blackbarony, was the wife of Sir John Carstairs of Kilconquhair, in the county of Fife. Her mother, Margaret Maule, was of the family of Panmure.]

(*THE INTERESTS OF THE SOUL MOST URGENT—FOLLY OF THE WORLD—CHRIST ALTOGETHER LOVELY—HIS PEN FAILS TO SET FORTH CHRIST'S UNSPEAKABLE BEAUTY.*)



ISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am glad to hear that ye have your face homewards towards your Father's house, now when so many are for a home nearer hand.* But your Lord calleth you to another life and glory than is to be found hereaway;† and, therefore, I would counsel you to make sure the charters and rights which ye have to salvation. You came to this life about a necessary and weighty business, to tryste‡ with Christ anent§ your precious soul, and the eternal salvation of it. This is the most necessary business ye have in this life; and your other adoesh|| beside this are but toys, and feathers, and dreams, and fancies. This is in the greatest haste, and should be done first. Means are used in the Gospel to draw on a meeting betwixt Christ and you. If ye neglect your part of it, it is as if ye would tear the contract before Christ's eyes, and give up the match, that there may be no more communing about that business. I know

* Nearer at hand.

† In this quarter; the present state of things.

‡ To meet with for business.

§ Concerning.

|| Things that keep you busily engrossed.

that other lovers beside Christ are in suit of you, and your soul hath many wooers ; but I pray you to make a chaste virgin of your soul, and let it love but one. Most worthy is Christ alone of all your soul's love, howbeit your love were higher than the heaven, and deeper than the lowest of this earth, and broader than this world. Many, alas! too many, make a common strumpet of their soul for every lover that cometh to the house. Marriage with Christ would put your love and your heart by the gate,* out of the way, and out of the eye of all other unlawful suitors ; and then you have a ready answer for all others, " I am already promised away to Christ ; the match is concluded, my soul hath a husband already, and it cannot have two husbands." Oh, if the world did but know what a smell the ointments of Christ cast, and how ravishing His beauty (even the beauty of the fairest of the sons of men) is, and how sweet and powerful His voice is, the voice of that one Well-beloved ! Certainly, where Christ cometh, He runneth away with the soul's love, so that it cannot be commanded. I would far rather look but through the hole of Christ's door, to see but the one half of His fairest and most comely face (for He looketh like heaven !), suppose I should never win in to see His excellency and glory to the full, than enjoy the flower, the bloom, and the chiefest excellency of the glory and riches of ten worlds. Lord, send me, for my part, but the meanest share of Christ that can be given to any of the indwellers of the New Jerusalem. But I know my Lord is no niggard : He can, and it becometh Him well to give more than my narrow soul can receive. 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. Christ is a well of life ; but who knoweth how deep it is to the bottom ? This soul of ours hath love, and can-

* Probably the next clause is the insertion of an editor, and we should simply read, " By the gate, and out of the eye."—It would put your heart out of the way, and out of sight, of all others. Unless " gate" here be " door," which would not be Rutherford's usual style.

not but love some fair one. And oh, what a fair One, what an only One, what an excellent, lovely, ravishing One, is Jesus! Put the beauty of ten thousand thousand worlds of paradises, like the garden of Eden in one; put all trees, all flowers, all smells, all colours, all tastes, all joys, all sweetnesss, all lovelinesss, in one: oh, what a fair and excellent thing would that be! And yet it would be less to that fair and dearest Well-beloved, Christ, than one drop of rain to the whole seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains of ten thousand earths. Oh, but Christ is heaven's wonder, and earth's wonder! What marvel that His bride faith,* "He is altogether lovely!" Oh that black souls will not come and fetch all their love to this fair One! Oh, if I could invite and persuade thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand of Adam's sons, to flock about my Lord Jesus, and to come and take their fill of love! Oh, pity for evermore, that there should be such a one as Christ Jesus, so boundless, so bottomless, and so incomparable in infinite excellency and sweetnesss, and so few to take Him! Oh, oh, ye poor, dry, and dead souls, why will ye not come hither with your toom† vessels, and your empty souls, to this huge, and fair, and deep, and sweet well of life, and fill all your toom† vessels? Oh that Christ should be so large in sweetnesss and worth, and we so narrow, so pinched, so ebb,‡ and so void of all happiness. And yet men will not take Him! They lose their love miserably, who will not bestow it upon this lovely One. Alas! these five thousand years, Adam's fools, his waster§ heirs, have been wasting and lavishing out their love and their affections upon black lovers, and black harlots, upon bits of dead creatures, and broken idols, upon this and that feckless|| creature; and have not brought their love and their heart to Jesus. Oh, pity, that Fairness hath so few lovers! Oh, wo, wo to the fools of this world, who run by¶ Christ to other lovers! Oh, misery, misery, misery, that comeliness can scarce get three or four hearts in a town or country! Oh that there is so much spoken,

* Cant. v. 16.

† Empty.

‡ Shallow.

§ Wasteful, prodigal. Prov. xviii. 9.

|| Worthless.

¶ Run past.

and so much written, and so much thought of creature vanity ; and so little spoken, so little written, and so little thought of my great, and incomprehensible, and never enough wondered at Lord Jesus ! Why should I not curse this forlorn and wretched world, that suffereth my Lord Jesus to lie His lone ?* O damned souls ! O miskenning† world ! O blind, O beggarly and poor souls ! O bewitched fools ! what aileth you at Christ, that you run so from Him ? I dare not challenge providence, that there are so few buyers, and so little sale for such an excellent one as Christ. (O the depth, and, O the height of my Lord's ways, that pass finding out !) But oh, if men would once be wise, and not fall so in love with their own hell as to pass by Christ, and misken Him !† But let us come near, and fill ourselves with Christ, and let His friends drink, and be drunken, and satisfy our hollow and deep desires with Jesus. Oh, come all and drink at this living well ; come, drink and live for evermore ; come, drink and welcome ! “ Welcome,” saith our fairest Bridegroom. No man getteth Christ with ill will ; no man cometh and is not welcome. No man cometh and rueth‡ his voyage :§ all men speak well of Christ who have been at Him : men and angels who know Him will say more than I dow|| do, and think more of Him than they can say. Oh, if I were misted¶ and bewildered in my Lord's love ! Oh, if I were fettered and chained to it ! Oh, sweet pain, to be pained for a sight of Him ! Oh, living death, oh, good death, oh, lovely death, to die for love of Jesus ! Oh that I should have a sore heart, and a pained soul, for the want of this and that idol ! Wo, wo to the mistakings of my miscarrying heart, that gapeth and crieth for creatures, and is not pained, and cut, and tortured, and in sorrow, for the want of a soul's-fill of the love of Christ ! Oh that Thou wouldst come near, my Beloved ! O my fairest One, why standest Thou afar ! Come hither, that I may be satiated with Thy excellent love. Oh for a union ! oh for a fellowship with Jesus ! Oh that I could buy

* Unvisited, all alone.

† Mistaken ; that overlook what is real.

‡ Repents. § Journey.

|| Am able to do.

¶ Lost in a mist.

with a price that lovely One, even suppose that hell's torments for a while were the price ! I cannot believe but Christ will rue* upon His pained lovers, and come and ease sick hearts, who sigh and swoon for want of Christ. Who drow bide Christ's love to be nice?† What heaven can be there liker to hell, than to lust, and green,‡ and dwine,§ and fall a swoon for Christ's love, and to want it ? Is not this hell and heaven woven through-other ?|| Is not this pain and joy, sweetness and sadness, to be in one web, the one the weft, the other the warp ? Therefore, I would that Christ would let us meet and join together, the soul and Christ in each other's arms. Oh what meeting is like this, to see blackness and beauty, contemptibleness and glory, highness and baseness, even a soul and Christ, kiss each other ! Nay, but when all is done, I may be wearied in speaking and writing ; but, oh, how far am I from the right expression of Christ or His love ? I can neither speak nor write feeling, nor tasting, nor smelling : come feel, and smell, and taste Christ and His love, and ye shall call it more than can be spoken. To write how sweet the honeycomb is, is not so lovely as to eat and suck the honeycomb. One night's rest in a bed of love with Christ will say more than heart can think, or tongue can utter. Neither need we fear crosses, nor sigh nor be sad for anything that is on this side of heaven, if we have Christ. Our crosses will never draw blood of the joy of the Holy Ghost, and peace of conscience. Our joy is laid up in such a high place, as temptations cannot climb up to take it down. This world may boast¶ Christ, but they dare not strike ; or, if they strike, they break their arm in fetching a stroke upon a rock. Oh that we could put our treasures in Christ's hand, and give Him our gold to keep, and our crown. Strive, Mistress, to thring** through the thorns of this life, to be at Christ. Tine†† not fight of Him in this cloudy and dark day. Sleep with Him in your

* Pity. † Can bear to find Christ chary, or capricious, in His love.

‡ Desire, and greedily yearn for. § Pine.

|| The one into the other.

¶ Threaten angrily to give a blow.

** Press through.

†† Love.

heart in the night. Learn not at the world to serve Christ, but speer* at Himself the way; the world is a false copy, and a lying guide to follow.

Remember my love to your husband. I wish all to him that I have written here. The sweet presence, the long-lasting good-will of our God, the warmly† and lovely comforts of our Lord Jesus, be with you. Help me His prisoner in your prayers; for I remember you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *August 8, 1637.*

CCXXVII.—*To my LORD CRAIGHALL.*

(*STANDING FOR CHRIST—DANGER FROM FEAR, OR PROMISES OF MEN—CHRIST'S REQUITALS—SIN AGAINST THE HOLY SPIRIT.*)



MY LORD,—I received one letter of your Lordship's from C., and another of late from A. B., wherein I find your Lordship in perplexity what to do. But let me entreat your Lordship not to cause yourself to mistake Truth and Christ, because they seem to encounter with your peace and ease. My Lord, remember that a prisoner hath written this to you, that, "as the Lord liveth, if ye put to your hand with other apostates in this land, to pull down the sometime‡ beautiful tabernacle of Christ in this land, and join hands with them in one hair-breadth to welcome Antichrist to Scotland, there is wrath gone out from the Lord against you and your house." If the terror of a king hath overtaken you, and your Lordship looketh to sleep in your nest in peace, and to take the nearest shore, there are many ways (too, too many ways) how to shift Christ with some ill-

* Inquire at.

† Heart-warming.

‡ Once.

washen* and foul distinctions. But assure yourself, suppose a king should assure you that he would be your god (as he shall never be) for that piece of service, your clay god shall die. And your carnal counsellors, when your conscience shall storm against you, and ye complain to them, will say, "What is this to us?" Believe not that Christ is weak, or that He is not able to save. Of two fires that you cannot pass, take the least. Some few years will bring us all out in our blacks and whites before our Judge. Eternity is nearer to you than you are aware of. To go on in a course of defection, when an enlightened conscience is stirring, and looking you in the face, and crying within you, "That you are going in an evil way," is a step to the sin against the Holy Ghost. Either many of this land are near that sin, or else I know not what it is. And if this, for which I now suffer, be not the way of peace and the King's highway to salvation, I believe there is not a way at all. There is not such breadth and elbow-room in the way to heaven as men believe.

Howbeit this day be not Christ's, the morrow shall be His. I believe assuredly that our Lord will repair the old waste places, and His ruined houses in Scotland; and that this wilderness shall yet blossom as the rose. My very worthy and dear Lord, wait upon Him who hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and look for Him. Wait patiently a little upon the Bridegroom's return again, that your soul may live, and that ye may rejoice with the Lord's inheritance. I dare pawn my soul and life for it, that if ye take this storm with borne-down Christ, your sky shall quickly clear, and your fair morning dawn. Think (as the truth is) that Christ is just now saying, "And will ye also leave Me?" Ye have a fair occasion to gratify Christ now, if ye will stay with Him, and want the night's sleep with your suffering Saviour one hour, now when Scotland hath fallen asleep, and leaveth Christ to fend† for Himself. I profess myself but a weak, feeble man. When I came first to Christ's camp, I had nothing to maintain this war, or to bear me out in this encounter; and I am little better yet. But since I find furni-

* Ill-washed, dirty.

† Shift for.

ture, armour, and strength from the consecrated Captain, the Prince of our salvation, who was perfected through suffering, I esteem suffering for Christ a king's life. I find that our wants qualify us for Christ. And, howbeit your Lordship write that ye despair to attain to such a communion and fellowship (which I would not have you to think), yet, would ye nobly and courageously venture to make over to Christ, for His honour now lying at the stake, your estate, place, and honour, He would lovingly and largely requite you, and give you a king's word for a recompense. Venture upon Christ's "Come," and I dare swear ye will say, "I bless the Lord who gave me counsel."* My very worthy Lord, many eyes, in both the kingdoms, are upon you now, and the eye of our Lord is upon you. Acquit yourself manfully for Christ; spill† not this good play. Subscribe a blank submission, and put it into Christ's hands. Win, win the blessings and prayers of your sighing and sorrowful mother-church seeking your help: win Christ's bond (who is a King of His word‡), for a hundredfold more even in this life.

If a weak man§ hath passed a promise to a king, to make slip to Christ (if we look to flesh and blood, I wonder not of it; possibly I might have done worse myself), add not further guiltiness to go on in such a scandalous and foul way. Remember that there is a wo, wo to him by whom offences come. This wo came out of Christ's mouth, and it is heavier than the wo of the law. It is the Mediator's vengeance, and that is two vengeancees to those who are enlightened. Free yourself from unlawful anguish, about advising and resolving. When the truth is come to your hand, hold it fast; go not again to make a new search and inquiry for truth. It is easy to cause conscience to believe as ye will, not as ye know. It is easy for you to cast your light into prison, and detain God's truth in unrighteousness: but that prisoner will break ward, to your incomparable torture. Fear your light, and stand in awe of it: for it is

* Ps. xvi. 7. † Spoil. ‡ That keeps His word, and has the power to do it.

§ That is, If you, in a moment of weakness, have made a rash promise that gives Christ the go-by.

from God. Think what honour it is in this life also to be enrolled to the succeeding ages amongst Christ's witnesses, standing against the re-entry of Antichrist. I know certainly that your light, looking to two ways, and to the two sides, crieth shame upon the course that they would counsel you to follow. The way that is halver and copartner with the smoke of this fat world,* and wit and ease, smelleth strong of a foul and false way.

The Prince of peace, He who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of His sheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, establish you, and give you sound light, and counsel you to follow Christ. Remember my obliged service to my Lord your father, and mother, and your lady.

Grace be with you.

Your Lordship's, at all obliged obedience, in his sweet Lord Jesus,
S. R.

ABERDEEN, *August* 10, 1637.

CCXXVIII.—To MR JAMES FLEMING.

[JAMES FLEMING was minister of Bathans, now called Yester, a parish in the Presbytery of Haddington, East Lothian. He had previously lived some time in England, and is described by Livingstone as "an ingenuous, single-hearted man." Livingstone was related to him, having been married to the eldest daughter of his brother, Bartholomew Fleming, merchant in Edinburgh, and was present with him at his "gracious death." Holding Presbyterian principles, Fleming was opposed to Prelacy, and the ceremonies which James VI. and Charles I. were so zealous in attempting to impose on the Church of Scotland. In the controversy occasioned by the Public Resolutions, he took the side of the party favourable to them. He was first married to Martha, eldest daughter of John Knox, the celebrated Scottish Reformer. When considerably advanced in life, he married a second wife, by whom he had the well-known Robert Fleming, the author of the Fulfilling of the Scriptures, who was first minister of Cambuslang, and afterwards of the Scottish congregation in Rotterdam, whither he retired some years after his ejection for non-conformity, on the restoration of Charles II.]

* Ps. xxxvii. 20.

(GLORY GAINED TO CHRIST—SPIRITUAL DEADNESS—HELP
TO PRAISE HIM—THE MINISTRY.)

REVEREND AND WELL-BELOVED IN OUR LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I received your letter, which hath refreshed me in my bonds. I cannot but testify unto you, my dear brother, what sweetness I find in our Master's cross; but, alas, what can I either do or suffer for Him! If I my lone* had as many lives as there have been drops of rain since the creation, I would think them too little for that lovely One, our Well-beloved; but my pain and my sorrow is above my sufferings, that I find not ways to set out the praises of His love to others. I am not able, by tongue, pen, or sufferings, to provoke many to fall in love with Him: but He knoweth, whom I love to serve in the Spirit, what I would do and suffer by His own strength, so being that I might make my Lord Jesus lovely and sweet to many thousands in this land. I think it amongst God's wonders, that He will take any praise or glory, or any testimony to His honourable cause, from such a forlorn sinner as I am. But when Christ worketh, He needeth not ask the question, by whom He will be glorious. I know (seeing His glory at the beginning did shine out of poor nothing, to set up such a fair house for men and angels, and so many glorious creatures, to proclaim His goodness, power, and wisdom), that, if I were burnt to ashes, out of the smoke and powder of my dissolved body He could raise glory to Himself. His glory is His end: oh that I could join with Him to make it my end! I would think that fellowship with Him sweet and glorious. But, alas! few know the guiltiness that is on my part: it is a wonder, that this good cause hath not been marred and spilled† in my foul hands. But I rejoice in this, that my sweet Lord Jesus hath found something ado, even a ready market for His free grace and incomparable and matchless mercy, in my wants.

* I alone.

† Spoilt.

Only my loathsome wretchedness and my wants have qualified me for Christ, and the riches of His glorious grace. He behoved to take me for nothing, or else to want me. Few know the unseen and private reckonings betwixt Christ and me; yet His love, His boundless love would not bide away, nor stay at home with Himself. And yet I do not make it welcome as I ought, when it is come unsent-for and without hire.

How joyful is my heart, that ye write that ye are desirous to join with me in praising, for it is a charity to help a dyvour* to pay his debts. But when all have helped me, my name shall stand in His account-book under ten thousand thousands of sums unpaid. But it easeth my heart that His dear servants will but speak of my debts to such a sweet Creditor. I desire that He may lay me in His own balance and weigh me, if I would not fain have a feast of His boundless love made to my own soul, and to many others. One thing I know, that we shall not at all be able to come near His excellency with eye, heart, or tongue; for He is above all created thoughts. All nations before Him are as nothing, and less than nothing: He sitteth in the circuit of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers before Him. Oh that men would praise Him!

Ye complain of your private case. Alas! I am not the man to speak to such an one as ye are. Any sweet presence which I have had in this town, is, I know, for this cause, that I might express and make it known to others. But I never find myself nearer Christ, that royal and princely One, than after a great weight and sense of deadness and gracelessness. I think that the sense of our wants, when withal we have a restlessness and a sort of spiritual impatience under them, and can make a din, because we want Him whom our soul loveth, is that which maketh an open door to Christ. And when we think we are going backward, because we feel deadness, we are going forward; for the more sense, the more life; and no sense argueth no life. There is no sweeter fellowship with Christ

* Debtor.

than to bring our wounds and our fores to Him. But for myself, I am ashamed of Christ's goodness and love, since the time of my bonds ; for He hath been pleased to open up new treasures of love and felt sweetness, and give visitations of love and access to Himself, in this strange land. I would think a fill of His love young and green heaven. And when He is pleased to come, and the tide is in, and the sea full, and the King and a poor prisoner together in the house-of-wine, the black tree of the cross is not so heavy as a feather. I cannot, I drow not,* but give Christ an honourable and glorious testimony.

I see that the Lord can ride through His enemies' bands, and triumph in the sufferings of His own ; and that this blind world seeth not that sufferings are Christ's armour, wherein He is victorious. And they who contend with Zion see not what He is doing, when they are set to work, as under-smiths and servants, to the work of refining the saints. Satan's hand also, by them, is at the melting of the Lord's vessels of mercy, and their office in God's house is to scour and cleanse vessels for the King's table. I marvel not to see them triumph, and sit at ease in Zion ; for our Father must lay up His rods, and keep them carefully for His own use. Our Lord cannot want fire in His house : His furnace is in Zion, and His fire in Jerusalem. But little know the adversaries the counsel and the thoughts of the Lord.

And for your complaints of your ministry. I now think all I do too little. Plainness, freedom, watchfulness, fidelity, shall swell upon you, in exceeding large comforts, in your sufferings. The feeding of Christ's lambs in private visitations and catechising, in painful preaching, and fair, honest, and free warning of the flock, is a sufferer's garland. Oh, ten thousand times blessed are they, who are honoured of Christ to be faithful and painful in wooing a bride to Christ ! My dear brother, I know that ye think more on this than I can write ; and I rejoice that your purpose is, in the Lord's strength, to back your wronged Master ; and to come out, and call

* Am not able.

yourself Christ's man, when so many are now denying Him, as fearing that Christ cannot do* for Himself and them. I am a lost man for ever, or† this, this is the way to salvation, even this way, which they call herefy, that men now do mock and scoff at. I am confirmed now that Christ will accept of His servant's sufferings as good service to Him at the day of His Appearance; and that, ere it be long, He will be upon us all, and men in their blacks and whites shall be brought out before God, angels, and men. Our Master is not far off. Oh, if we could wait on and be faithful! The good-will of Him who dwelt in The Bush, the tender favour and love, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with you.

Help me with your prayers; and desire, from me, other brethren to take courage for their Master.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *August 15, 1637.*

CCXXIX.—*To MR HUGH MACKAIL of Irvine.*

(*THE LAW—THIS WORLD UNDER CHRIST'S CONTROL FOR THE BELIEVER.*)



MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Ye know that men may take their sweet fill of the four Law, in Grace's ground, and betwixt the Mediator's breasts. And this is the sinner's safest way; for there is a bed for wearied sinners to rest them in, in the New Covenant, though no bed of Christ's making to sleep in. The Law shall never be my doomster,‡ by Christ's grace. If I get no more good of it (I shall find a fore enough doom in the Gospel to humble, and to cast me down), it is, I grant, a good rough friend to follow a traitor to the bar, and to

* Act; accomplish anything.

† Either I am a lost man, or—.

‡ The pronouncer of the sentence.

back* him till he come to Christ. We may blame ourselves, who cause the Law to crave well-paid debt, to scare us away from Jesus, and dispute about a righteousness of our own, a world in the moon, a chimera, and a night-dream that pride is father and mother to. There cannot be a more humble soul than a believer; it is no pride for a drowning man to catch hold of a rock.

I rejoice that the wheels of this confused world are rolled, and cogged,† and driven according as our Lord willeth. Out of whatever airth‡ the wind blow, it will blow us on our Lord. No wind can blow our sails overboard; because Christ's skill, and honour of His wisdom, are empawned§ and laid down at the stake for the seapassengers, that He shall put them safe off His hand on the shore, in His Father's known bounds, our native home ground.

My dear brother, scaur|| not at the cross of Christ. It is not seen yet what Christ will do for you, when it cometh to the worst: He will keep His grace till ye be at a strait, and then bring forth the decreed birth for your salvation.¶ Ye are an arrow of His own making; let Him shoot you against a wall of brass, your point shall keep whole. I cannot, for multitude of letters and distraction of friends, prepare what I would for the times: I have not one hour of spare time, suppose the day were forty hours long.

Remember me in prayer. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 5, 1637.

* Help him on. In a sermon on Zech. xi. 9, at Anwoth, in 1634, he says of Christ's humanity, "The Godhead *backed* Him, and convoyed Him to the bar."

† The wedge put in to stop them.

‡ Quarter of the compass.

§ The next clause seems to be a gloss on this word.

|| Boggle.

¶ Zeph. ii. 2.



CCXXX.—*To the Right Honourable and Christian Lady, my LADY
KENMURE.*

(*BELIEVER SAFE THOUGH TRIED—DELIGHT IN CHRIST'S
TRUTH.*)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to your Ladyship.
—God be thanked ye are yet in possession of Christ,
and that sweet child. I pray God that the former may
be a sure heritage, and the latter a loan for your comfort, while ye
do good to His poor, afflicted, withered Mount Zion. And who
knoweth but our Lord hath comforts laid up in store for her and
you! I am persuaded that Christ hath bought you past the devil,
and hell, and sin, so that they have no claim to you; and that is a
rich and invaluable mercy. Long since, ye were half challenging
death's cold kindness, in being so slow and sweet* to come to loose
a tired prisoner; but ye stand in need of all the crosses, losses,
changes, and sad hearts that befell you since that time. Christ
knoweth that the body of sin unsubdued will take them all, and
more: we know that Paul had need of the devil's service, to buffet
him; and far more we. But, my dear and honourable Lady, spend
your sand-glass well. I am sure that you have law to raise a suspen-
sion† against all that devils, men, friends, worlds, losses, hell, or
sin, can decree against you. It is good that your crosses will but
convoy‡ you to heaven's gates: in, they cannot go; the gates shall
be closed upon them, when ye shall be admitted to the throne.
Time standeth not still, eternity is hard at our door. Oh, what is
laid up for you! therefore, harden your face against the wind.
And the Lamb, your Husband, is making ready for you. The
Bridegroom would fain have that day, as gladly as your Honour
would wish to have it. He hath not forgotten you.

* Reluctant.

† Sue for a decision in law to suspend the execution of a sentence.

‡ Accompany you as attendants, or friends.

I have heard a rumour of the prelates' purpose to banish me. But let it come, if God so will: the other side of the sea is my Father's ground, as well as this side. I owe bowing to God, but no servile bowing to crosses: I have been but too soft in that. I am comforted that* I am persuaded fully, that Christ is halfer† with me in this well-born and honest cross; and if He claim right to the best half of my troubles (as I know He doth to the whole), I shall remit over to Christ what I shall do in this case. I know certainly, that my Lord Jesus will not mar nor spill‡ my sufferings; He hath use for them in His house.

Oh, what it worketh on me§ to remember that a stranger, who cometh not in by the door, shall build hay and stubble upon the golden foundation which I laid amongst that people at Anwoth! But I know that Providence looketh not askint, but looketh straight out, and through all men's darknes. Oh that I could wait upon the Lord! I had but one eye, one joy, one delight, even to preach Christ; and my mother's sons were angry at me, and have put out the poor man's one eye, and what have I behind? I am sure that this four world hath lost my heart deservedly; but oh that there were a daysman to lay his hands upon us both, and determine upon my part of it. Alas, that innocent and lovely truth should be sold! My tears are little worth, but yet for this thing I weep. I weep, alas, that my fair and lovely Lord Jesus should be miscent|| in His own house! It reckoneth little of five hundred the like of me; yet the water goeth not over faith's breath.¶ Yet our King liveth.

I write the prisoner's blessings: the good-will, and long-lasting kindness, with the comforts of the very God of peace, be to your Ladyship, and to your sweet child. Grace, grace be with you.

Your Honour's, at all obedience, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 5, 1637.

* In having this persuasion.

† Has half the share of.

‡ Spoil.

§ What care it causes.

|| Overlooked, as if unknown.

¶ It is of little consequence what hundreds like me feel; yet, at the same time, I can say that faith is not drowned in me.

CCXXXI.—*To the Right Honourable my LORD LINDSAY.*

[JOHN, TENTH LORD LINDSAY, of Byres, to whom this letter is addressed, was the son of Robert, ninth Lord Lindsay, by his wife Lady Christian Hamilton, eldest daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington. (See Let. 77.) He was born about 1596, and was served heir to his father on the 1st of October 1616. He was created Earl of Lindsay and Lord Parbroath, 8th May 1633. On the 23d of July 1644, he was constituted Lord High Treasurer of Scotland; and on the forfeiture of Ludovick, Earl of Crawford, he had the title and estate of that nobleman conferred on him by Act of Parliament, 26th July the same year, so that he was thereafter designed Earl of Crawford and Lindsay. Having entered with zeal into the "Engagement" for raising an army to attempt the rescue of the King in 1648, he was deprived of his offices by the Act of Classes, and excluded from Parliament till King Charles II. came to Scotland in 1650, when a coalition of parties took place. For the same reason, he fell under a censure of the Church; but was restored in July 1650, by the General Assembly which met at Edinburgh. On the Restoration, he was reinstated in his offices of High Treasurer of Scotland and Extraordinary Lord of Session. He warmly opposed the Act Rescissory, annulling all the Parliaments since 1633, as a terrible precedent, destroying the whole security of government. His Lordship, in 1633, scrupling to take the declaration, resigned his situation as Lord High Treasurer for Scotland, and was succeeded by his son-in-law the Earl of Rothes. Next year he gave up his place of Extraordinary Lord of Session, and retired to his country seat. "He was a man of great virtue, of good abilities, and of an exemplary life in all respects. He died at Tynninghame in 1676, aged about 80." (*Douglas' Peerage.*) Rutherford's treatise, entitled "A Peaceable and Temperate Plea for Paul's Presbytery in Scotland, printed at London in 1642," is dedicated to this nobleman.]

(THE CHURCH'S DESOLATIONS—THE END OF THE WORLD, AND
CHRIST'S COMING—HIS ATTRACTIVENESS.)



RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MY VERY GOOD
LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to your Lordship.—Pardon my boldness to express myself to your Lordship at this so needful a time, when your wearied and friendless mother-kirk is looking round about her, to see if any of her sons doth really bemoan her desolation. Therefore, my dear and

worthy Lord, I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, pity that widow-like sister and spouse of Christ. I know that her Husband is not dead, but He seemeth to be in another country, and seeth well, and beholdeth who are His true and tender-hearted friends, who dare venture under the water to bring out to dry land sinking truth; and who of the nobles will cast up their arm, to ward a blow off the crowned head of our royal Lawgiver who reigneth in Zion, who will plead and contend for Jacob in the day of his controversy.

It is now time, my worthy and noble Lord, for you who are the little nurse-fathers, under our sovereign prince, to put on courage for the Lord Jesus, and to take up a fallen orphan, speaking out of the dust, and to embrace in your arms Christ's Bride. He hath no more in Scotland that is the delight of His eyes, than that one little sister, whose breasts were once well-fashioned. She once ravished her Well-beloved with her eyes, and overcame Him with her beauty: "She looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners: her stature was like the palm-tree, and her breasts like clusters of grapes, and she held the King in the galleries."* But now the crown is fallen from her head, and her gold waxed dim, and our white Nazarites are become black as the coal. Blessed are they who will come out and help Christ against the mighty! The shields of the earth and the nobles are debtors to Christ for their honour, and should bring their glory and honour to the New Jerusalem.† Alas, that great men should be so far from subjecting themselves to the sweet yoke of Christ, that they burst His bonds asunder, and think they dow‡ not go on foot when Christ is on horseback, and that every nod of Christ, commanding as King, is a load like a mountain of iron. And, therefore, they say, "This man shall not reign over us; we must have another king than Christ in His own house." Therefore, kneel to Christ, and kiss the Son, and let Him have your Lordship's vote, as your alone§ Lawgiver. I am sure that when you leave the old waste inn of this perishing life, and shall reckon with your host,

* Cant. iv. 9; vi. 10; vii. 5, 7. † Rev. xxi. 24. ‡ Cannot. § Only.

and depart hence, and take shipping, and make over for eternity, which is the yonder side of time (and a sand-glass of threescore short years is running out), to look over your shoulder, then, to that which ye have done, spoken, and suffered for Christ, His dear Bride that He ransomed with that blood which is more precious than gold, and for truth, and the freedom of Christ's kingdom, your accounts will more sweetly smile and laugh upon you than if you had two worlds of gold to leave to your posterity. O my dear Lord, consider that our Master, eternity, and judgment, and the Last Reckoning, will be upon us in the twinkling of an eye. The blast of the last trumpet, now hard at hand, will cry down all Acts of Parliament, all the determinations of pretended assemblies, against Christ our Lawgiver. There will be shortly a proclamation by One standing in the clouds, "that time shall be no more," and that courts with kings of clay shall be no more; and prisons, confinements, forfeitures of nobles, wrath of kings, hazard of lands, houses, and name, for Christ, shall be no more. This world's span-length of time is drawn now to less than half an inch, and to the point of the evening of the day of this old gray-haired world. And, therefore, be fixed and fast for Christ and His truth for a time; and fear not him whose life goeth out at his nostrils, who shall die as a man. I am persuaded Christ is resposnal* and law-biding,† to make recompense for anything that is hazarded or given out for Him. Losses for Christ are but our goods given out in bank, in Christ's hand. Kings earthly are well-favoured little clay gods, time's idols; but a sight of our invisible King shall decry and darken all the glory of this world. At the day of Christ, truth shall be truth, and not treason. Alas! it is pitiful that silence, when the thatch of our Lord's house hath taken fire, is now the flower and bloom of court and state wisdom; and to cast a covering over a good profession (as if it blushed at the light), is thought a canny‡

* Solvent; able to meet law.

† Willing to wait the regular course of law, in opposition to flight.

‡ Prudent.

and sure way through this life. But the safest way, I am persuaded, is to tine and win* with Christ, and to hazard fairly for Him; for heaven is but a company of noble venturers for Christ. I dare hazard my soul, that Christ will grow green, and blossom like the Rose of Sharon yet in Scotland, howbeit now His leaf seemeth to wither, and His root to dry up.

Your noble ancestors have been enrolled amongst the worthies of this nation, as the sure friends of the Bridegroom, and valiant for Christ: I hope that you will follow on to come to the streets for the same Lord. The world is still at yea and nay with Christ. It shall be your glory, and the sure foundation of your house (now when houses are tumbling down, and birds building their nests, and thorns and briars are growing up, where nobles did spread a table), if you engage your estate and nobility for this noble King Jesus, with whom the created powers of the world are still in tops.† All the world shall fall before Him, and (as God liveth!) every arm lifted up to take the crown off His royal head, or that refuseth to hold it on His head, shall be broken from the shoulder-blade. The eyes that behold Christ weep in sackcloth, and wallow in His blood, and will not help, even these eyes shall rot away in their eye-holes. Oh, if ye and the nobles of this land saw the beauty of that world's wonder, Jesus our King, and the glory of Him who is angels' wonder, and heaven's wonder for excellency! Oh, what would men count of clay estates, of time-eaten life, of worm-eaten and moth-eaten worldly glory, in comparison of that fairest, fairest of God's creation, the Son of the Father's delights! I have but small experience of suffering for Him; but let my Judge and Witness in heaven lay my soul in the balance of justice, if I find not a young heaven, and a little paradise of glorious comforts and soul-delighting love-kisses of Christ, here beneath the moon, in suffering for Him and His truth; and that the glory, joy, and peace, and fire of love, which I thought had been kept whilst‡ supper-time, when we shall get leisure to feast our fill upon Christ, I have felt in glorious be-

* Lose and gain. † In conflict; "to tope," is to oppose. ‡ Till.

ginnings, in my bonds for this princely Lord Jesus. Oh ! it is my sorrow, my daily pain, that men will not come and see. I would now be ashamed to believe that it should be possible for any soul to think that he could be a loser for Christ, suppose he should lend Christ the Lordship of Lindsay, or some such great worldly estate. Therefore, my worthy and dear Lord, set now your face against the opposites* of Jesus, and let your soul take courage to come under His banner, to appear, as His soldier, for Him ; and the blessings of a falling kirk, the prayers of the prisoners of hope who wait for Zion's joy, and the good-will of Him who dwelt in the Bush, and it burned not, shall be with you.

To His saving grace I recommend your Lordship and your house ; and am still Christ's prisoner, and your Lordship's obliged servant, in his sweet Lord Jesus.

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

CCXXXII.—*To my LORD BOYD.*

(SEEKING CHRIST IN YOUTH—ITS TEMPTATIONS—CHRIST'S EXCELLENCE—THE CHURCH'S CAUSE CONCERNS THE NOBLES.)



MY VERY HONOURABLE AND GOOD LORD,—
Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am glad to hear that you, in the morning of your short day, mind Christ, and that you love the honour of His crown and kingdom. I beseech your Lordship to begin now to frame your love, and to cast it in no mould but one, that it may be for Christ only ; for when your love is now in the framing and making, it will take best with Christ. If any other than Jesus get a grip† of it, when it is green and young, Christ will be an unco‡ and strange world to you.

* Opponents.

† Firm hold.

‡ Strange.

Promise the lodging of your soul first away to Christ, and stand by your first covenant, and keep to Jesus, that He may find you honest. It is easy to master an arrow, and to set it right, ere the string be drawn ; but when once it is shot, and in the air, and the flight begun, then ye have no more power at all to command it. It were a blessed thing, if your love could now level only at Christ, that His fair face were the black of the mark ye shot at. For when your love is loosed, and out of your grips,* and in its motion to fetch home an idol, and hath taken a whorish gadding journey, to seek an unknown and strange lover, ye shall not then have power to call home the arrow, or to be master of your love ; and ye will hardly† give Christ what ye scarcely have yourself.

I speak not this, as if youth itself could fetch heaven and Christ. Believe it, my Lord, it is hardly credible what a nest of dangerous temptations youth is ; how inconsiderate, foolish, proud, vain, heady, rash, profane, and careless of God, this piece of your life is ; so that the devil findeth in that age a garnished and well-swept house for himself, and seven devils worse than himself. For then affections are on horseback, lofty and stirring ; then the old man hath blood, lust, much will, and little wit, and hands, feet, wanton eyes, profane ears, as his servants, and as a king's officers at command, to come and go at his will. Then a green conscience is as supple‡ as the twig of a young tree. It is for every way, every religion ; every lewd course prevaleth with it. And, therefore, oh, what a sweet couple, what a glorious yoke, are youth and grace, Christ and a young man ! This is a meeting not to be found in every town. None who have been at Christ can bring back to your Lordship a report answerable to His worth ; for Christ cannot be spoken of, or commended according to His worth. "Come and see," is the most faithful messenger to speak of Him : little persuasion would prevail where this was. It is impossible, in the setting out of Christ's love, to lie and pass over truth's line. The discourses of angels, or love-books written by the congregation of seraphim (all their wits being

* Firm hold.

† With difficulty.

‡ Supple.

conjoined and melted into one), would for ever be in the nether side of truth, and of plentifully declaring the thing as it is. The infiniteness, the boundlessness of that incomparable excellency that is in Jesus, is a great word. God send me, if it were but the relics and leavings, or an ounce-weight or two, of His matchless love; and suppose I never got another heaven (provided this blessed fire were evermore burning), I could not but be happy for ever. Come hither, then, and give out your money wisely for bread; come hither, and bestow your love.

I have cause to speak this, because, except you possess and enjoy Christ, ye will be a cold friend to His spouse; for it is love to the husband that causeth kindness to the wife. I dare swear it were a blessing to your house, the honour of your honour, the flower of your credit, now in your place, and as far as ye are able, to lend your hand to your weeping mother, even your oppressed and spoiled mother-kirk. If ye love her, and bestir yourself for her, and hazard the Lordship of Boyd for the recovery of her vail, which the smiting watchmen have taken from her, then surely her Husband will scorn to sleep in your common,* or reverence.† Bits of lordships are little to Him who hath many crowns on His head, and the kingdoms of the world in the hollow of His hand. Court, honour, glory, riches, stability of houses, favour of princes, are all on His finger-ends. Oh what glory were it to lend your honour to Christ, and to His Jerusalem! Ye are one of Zion's born sons; your honourable and Christian parents would venture you upon Christ's errands. Therefore, I beseech you, by the mercies of God, by the death and wounds of Jesus, by the hope of your glorious inheritance, and by the comfort and hope of the joyful presence ye would have at the water-side, when ye are putting your foot in the dark grave, take courage for Christ's truth, and the honour of His free kingdom. For, howbeit ye be a young flower, and green before the sun, ye know not how soon death will cause you cast your

* Under obligation.

† Power; as if he must do homage to you for your service. See Let. 30.

bloom, and wither root, and branch, and leaves; and, therefore, write up what ye have to do for Christ, and make a treasure of good works, and begin in time. By appearance ye have the advantage of the brae.* See what ye can do for Christ, against those who are waiting whill† Christ's tabernacle fall, that they may run away with the boards thereof, and build their nests on Zion's ruins. They are blind who see not louns‡ now pulling up the stakes, and breaking the cords, and rending the curtains of Christ's sometime§ beautiful tent in this land. Antichrist is lifting that tent up upon his shoulders, and going away with it; and when Christ and the Gospel are out of Scotland, dream not that your houses shall thrive, and that it will go well with the nobles of the land. As the Lord liveth! the streams of your waters shall become pitch, and the dust of your land brimstone, and your land shall become burning pitch, and the owl and the raven shall dwell in your houses: and where your table stood, there shall grow briars and nettles.¶ The Lord gave Christ and His Gospel as a pawn to Scotland. The watchmen have fallen foul, and lost their part of the pawn; and who seeth not, that God hath dried up their right eye, and their right arm, and hath broken the shepherds' staves, and that men are trading in their hearts upon such unfavoury salt, that is good for nothing else! If ye, the nobles, put away the pawn also, and refuse to plead the controversy of Zion with the professed enemies of Jesus, ye have done with it. Oh! where is the courage and zeal now of the ancient nobles of this land, who with their swords, and hazard of life, honour, and houses, brought Christ to our hands? And now the nobles cannot but be guilty of shouldering out Christ, and of murdering the souls of their posterity, if they shall hide themselves, and lurk in the lee-side of the hill, till the wind blow down the temple of God. It goeth now under the name of wisdom, for men to cast their cloak over Christ and their profession; as if Christ were stolen goods, and durst not be avouched. Though this be reputed a piece

* Are on the descending slope.

† Till.

‡ Scoundrels.

§ Once.

¶ Isa. xxxiv. 9, 11.

of policy, yet God esteemeth such men to be but state fools and court gowks,* whatever they, or other heads-of-wit† like to them, think of themselves; since their damnable silence is the ruin of Christ's kingdom. Oh, but it be true honour and glory to be the fast friends of the Bridegroom, and to own Christ's bleeding head, and His forsaken cause, and to contend legally, and in the wisdom of God, for our sweet Lord Jesus, and His kingly crown! But I will believe that your Lordship will take Christ's honour to heart, and be a man in the streets (as the prophet speaketh‡) for the Lord and His truth. To His rich grace and sweet presence, and the everlasting consolation of the promised Comforter, I recommend your Lordship, and am your Lordship's, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

CCXXXIII.—*To his Worthy and much Honoured Friend*

FULK ELLIS.

[FULK ELLIS was the eldest son of Major Edmond Ellis of Carrickfergus, an English colonist. Edmond was a man of distinguished piety, and a zealous Covenanter. "Through all the difficulties and vicissitudes of those trying times," says Dr Reid, "he was a consistent Presbyterian, and a truly eminent Christian. Several of his devout sayings on his death-bed (he died 11th June 1651), which have been preserved, are worthy of being recorded, as affording a specimen of the religious sentiments and feelings of the Presbyterian eldership at this period." Fulk also followed the military profession, in which he held the rank of captain, and embarked in the same cause with his father. "He and his company (who were all from Ireland) joined the Scottish force in resisting the arms of Charles in 1640, and were at the battle of Newburn. He shared in the supplies forwarded to the different companies of the army from their respective parishes in Scotland. He returned to Ireland after the rebellion; and was captain and major in Sir John Clotworthy's regiment of foot, and is believed to have fallen in action near Defertmartin, in the county of Derry, in September 1643. His descendants, of the same name, still reside at Carrickfergus."—*Reid's Hist. of Presbyt. Ch.*]

* Simpletons.

† Wiseacres.

‡ Jer. v. 1.

(FRIENDS IN IRELAND—DIFFICULTIES IN PROVIDENCE—UN-
FAITHFULNESS TO LIGHT—CONSTANT NEED OF CHRIST.)



WORTHY AND MUCH HONoured IN OUR
LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.

1. I am glad of our more than paper acquaintance. Seeing we have one Father, it reckoneth* the less, though we never see one another's face. I profess myself most unworthy to follow the camp of such a worthy and renowned Captain as Christ. Oh, alas! I have cause to be grieved, that men expect anything of such a wretched man as I am. It is a wonder to me, if Christ can make anything of my naughty,† short, and narrow love to Him; surely it is not worth the uptaking.

2. As for our lovely and beloved Church in Ireland, my heart bleedeth for her desolation; but I believe that our Lord is only lopping the vine-trees, but not intending to cut them down, or root them out. It is true (seeing we are *heart-atheists* by nature, and cannot take providence aright, because we halt and crook‡ ever since we fell), we dream of a halting providence; as if God's yard, whereby He measureth joy and sorrow to the sons of men, were crooked and unjust, because servants ride on horseback, and princes go on foot. But our Lord dealeth good and evil, and some one portion or other to both, by ounce-weights, and measureth them in a just and even balance. It is but folly to measure the Gospel by summer or winter weather: the summer-sun of the saints shineth not on them in this life. How should we have complained, if the Lord had turned the same providence that we now stomach at upside down, and had ordered matters thus, that first the saints should have enjoyed heaven, glory, and ease, and then Methuselah's days of sorrow and daily miseries? We would think a short heaven no heaven. Certainly His ways pass finding out.

3. Ye complain of the evil of *heart-atheism*: but it is to a

* It is of the less importance.

† Vile, worthless.

‡ Walk lamely.

greater atheist than any man can be, that ye write of that. Oh, light findeth not that reverence and fear which a plant of God's setting should find in our soul! How do we by nature, as others, detain and hold captive the truth of God in unrighteousness, and so make God's light a bound prisoner? And even when the prisoner breaketh the jail, and cometh out in belief of a Godhead, and in some practice of holy obedience, how often do we, of new, lay hands on the prisoner, and put our light again in fetters? Certainly there cometh great mist and clouds from the lower part of our souls, our earthly affections, to the higher part, which is our conscience, either natural or renewed: as smoke in a lower house breaketh up, and defileth the house above. If we had more practice of obedience, we should have more sound light. I think, lay aside all other guiltiness, that this one, the violence done to God's candle in our soul, were a sufficient dittay* against us. There is no helping of this but by striving to stand in awe of God's light. Lest light tell tales of us, we desire little to hear; but since it is not without God that light sitteth neighbour to will (a lawless lord), no marvel that such a neighbour should lighten our judgment, and darken our light. I see there is a necessity that we protest against the doings of the Old Man, and raise up a party against our worst half, to accuse, condemn, sentence, and with sorrow bemoan, the dominion of sin's kingdom; and withal make law, in the New Covenant, against our guiltiness. For Christ once condemned sin in the flesh, and we are to condemn it over again. And if there had not been such a thing as the grace of Jesus, I should have long since given up with heaven, and with the expectation to see God. But grace, grace, free grace, the merits of Christ for nothing, white and fair, and large Saviour-mercy (which is another sort of thing than creature-mercy, or Law-mercy, yea, a thousand degrees above angel-mercy), have been, and must be, the rock that we drowned souls must swim to. New washing, renewed application of purchased redemption, by that sacred blood that sealeth the free Covenant, is a thing of

* Indictment.

daily and hourly use to a poor sinner. Till we be in heaven, our issue of blood shall not be quite dried up; and, therefore, we must resolve to apply peace to our souls from the new and living way; and Jesus, who cleanseth and cureth the leprous soul, lovely Jesus, must be our song on this side of heaven's gates. And even when we have won the castle, then must we eternally sing, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, who hath saved us, and washed us in His own blood."

I would counsel all the ransomed ones to learn this song, and to drink and be drunk with the love of Jesus. O fairest, O highest, O loveliest One, open the well! Oh, water the burnt and withered travellers with this love of Thine! I think it is possible on earth to build a young New Jerusalem, a little new heaven, of this surpassing love. God either send me more of this love, or take me quickly over the water, where I may be filled with His love. My softness cannot take with want. I profess I bear not hunger of Christ's love fair. I know not if I play foul play with Christ, but I would have a link of that chain of His providence mended, in pining and delaying the hungry on-waiters. For myself, I could wish that Christ would let out upon me more of that love. Yet to say Christ is a niggard to me, I dare not; and if I say I have abundance of His love, I should lie. I am half straitened* to complain, and cry, "Lord Jesus, hold Thy hand no longer."

Worthy Sir, let me have your prayers, in my bonds. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

* Constrained; perhaps Luke xii. 50 was in his thoughts.



CCXXXIV.—To JAMES LINDSAY.

[We have no means of ascertaining who this correspondent was.]

(*DESERTIONS, THEIR USE—PRAYERS OF REPROBATES, AND
HOW THE GOSPEL AFFECTS THEIR RESPONSIBILITY.*)

DEAR BROTHER,—The constant and daily observing of God's going alongſt with you, in His coming, going, ebbing, flowing, embracing and kiſſing, glooming* and ſtriking, giveth me (a witleſs and lazy obſerver of the Lord's way and working) a heavy ſtroke. Could I keep ſight of Him, and know when I want, and carry as became me in that condition, I would bleſs my caſe.

But 1. For deſertions. I think them like lying lea† of lean and weak land for ſome years, whill it gather ſap for a better crop. It is poſſible to gather gold, where it may be had, with moonlight. Oh, if I could but creep one foot, or half a foot, nearer in to Jeſus, in ſuch a diſmal night as that when He is away, I ſhould think it an happy abſence!

2. If I knew that the Beloved were only gone away for trial, and further humiliation, and not ſmoked out of the houſe with new provocations, I would forgive deſertions and hold my peace at His abſence. But Chriſt's bought abſence (that I bought with my ſin), is two running boils at once, one upon each ſide; and what ſide then can I lie on?

3. I know that, as night and ſhadows are good for flowers, and moonlight and dews are better than a continual ſun, ſo is Chriſt's abſence of ſpecial uſe, and that it hath ſome nourishing virtue in it, and giveth ſap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furniſheth a fair field to faith to put forth itſelf, and to exerciſe its fingers in gripping‡ it ſeeth not what.

* Frowning.

† Unploughed land uſed for paſture.

‡ In graſping firmly an object unknown.

4. It is mercy's wonder, and grace's wonder, that Christ will lend a piece of the lodging, and a back-chamber beside Himself, to our lusts; and that He and such swine should keep house together in our soul. For, suppose they couch and contract themselves into little room when Christ cometh in, and seem to lie as dead under His feet, yet they often break out again; and* a foot of the Old Man, or a leg or arm nailed to Christ's cross, looseth the nail, or breaketh out again! And yet Christ, beside this unruly and mis-nurtured† neighbour, can still be making heaven in the saints, one way or other. May I not say, "Lord Jesus, what doest Thou here?" Yet here He must be. But I will not lose my feet to go on into this depth and wonder; for free mercy and infinite merits took a lodging to Christ and us, beside such a loathsome guest as sin.

5. Sanctification and mortification of our lusts are the hardest part of Christianity. It is in a manner, as natural to us to leap when we see the New Jerusalem, as to laugh when we are tickled: joy is not under command, or at our nod, when Christ kisseth. But oh, how many of us would have Christ divided into two halves, that we might take the half of Him only! We take His office, Jesus, and Salvation: but "Lord" is a cumbersome word, and to obey and work out our own salvation, and to perfect holiness, is the cumbersome and stormy north-side of Christ, and that which we eschew and shift.

6. For your question, the access that reprobates have to Christ (which is none at all, for to the Father in Christ neither can they, nor will they come, because Christ died not for them; and yet, by law, God and justice overtaketh them), I say, first, there are with you more worthy and learned than I am, Messrs Dickson, Blair, and Hamilton, who can more fully satisfy you. But I shall speak in brief what I think of it in these assertions. *First*, All God's justice toward man and angels floweth from an act of absolute sovereign free-will of God, who is our Former and Potter, and we are but clay;

* Old copies have here "and;" perhaps it was "aye," i.e., ever.

† Undisciplined.

for if He had forbidden to eat of the rest of the trees of the garden of Eden, and commanded Adam to eat of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, that command no doubt had been as just as this,—“Eat of all the trees, but not at all of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.” The reason is, because His will is before His justice, by order of nature; and what is His will is His justice; and He willeth not things without Himself because they are just. God cannot, God needeth not hunt sanctity, holiness, or righteousness from things without Himself, and so not from the actions of men or angels; because His will is essentially holy and just, and the prime rule of holiness and justice, as the fire is naturally light, and inclineth upward, and the earth heavy, and inclineth downward. The *second* assertion, then, that God saith to reprobates, “Believe in Christ (who hath not died for your salvation), and ye shall be saved,” is just and right; because His eternal and essentially just will hath so enacted and decreed. Suppose natural reason speak against this, this is the deep and special mystery of the Gospel. God hath obliged, hard and fast, all the reprobates of the visible Church to believe this promise, “He that believeth shall be saved:” and yet, in God’s decree and secret intention, there is no salvation at all decreed and intended to reprobates. And yet the obligation of God, being from His sovereign free-will, is most just, as is said in the first assertion. *Third* assertion: The righteous Lord hath right over the reprobates and all reasonable creatures that violate His commandments. This is easy. *Fourth* assertion: The faith that God seeketh of reprobates, is, that they rely upon Christ, as despairing of their own righteousness, leaning wholly, and withal humbly, as weary and laden, upon Christ, as on the resting-stone laid in Zion. But He seeketh not that, without being weary of their sin, they rely upon Christ, as mankind’s Saviour; for to rely on Christ, and not to be weary of sin, is presumption, not faith. Faith is ever neighbour to a contrite spirit; and it is impossible that faith can be where there is not a cast-down and contrite heart, in some measure, for sin. Now it is certain, that God commandeth no man to presume. *Fifth* assertion: Then reprobates are not abso-

lutely obliged to believe that Christ died for them in particular. For, in truth, neither reprobates nor others are obliged to believe a lie ; only, they are obliged to believe that Christ died for them, if they be first weary, burdened, sin-sick, and condemned in their own consciences, and stricken dead and killed with the Law's sentence, and have indeed embraced Him as offered ; which is a second and subsequent act of faith, following after a coming to Him and a closing with Him. *Sixth* assertion : Reprobates are not formally guilty of contempt of God, and misbelief, because they apply not Christ and the promises of the Gospel to themselves in particular ; for so they should be guilty because they believe not a lie, which God never obliged them to believe. *Seventh* assertion : Justice hath a right to punish reprobates, because out of pride of heart, confiding in their own righteousness, they rely not upon Christ as a Saviour of all them that come to Him. This God may justly oblige them unto, because in Adam they had perfect ability to do ; and men are guilty because they love their own inability, and rest upon themselves, and refuse to deny their own righteousness, and to take them to Christ, in whom there is righteousness for wearied sinners. *Eighth* assertion : It is one thing to rely, lean, and rest upon Christ, in humility and weariness of spirit, and denying our own righteousness, believing Him to be the only righteousness of wearied sinners ; and it is another thing to believe that Christ died for me, John, Thomas, Anna, upon an intention and decree to save us by name. For, 1st, The first goeth first, the latter is always after in due order ; 2dly, The first is faith, the second is a fruit of faith ; and, 3dly, The first obligeth reprobates and all men in the visible kirk, the latter obligeth only the weary and laden, and so only the elect and effectually called of God. *Ninth* assertion : It is a vain order ; "I know not if Christ died for me, John, Thomas, Anna, by name ; and, therefore, I dare not rely on Him." The reason is, because it is not faith to believe God's intention and decree of election at the first, ere ye be wearied. Look first to your intention and soul. If ye find sin a burden, and can and do rest, under that burden, upon Christ ; if this be once, now

come and believe *in particular*, or rather *apply by sense* (for, in my judgment, it is a *fruit* of belief, not *belief*), and feeling the goodwill, intention, and gracious purpose of God anent* your salvation. Hence, because there is malice in reprobates, and contempt of Christ, guilty they are, and justice hath law against them, and (which is the mystery) they cannot come up to Christ, because He died not for them. But their sin is, that they love their inability to come to Christ; and he who loveth his chains, deserveth chains. And thus in short. Remember my bonds.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

CCXXXV.—*To my Lord CRAIGHALL.*

(FEAR GOD, NOT MAN—SIGN OF BACKSLIDING.)

MY LORD,—I cannot expound your Lordship's contrary tides, and these temptations wherewith ye are assaulted, to be any other thing than Christ trying you, and saying unto you, "And will ye also leave Me?" I am sure that Christ hath a great advantage against you, if ye play foul play to Him, in that the Holy Spirit hath done His part, in evidencing to your conscience that this is the way of Christ, wherein ye shall have peace; and the other, as sure as God liveth, is the Antichrist's way. Therefore, as ye fear God, fear your light, and stand in awe of a convincing conscience. It is far better for your Lordship to keep your conscience, and to hazard in such an honourable cause your place, than wilfully, and against your light, to come under guiltiness. Kings cannot heal broken consciences; and when death and judgment shall comprise† your soul, your counsellors, and others, cannot become caution‡ to justice for you. Ere it be long, our Lord will put a final determination to Acts of Parliament, and men's

* Concerning.

† Arrest by writ of law.

‡ Security.

laws, and will clear you, before men and angels, of men's unjust sentences. Ye receive honour, and place, and authority, and riches, and reputation from your Lord, to set forward and advance the liberties and freedom of Christ's kingdom. Men, whose consciences are made of stoutness, think little of such matters, which, notwithstanding, encroach directly upon Christ's prerogative-royal. So would men think it a light matter for Uzzah to put out his hand to hold the Lord's falling ark; but it cost him his life. And who doubteth but a carnal friend will advise you to shut your window, and pray beneath your breath. "Ye make too great a din with your prayers;" so would a head-of-wit* speak, if ye were in Daniel's place. But men's over-gilded reasons will not help you, when your conscience is like to rive with a double charge. Alas, alas! when will this world learn to submit their wisdom to the wisdom of God? I am sure that your Lordship hath found the truth. Go not then to search for it over again; for it is common for men to make doubts, when they have a mind to desert the truth. Kings are not their own men; their ways are in God's hand. I rejoice, and am glad, that ye resolve to walk with Christ, howbeit His court be thin. Grace be with your Lordship.

Your Lordship's, in his sweet Master and Lord Jesus,
S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

CCXXXVI.—To MR JAMES HAMILTON. [Let. 215.]

(CHRIST'S GLORY NOT AFFECTED BY HIS PEOPLE'S WEAKNESS.)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Peace be to you from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus.—I am laid low, when I remember what I am, and that my outside casteth such a lustre when I find so little within. It is a

* Wifeacre.

wonder that Christ's glory is not defiled, running through such an unclean and impure channel. But I see that Christ will be Christ, in the dreg and refuse of men. His art, His shining wisdom, His beauty, speak loudest in blackness, weakness, deadness, yea, in nothing. I see nothing, no money, no worth, no good, no life, no deserving, is the ground that Omnipotency delighteth to draw glory out of. Oh, how sweet is the inner side of the walls of Christ's house, and a room beside Himself! My distance from Him maketh me sad. Oh that we were in other's arms! Oh that the middle things betwixt us were removed! I find it a difficult matter to keep all stots* with Christ. When He laugheth, I scarce believe it, I would so fain have it true. But I am like a low† man looking up to a high mountain, whom weariness and fainting overcometh. I would climb up, but I find that I do not advance in my journey as I would wish; yet I trust that He will take me home against night. I marvel not that Antichrist, in his slaves, is so busy: but our crowned King seeth and beholdeth, and will arise for Zion's safety.

I am exceedingly distracted with letters, and company that visit me; what I can do, or time will permit, I shall not omit. Excuse my brevity, for I am straitened. Remember the Lord's prisoner: I desire to be mindful of you. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

S. R.

CCXXXVII.—*To the LAIRD OF GAITGIRTH.* [Let. 187.]

(*TRUTH WORTH SUFFERING FOR—LIGHT SOWN, BUT EVIL IN THIS WORLD TILL CHRIST COME.*)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I can do no more than thank you on paper, and remember you to Him whom I serve, for kindness and care of a prisoner.

* To keep pace with.

† Of small stature.

I bleſs the Lord, that the cauſe I ſuffer for needeth not to bluſh before kings : Chriſt's white, honeſt, and fair truth needeth neither to wax pale for fear, nor to bluſh for ſhame. I bleſs the Lord, who hath graced* you to own Chriſt now, when ſo many are afraid to profeſs Him, and hide Him, for fear they ſuffer loſs by avouching Him. Alas, that ſo many in theſe days are carried with the times ! As if their conſcience rolled upon oiled wheels, ſo do they go any way the wind bloweth them ; and, becauſe Chriſt is not market-ſweet,† men put Him away from them.

Worthy and much honoured Sir, go on to own Chriſt, and His oppreſſed truth :—the end of ſufferings for the Goſpel, is reſt and gladneſs. Light and joy are ſown for the mourners in Zion, and the harveſt (which is of God's making, for time and manner) is near. Croſſes have right and claim to Chriſt in His members, till legs and arms, and whole myſtical Chriſt, be in heaven. There will be rain, and hail, and ſtorms, in the ſaint's clouds, ever till God cleanſe with fire the works of the creation, and till He burn the botch-houſe‡ of heaven and earth, that men's ſins have ſubjected unto vanity.

They are bleſſed who ſuffer and ſin not ; for ſuffering is the badge that Chriſt hath put upon His followers. Take what way we can to heaven, the way is hedged up with croſſes ; there is no way but to break through them. Wit and wiles, ſhifts and laws, will not find out a way round the croſs of Chriſt ; but we muſt through. One thing, by experience, my Lord hath taught me, that the waters betwixt this and heaven may all be ridden, if we be well horſed ; I mean, if we be in Chriſt ; and not one ſhall drown by the way, but ſuch as love their own deſtruction. Oh, if we could wait on for a time, and believe in the dark the ſalvation of God ! At leaſt we are to believe good of Chriſt, till He gives us the ſlip (which is impoſſible) ; and to take His word for caution,§ that He

* Given you grace ; alluding to the original of Luke i. 28.

† An attractive commodity to purchaſers. ‡ A houſe ſpoilt and diſfigured.

§ Security.

shall fill up all the blanks in His promises, and give us what we want. But to the unbeliever, Christ's testament is white, blank, unwritten paper.

Worthy and dear Sir, set your face to heaven, and make you a* stoop at all the low entries in the way, that ye may receive the kingdom as a child. Without this (He that knew the way said) there is no entry in. Oh, but Christ is willing to lead a poor sinner! Oh what love my poor soul hath found in Him, in the house of my pilgrimage! Suppose that love in heaven and earth were lost, I dare swear it may be found in Christ.

Now the very God of peace establish you, till the day of the glorious appearance of Christ.

Your own, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 7, 1637.

CCXXXVIII.—*To the* LADY GAITGIRTH.

(CHRIST AN EXAMPLE IN BEARING CROSSES—THE EXTENT TO WHICH CHILDREN SHOULD BE LOVED—WHY SAINTS DIE.)



MUCH HONOURED AND CHRISTIAN LADY,—

Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I long to hear how it goeth with you and your children.

I exhort you not to lose breath, nor to faint in your journey. The way is not so long to your home as it was; it will wear to one step or an inch at length, and ye shall come ere long to be within your arm-length of the glorious crown. Your Lord Jesus did sweat and pant ere He got up that mount; He was at "Father, save Me!" with it. It was He who said, "I am poured out like water; all My bones are out of joint." Christ was as if they had broken Him upon the wheel: "My heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of My bowels." "My strength is dried up like a pot-

* Written "*to*," in old editions. "Make a stoop" is equivalent to "stoop."

sherd.”* I am sure ye love the way the better that His holy feet trod it before you. Crosses have a smell of crossed and pained Christ. I believe that your Lord will not leave you to die your lone† in the way. I know that ye have sad hours, when the Comforter is hid under a vail, and when ye inquire for Him, and find but a toom‡ nest. This, I grant, is but a cold “good-day,” when the seeker misseth Him whom the soul loveth; but even His unkindness is kind, His absence lovely, His mask a sweet sight, till God send Christ Himself, in His own sweet presence. Make His sweet comforts your own, and be not strange and shame-faced with Christ. Homely§ dealing is best for Him; it is His liking. When your winter storms are over, the summer of your Lord shall come. Your sadness is with child of joy; He will do you good in the latter end.

Take no heavier lift of your children than your Lord alloweth. Give them room beside your heart, but not in the yolk of your heart, where Christ should be; for then they are your idols, not your bairns. If your Lord take any of them home to His house, before the storm come on, take it well. The owner of the orchard may take down two or three apples off his own trees before midsummer, and ere they get the harvest-sun: and it would not be seemly that his servant, the gardener, should chide him for it. Let our Lord pluck His own fruit at any season He pleaseth. They are not lost to you; they are laid up so well as that they are coffered in heaven, where our Lord’s best jewels lie. They are all free goods that are there; death can have no law to arrest anything that is within the walls of the New Jerusalem.

All the faints, because of sin, are like old rusty horologues,|| that must be taken down, and the wheels scoured and mended, and set up again in better case than before. Sin hath rusted both soul and

* Ps. xxii. 14, 15.

† No one with you.

‡ Empty.

§ Familiar.

|| Clocks. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, on Luke viii. 22, before the House of Lords, in 1645, he speaks of Time’s “horologue, set agoing by God at the Creation.” (P 8.)

body : our dear Lord by death taketh us down to scour the wheels of both, and to purge us perfectly from the root and remainder of sin ; and we shall be set up in better case than before. Then pluck up your heart , heaven is yours ! and that is a word which few can say.

Now, the great Shepherd of the sheep, and the very God of peace, confirm and establish you, to the day of the appearance of Christ our Lord.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, Sept 7, 1637.

S. R.

CCXXXIX.—To MR MATTHEW MOWAT. [Let. 120.]

(WHAT AM I?—LONGING TO ACT FOR CHRIST—UNBELIEF—
LOVE IN THE HIDING OF CHRIST'S FACE—CHRIST'S RE-
PROACH.)



REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I am refreshed with your letters. I would take all well at my Lord's hands that He hath done, if I knew that I could do my Lord any service in my suffering ; suppose my Lord would make a stop-hole* of me, to fill a hole in the wall of His house, or a pinning† in Zion's new work. For any place of trust in my Lord's house, as steward, or chamberlain, or the like, surely I think myself (my very dear brother, I speak not by any proud figure or trope) unworthy of it ; nay, I am not worthy to stand behind the door. If my head, and feet, and body were half out, half in, in Christ's house, so that I saw the fair face of the Lord of the house, it would still my greening‡ and love-sick desires. When I hear that the men of God are at work, and speaking in the name of our Lord Jesus, I think myself but an outcast, or outlaw, chased from the city to lie on the hills, and live amongst the rocks and outfields. Oh that I might but stand in Christ's out-house, or hold a

* Anything to fill up a hole.

† A small stone to fill up a crevice.

‡ Greedily yearning.

candle in any low vault of His house ! But I know this is but the vapours that arise out of a quarrelous* and unbelieving heart to darken the wisdom of God ; and your fault is just mine, that I cannot believe my Lord's bare and naked word. I must either have an apple to play me with, and shake hands with Christ, and have seal, caution,† and witness to His word, or else I count myself loose ; howbeit, I have the word and faith of a King ! Oh, I am made of unbelief, and cannot swim but where my feet may touch the ground ! Alas ! Christ under my temptations is presented to me as lying waters, as a dyvour and a cozener ! We can make such a Christ as temptations, casting us in a night-dream, do feign and devise ; and temptations represent Christ ever unlike Himself, and we, in our folly, listen to the tempter.

If I could minister one saving word to any, how glad would my soul be ! But I myself, which is the greatest evil, often mistake the cross of Christ. For I know, if we had wisdom, and knew well that ease slayeth us fools, we would desire a market where we might barter or niffer‡ our lazy ease with a profitable cross ; howbeit there be an outcast§ natural betwixt our desires and tribulation. But some give a dear price, and gold, for physic which they love not ; and buy sickness, howbeit they wish rather to have been whole than to be sick. But surely, brother, ye shall have my advice (howbeit, alas ! I cannot follow it myself), not to contend with the honest and faithful Lord of the house ; for, go He or come He, He is aye gracious in His departure. There are grace, and mercy, and loving-kindness upon Christ's back parts ; and when He goeth away, the proportion of His face, the image of that fair Sun that stayeth in eyes, senses, and heart, after He is gone, leaveth a mass of love behind it in the heart. The sound of His knock at the door of His Beloved, after He is gone and passed, leaveth a share of joy and sorrow both. So we have something to feed upon till He return : and He is more loved in His departure, and after He is gone, than

* Fault finding.

† Security.

‡ Exchange.

§ A contention, a quarrel.

before, as the day in the declining of the sun, and towards the evening, is often most desired.

And as for Christ's cross, I never received evil of it, but what was of mine own making : when I miscooked Christ's physic, no marvel that it hurt me. For since it was on Christ's back, it hath always a sweet smell, and these 1600 years it keepeth the smell of Christ. Nay, it is older than that too ; for it is a long time since Abel first handled the cross, and had it laid upon his shoulder ; and down from him, all alongst to this very day, all the saints have known what it is. I am glad that Christ Jesus hath such a relation to this cross, and that it is called "the cross of our Lord Jesus,"* His reproach,† as if Christ would claim it as His proper goods, and so it cometh into the reckoning among Christ's own property. If it were simple evil, as sin is, Christ, who is not the author nor owner of sin, would not own it.

I wonder at the enemies of Christ (in whom malice hath run away with wit, and will is up, and wit down), that they would essay to lift up the Stone laid in Zion. Surely it is not laid in such sinking ground as that they can raise it, or remove it ; for when we are in their belly, and they have swallowed us down, they will be sick, and spue us out again. I know that Zion and her Husband cannot both sleep at once ; I believe that our Lord once again will water with His dew the withered hill of Mount Zion in Scotland, and come down, and make a new marriage again, as He did long since. Remember our Covenant.

Your excuse for your advice to me is needless. Alas ! many sit beside light, as sick folks beside meat, and cannot make use of it. Grace be with you.

Your brother in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

* Gal. vi. 14.

† Heb. xiii. 13.

CCXL.—To MR JOHN MEINE, *Jun.* [See Let. 81.]

(CHRIST THE SAME—YOUTHFUL SINS—NO DISPENSING WITH
CROSSES.)



DEAR BROTHER,—I received your letter. I cannot but testify under mine own hand, that Christ is still the longer the better, and that this time is the time of loves. When I have said all I can, others may begin and say that I have said nothing of Him. I never knew Christ to ebb or flow, wax or wane. His winds turn not; when He seemeth to change, it is but we who turn our wrong side to Him. I never had a plea* with Him, in my hardest conflicts, but of mine own making. Oh that I could live in peace and good neighbourhood with such a second,† and let Him alone! My unbelief made many black lies, but my recantation to Christ is not worth the hearing. Surely He hath borne with strange gawds‡ in me; He knoweth my heart hath not natural wit to keep quarters with such a Saviour.

Ye do well to fear your backsliding. I had stood sure if I had, in my youth, borrowed Christ to be my bottom. But he that beareth his own weight to heaven, shall not fail to slip and sink. Ye had no need to be barefooted among the thorns of this apostate generation, lest a stob§ strike up into your foot, and cause you to halt all your days. And think not that Christ will do with you in the matter of suffering as the Pope doth in the matter of sin. Ye shall not find that Christ will sell a dispensation, or give a dyvour's protection against crosses. Crosses are proclaimed as common accidents to all the saints, and in them standeth a part of our communion with Christ; but there lieth a sweet casualty to the cross, even Christ's presence and His comforts, when they || are sanctified.

* Dispute, quarrel.

† Helper.

‡ Habits, tricks.

§ A sharp pointed stake.

|| The crosses.

Remember my love to your father and mother. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept. 7, 1637.*

CCXLI.—To JOHN FLEMING, *Bailie of Leith.*

(RICHES OF CHRIST FAIL NOT—SALVATION—VANITY OF
CREATED COMFORTS—LONGING FOR MORE OF CHRIST.)



MUCH HONOURED IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am still in good terms with Christ: however my Lord's wind blow, I have the advantage of the calm and sunny side of Christ. Devils, and hell, and devil's servants, are all blown blind, in pursuing the Lord's little bride. They shall be as a night-dream who fight against Mount Zion.

Worthy Sir, I hope that ye take to heart the worth of your calling. This great fair and meeting of the people shall skail,* and the port† is open for us. As fast as time weareth out, we fly away; eternity is at our elbow. Oh, how blessed are they who in time make Christ sure for themselves! Salvation is a great errand. I find it hard to fetch heaven. Oh that we would take pains on our lamps, for the Bridegroom is coming! The other side of this world shall be turned up incontinently,‡ and up shall be down: and those that are weeping in sackcloth will triumph on white horses, with Him whose name is The Word of God. Those dying idols, the fair creatures that we whorishly love better than our Creator, shall pass away like snow-water. The Godhead, the Godhead! a communion with God in Christ! To be halvers with Christ of the purchased house and inheritance in heaven, should be our scope and aim.

* Break up and scatter.

† Gate.

‡ Immediately.

For myself, when I lay my accounts, oh what telling, oh what weighing is in Christ! Oh how soft are His kisses! Oh love, love surpassing in Jesus! I have no fault to that love, but that it seemeth to deal niggardly with me; I have little of it. Oh that I had Christ's seen and read bond, subscribed by Himself, for my fill of it! What garland have I, or what crown, if I looked right on things, but Jesus! Oh, there is no room in us on this side of the water for that love. This narrow bit of earth, and these ebb* and narrow souls can hold little of it, because we are full of rifts.† I would that glory, glory would enlarge us (as it will), and make us tight, and close up our seams and rifts, that we might be able to comprehend it which is yet incomprehensible.

Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

CCXLII.—*To the* LADY ROWALLAN, [*Bishopton.*]

[LADY ROWALLAN, whose maiden name was Sarah Brisbane, being the fourth daughter of John Brisbane of Bishoptown, was the third wife of Sir William Mure of Rowallan.—(*Robertson's Ayrshire Families.*) “In 1639, Lady Rowallan lost her husband, who died that year in the 63d year of his age. He was a man of strong body, and delighted much in hunting and hawking.”—(*The History and Descent of the House of Rowallan.* By Sir William Mure, Knight, of Rowallan.)]

(JESUS THE BEST CHOICE, AND TO BE MADE SURE OF—THE
CROSS AND JESUS INSEPARABLE—SORROWS ONLY TEM-
PORARY.)



ADAM,—Though not acquainted, I am bold in Christ to speak to your Ladyship on paper. I rejoice in our Lord Jesus, on your behalf, that it hath pleased Him,

* Shallow.

† Rents, cracks.

whose love to you is as old as Himself, to manifest the favour of His love in Christ Jesus to your soul, in the revelation of His will and mind to you, now when so many are shut up in unbelief. O the sweet change which ye have made, in leaving the black kingdom of this world and sin, and coming over to our Bridegroom's new kingdom, to know, and be taken with the love of the beautiful Son of God ! I beseech you, Madam, in the Lord, to make now sure work, and see that the old house be casten down, and razed from the foundation, and that the new building of your soul be of Christ's own laying ; for then wind nor storm shall neither loose it, nor shake it asunder. Many now take Christ by guess ; be sure that it be He, and only He, whom ye have met with. His sweet smell, His lovely voice, His fair face, His sweet working in the soul, will not lie ; they will soon tell if it be Christ indeed ; and I think that your love to the saints speaketh that it is He. And, therefore, I say, be sure that ye take Christ Himself, and take Him with His Father's blessing : His Father alloweth Him* well upon you. Your lines are well fallen ; it could not have been better, nor so well with you, if they had not fallen in these places. In heaven, or out of heaven, there is nothing better, nothing so sweet and excellent as the thing ye have lighted on ; and therefore hold you with Christ. Joy, much joy may ye have of Him : but take His cross with Himself cheerfully. Christ and His cross are not separable in this life ; howbeit Christ and His cross part at heaven's door, for there is no houseroom for crosses in heaven. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, one thought of trouble, cannot find lodging there : they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide inn, and stormy country, on this side of death. Sorrow and the saints are not married together ; or, suppose it were so, heaven would make a divorce. I find that His sweet presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing that Christ faith of my cross, " Half mine ;" and that He divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the larger share to Himself ; nay, that I

* Gives him a large allowance to spend on you.

and my whole crofs are wholly Chrift's. Oh, what a portion is Chrift ! Oh that the faints would dig deeper in the treasures of His wisdom and excellency !

Thus recommending your Ladyship to the good-will and tender mercies of our Lord, I rest, your Ladyship's, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 7, 1637.

CCXLIII.—*For* MARION M'NAUGHT.

(*HIS OWN PROSPECTS—HOPES—SALUTATIONS.*)



MUCH HONOURED AND DEAREST IN OUR SWEET LORD JESUS,—Grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus.

I know that the Lord will do* for your town. I hear that the Bishop is afraid to come amongst you : for so it is spoken in this town. And many here rejoice now to pen a supplication to the Council, for bringing me home to my place, and for repairing other wrongs done in the country : and see if you can procure that three or four hundred in the country, noblemen, gentlemen, countrymen, and citizens, subscribe it ; the more the better. It may be that it will affright the Bishop ; and, by law, no advantage can be taken against you for it. I have not time to write to Carleton and to Knockbrex ; but I would you did speak them in it, and let them advise with Carleton. Mr A. thinketh well of it, and I think the others will approve it.

I am still in good case with Christ ; my court† is no less than it was ; the door of the Bridegroom's house-of-wine is open, when such a poor stranger as I come athort.‡ I change, but Christ abideth still the same.

* Act for.

† Influence.

‡ Athwart, acrofs.

They have put out my one poor eye, my only joy, to preach Christ, and to go errands betwixt Him and His bride. What my Lord will do with me, I know not : it is like that I shall not winter in Aberdeen ; but where it shall be else, I know not. There are some blossomings of Christ's kingdom in this town, and the smoke is rising, and the ministers are raging ; but I love a rumbling and roaring devil best.

I beseech you in the Lord, my dear sister, to wait for the salvation of God. Slack not your hands in meeting to pray. Fear not flesh and blood : we have been all over-feared, and that gave louns* the confidence to shut me out of Galloway.

Remember my love to John Carsen,† and Mr John Brown.‡ I never could get my love off that man : I think Christ hath something to do with him. Desire your husband from me, not to think ill of Christ for His cross. Many misken § Christ, because He hath the cross on His back ; but He will cause us all to laugh yet. I beseech you, as ye would do anything for me, to remember my Lady Marischal to God, and her son the Earl Marischal, especially her Christian daughter, my Lady Pittligo. ||

I shall go to death with it, that Christ will return again to Scotland, with salvation in His wings, and to Galloway.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 7, 1637.

* Worthless fellows.

† See Let. 127.

‡ This was Mr John Brown who became minister of Wamphray. He was at this time a young man, whose talents and piety gave promise of eminent usefulness in the Church. See his life in the Scots Worthies.

§ Overlook, refuse to own.

|| Lady Jane, second daughter of Lady Marischal, who was married to Lord Pittligo. (*Douglas' Peerage*, vol. ii., p. 194.) See note to Let. 206.



CCXLIV.*—To MARION M'NAUGHT.

“And in that day will I make Jerusalem a burdensome stone for all people: all that burden themselves with it shall be cut in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered together against it.”—ZECH. xii. 13.

(PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT—PRIVATE MATTERS—HER DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.)



WELL-BELOVED SISTER,—I have been sparing to write to you because I was heavy at the proceedings of our late Parliament.† Where law should have been, they would not give our Lord Jesus fair law and justice, nor the benefit of the house, to hear either the just grievances, or the humble supplications of the servants of God.‡ Nothing resteth, but that we lay our grievances before our crowned King, Jesus, who reigneth in Zion. And howbeit it be true, that the Acts of the Perth Assembly for conformity are established, and the King's power to impose the surplice, and other masf-apparel, upon ministers, be confirmed,§ yet what men conclude is not Scripture. Kings have short arms to overturn Christ's throne; and our Lord hath been walking and standing upon His feet at this Parliament, when fifteen earls and

* *Aberdeen* is affixed to this letter; and if written from *Aberdeen*, it must have been in 1637. Hence the letter is inserted here. At the same time, the reference to events points to some time about 1633. It is possible that “*Aberdeen*” is a mistake for *Anawoth*.

† The Parliament held at Edinburgh in June 1633.

‡ Mr Thomas Hog, minister of the Gospel, in his own name, and in the name of other ministers, before the sitting down of the Parliament, presented a paper, entitled, “Grievances and Petitions concerning the Disorderd Estate of the Reformed Kirk within this realm of Scotland,” to Sir John Hay, Clerk Register, to be laid before the Parliament.

§ The reference here is to two Acts passed by the Parliament in June 1633, the one ratifying all Acts made before in favour of the Church, and consequently ratifying the Acts of Perth, and other Acts made for settling and advancing the estate of bishops; the other, asserting the King's prerogative of enjoining churchmen to wear whatever apparel he chose.

lords, and forty-four commissioners for burroughs, with some barons, have voted for our kirk,* in face of a king who, with much awe and terror, with his own hand, wrote up the voters for or against himself.† Long before this kirk, in the second Psalm, the ends of the earth (Scotland and England) were gifted of the Father to His Son, Christ; and that is an old Act of Parliament decreed by our Lord, and printed four thousand years ago. Their Acts are but yet printing. The first Act shall stand, let all the potentates of the world, who love Christ's room better than Himself, rage as they please. Though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, yet there is a river that cometh out of the sanctuary, and the streams of it refresh the city of God. That well is not yet cried down‡ in Scotland, nor can it dry up: therefore, still believe and trust in God's salvation. If you knew the whole proceedings, it is the Lord's mercy that matters have gone at our Parliament, as they have gone. The Lord Jesus, in our King's ears, to his great provocation and grief, hath gotten many witnesses; and we saw in all the Son of God overturning their policy, and making the world know how well He loveth His poor sun-burnt bride in Scotland. The Lord liveth, and blessed be the God of our salvation.

For the matter betwixt your husband and Carleton, I trust in God it shall be removed. It hath grieved me exceedingly. I have dealt with Carleton, and shall deal. Put it off yourself upon the Lord, that it burden you not.

I have heard of your daughter's marriage: I pray the Lord Jesus to subscribe the contract, and to be at the banquet, as He was at the marriage of Cana of Galilee. Show her from me, that though it be true that God's children have prayed for her, yet the promise of God is made to her prayers and faith especially: and, therefore, I would entreat her to seek the Lord to be at the wed-

* This was the number of members of Parliament who voted against the above Acts.

† "The King's taking pen and paper in hand in the time of the voting, was a sufficient ground of apprehending fear." (*Scot's Apologetical Narration.*)

‡ Depreciated; it has not lost its fame.

ding. Let her give Christ the love of her virginity and espousals, and choose Him first as her Husband, and that match shall bless the other. It is a new world she entereth into, and therefore she hath need of new acquaintance with the Son of God, and of a renewing of her love to Him, whose love is better than wine. "The time is short: let the married be as though they were not married; they that weep, as though they weeped not; they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; they that buy, as though they possessed not; they that use this world, as though they used it not: for the fashion of this world passeth away."* Grace, grace be her portion from the Lord. I know that you have a care on you of it, that all be right: but let Christ bear all. You need not pity Him, if I may say so; put Him to it, He is strength enough.

The Spirit of the Lord Jesus be with you.


Your friend, in his dearest friend, Christ Jesus,

ABERDEEN.

S. R.

CCXLV.—*To my* LADY BOYD.

(IMPERFECTIONS—YEARNINGS AFTER CHRIST—CHRIST'S SUPREMACY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH CIVIL AUTHORITY.)

Y VERY HONOURABLE AND CHRISTIAN LADY,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I received your letter, and am well pleased that your thoughts of Christ stay with you, and that your purpose still is, by all means, to take the kingdom of heaven by violence; which is no small conquest. And it is a degree of watchfulness and thankfulness, also, to observe sleepiness and unthankfulness. We have all good cause to complain of false light, that playeth the thief and stealeth away the lantern, when it cometh to the practice of constant walking with God. Our journey is ten times a-day broken into ten pieces. Christ getteth but only broken, and halved, and tired work of us, and, alas! too often against the hair.†

* 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31.

† Against the grain.

I have been somewhat nearer the Bridegroom; but when I draw nigh, and see my vileness, for shame I would be out of His presence again. But yet, desire of His soul-refreshing love putteth blushing me under an arrest. Oh, what am I, so loathsome a burden of sin, to stand beside such a beautiful and holy Lord, such a high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity! But since it pleaseth Christ to condescend to such an one as I, let shamefacedness be laid aside, and lose itself in His condescending love. I would heartily be content to keep a corner of the King's hall. Oh, if I were at the yonder* end of my weak desires, then should I be where Christ, my Lord and lover, liveth and reigneth; there I should be everlastingly solaced with the sight of His face, and satisfied with the surpassing sweetness of His matchless love. But truly now I stand in the nether† side of my desires; and with a drooping head, and panting heart, I look up to fair Jesus, standing afar off from us, whilst‡ corruption and death shall scour and refine the body of clay, and rot out the bones of the old man of sin. In the meantime we are blessed in sending word to the Beloved, that we love to love Him; and till then, there is joy in wooing, suiting,§ lying about His house, looking in at the windows, and sending a poor soul's groans and wishes through a hole of the door to Jesus, till God send a glad meeting. And blessed be God, that after a low ebb, and so sad a word, "Lord Jesus, it is long since I saw Thee," that even then our wings are growing, and the absence of sweet Jesus breedeth a new fleece of desires and longings for Him. I know that no man hath a velvet cross, but the cross is made of that which God will have it. But verily, howbeit it be no warrantable market to buy a cross,|| yet I dare not say, "Oh that I had liberty to sell Christ's cross," left therewith, also, I should sell joy, comfort, sense of love, patience, and the kind visits of a Bridegroom. And, therefore, blessed be God we get crosses unbought and good-cheap.¶ Sure I

* The far off. † On the lower; not attaining them. ‡ Till. § Pressing a suit.

|| No one is warranted, in God's market, to buy such a thing as a trial; we must not bring trials on ourselves.

¶ At a very low rate.

am, it were better to buy crosses for Christ than to sell them : howbeit neither be allowed to us.

And for Christ's joyful coming and going, which your Ladyship speaketh of, I bear with it, as love can permit. It should be enough to me, if I were wise, that Christ will have joy and sorrow halvers of the life of the saints, and that each of them should have a share of our days ; as the night and the day are kindly partners and halvers of time, and take it up betwixt them. But if sorrow be the greedier halver of our days here, I know that joy's day shall dawn, and do more than recompense all our sad hours. Let my Lord Jesus (since He willeth to do so) weave my bit and span-length of time with white and black, well and wo, with the Bridegroom's coming and His sad departure, as warp and woof in one web ; and let the rose be neighboured with the thorn ; yet hope that maketh not ashamed hath written a letter and lines of hope to the mourners in Zion, that it shall not be long so. When we are over the water, Christ shall cry down crosses, and up heaven for evermore ! and down hell, and down death, and down sin, and down sorrow ! and up glory, up life, up joy for evermore ! In this hope, I sleep quietly in Christ's bosom whill He come who is not slack ; and would sleep so, were it not that the noise of the devil, and of sin's feet, and the cries of an unbelieving heart, awaken me. But, for the present, I have nothing whereof I can accuse Christ's cross. Oh, if I could please myself in Christ only !

I hope, Madam, that your sons will improve their power for Jesus. For there is no danger, neither is there any question or justling betwixt Christ and authority (though our enemies falsely state the question), as if Christ and authority could not abide under one roof. The question only is, betwixt Christ and men in authority. Authority is for and from Christ, and *fib** to Him ; how then can He make a plea† with it ? Nay, the truth is, worms and gods of clay are risen up against Christ. If the fruit of your Ladyship's womb be helpers of Christ, ye have good ground to rejoice in God.

* Related by blood, as it were.

† Quarrel, controversy.

All that your Ladyship can expect for your good-will to me and my brother (a wronged stranger for Christ), is the prayers of a prisoner of Jesus, to whom I recommend your Ladyship, and your house and children, and in whom I am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 8, 1637.

CCXLVI.—To MR THOMAS GARVEN. [Let. 152.]

(HEAVEN'S HAPPINESS—JOY IN THE CROSS.)



DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I rejoice that ye cannot be quit of Christ (if I may speak so), but that He must, He will have you. Betake yourself to Christ, my dear brother. It is a great business to make quit of superfluities, and of those things which Christ cannot dwell with. I am content with my own cross, that Christ hath made mine by an eternal lot, because it is Christ's and mine together. I marvel not that winter is without heaven, for there is no winter within it: all the faints, therefore, have their own measure of winter, before their eternal summer. Oh for the long day, and the high sun, and the fair garden, and the King's Great City up above these visible heavens! What God layeth on let us suffer; for some have one cross, some seven, some ten, some half a cross. Yet all the faints have whole and full joy; and seven crosses have seven joys. Christ is cumbered with me (to speak so) and my cross; but He falleth not off from me;* we are not at variance. I find the very glooms† of Christ's wooing a soul sweet and lovely. I had rather have Christ's buffet and love-stroke, than another king's kiss. Speak evil of Christ who will, I hope to die with love thoughts of Him. Oh that there are so few tongues in heaven and earth to extol Him! I wish His

* Does not separate Himself from me.

† Frowns.

praises go not down amongst us. Let not Christ be low and lightly esteemed in the midst of us : but let all hearts and all tongues cast in their portion, and contribute something to make Him great in Mount Zion.

Thus recommending you to His grace, and remembering my love to your wife and mother, and your kind brother, R. B.,* and entreating you to remember my bonds, I rest,

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 8, 1637.

CCXLVII.—To JANET KENNEDY. [Let. 88.]

(THE HEAVENLY MANSIONS—EARTH A SHADOW.)



LOVING AND DEAR SISTER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I received your letter. I know that the favour of Christ in you (whom the virgins love to follow) cannot be blown away with winds, either from hell, or the evil-smelled air of this defiled world. Sit far aback from the walls of this pesthouse, even the pollutions of this defiling world. Keep your taste, your love, and hope in heaven ; it is not good that your love and your Lord should be in two sundry† countries. Up, up after your lover, that ye and He may be together. A King from heaven hath sent for you : by faith He sheweth you the New Jerusalem, and taketh you alongst in the Spirit, through all the ease-rooms‡ and dwelling-houses in heaven, and saith, “ All these are thine ; this palace is for thee and Christ.” And if ye only had been the chosen of God, Christ would have built that one house for you and Himself : now it is for you and many others also. Take with you in your journey what you may carry with you, your conscience, faith, hope, patience, meekness, goodness, brotherly

* Probably, Robert Blair.

† Separate, distinct.

‡ Rooms for rest.

kindnes; for such wares as these are of great price in the high and new country whither ye go. As for other things, which are but the world's vanity and trash, since they are but the house-sweepings, ye will do best not to carry them with you. Ye found them here; leave them here, and let them keep the house. Your fun is well turned and low; be nigh your lodging against night. We go one and one out of this great market, till the town be empty, and the two lodgings, heaven and hell, be filled. At length there will be nothing in the earth but toom* walls and burnt ashes; and, therefore, it is best to make away. Antichrist and his master are busy to plenish† hell, and to seduce many: and stars, great church-lights, are falling from heaven, and many are misled and seduced, and make up with their faith, and sell their birthrights, by their hungry hunting for I know not what. Fasten your grips‡ fast upon Christ. I verily esteem Him the best aught§ that I have. He is my second|| in prison. Having Him, though my crosses were as heavy as ten mountains of iron, when He putteth His sweet shoulder under me and it, my cross is but a feather. I please myself in the choice of Christ; He is my wale¶ in heaven and earth. I rejoice that He is in heaven before me. God send a joyful meeting; and, in the meantime, the traveller's charges for the way, I mean a burden of Christ's love, to sweeten the journey, and to encourage a breathless runner; for when I lose breath, climbing up the mountain, He maketh new breath.

Now the very God of peace establish you to the day of His appearance.

Yours, in his only Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 9, 1637.

* Empty.

† Fill.

‡ Firm hold.

§ Property; so used by Gawin Douglas.

|| Helper.

¶ Choice portion.

CCXLVIII.—To MARGARET REID. [*Probably an Anawoth parishioner.*]

(BENEFITS OF THE CROSS, IF WE ARE CHRIST'S.)



Y VERY DEAR AND WORTHY SISTER,—
 Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Ye are truly
 blessed of the Lord, however a four world gloom*
 upon you, if ye continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be
 not moved away from the hope of the Gospel. It is good that
 there is a heaven, and it is not a night-dream or a fancy. It is a
 wonder that men deny not that there is heaven, as they deny there
 is a way to it but of men's making. You have learned of Christ
 that there is a heaven: contend for it, and contend for Christ.
 Bear well and submissively the hard crosses of this step-mother world,
 that God will not have to be yours. I confess it is hard, and I
 would I were able to ease you of your burden; but believe me, that
 this world (which the Lord will not have to be yours) is but the
 dross, the refuse, and scum of God's creation, the portion of the
 Lord's hired servants; the moveables, not the heritage; a hard
 bone casten to the dogs holden out of the New Jerusalem, where-
 upon they rather break their teeth than satisfy their appetite. It is
 your Father's blessing, and Christ's birthright, that our Lord is
 keeping for you. And I persuade you, that your seed, also, shall
 inherit the earth (if that be good for them), for that is promised
 to them; and God's bond is as good, and better, than if men
 would give every one of them a bond for a thousand thousands.
 Ere ye were born, crosses, in number, measure, and weight, were
 written for you, and your Lord will lead you through them. Make
 Christ sure, and the blessings of the earth shall be at Christ's back.
 I see many professors for the fashion† follow on, but they are pro-
 fessors of glass; I would cause a little knock of persecution ding‡

* Frown fulkily.

† Because it is the fashion.

‡ Strike violently, so as to break.

them in twenty pieces, and so the world would laugh at the shreds. Therefore, make fast work. See that Christ lay the ground-stone* of your profession; for wind, and rain, and spaits† will not wash away His building. His works have no shorter date than to stand for evermore. I should twenty times have perished in my affliction, if I had not leaned my weak back, and laid my pressing burden both, upon the stone, the Foundation-stone, the Corner-stone laid in Zion: and I desire never to rise off this stone.

Now, the very God of peace confirm and establish you unto the day of the blessed appearance of Christ Jesus. God be with you.

Yours, in his dearest Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN.

CCXLIX.—To JAMES BAUTIE.

[We do not know who this correspondent was; even the name “Bautie” is now unknown. It may, however, be the same as “Beatie,” or “Beattie,” a name very common in Dumfriesshire.]

(SPIRITUAL DIFFICULTIES SOLVED.)

LOVING BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you.—I received your letter, and render you thanks for the same; but I have not time to answer all the heads of it, as the bearer can inform you.

I. Ye do well to take yourself at the right stot‡ when ye wrong Christ by doubting and misbelief. For this is to nickname Christ, and term Him a liar, which being spoken to our prince, would be hanging or beheading. But Christ hangeth not always for treason. It is good that He may register§ a believer's bond a hundred times, and more than seven times a day have law against us; and

* Foundation.

† Floods.

‡ Point; the rebound of a ball. Ye do well to recall your thoughts ere they have gone too far.

§ Register. A bond registered is kept on record, and cannot be taken out.

yet He spareth us, as a man doth son that serveth him. No tender-hearted mother, who may have law to kill her sucking child, would put in execution that law.

2dly, For your failings, even when ye have a set tryft* with Christ, and when ye have a fair, seen advantage, by keeping your appointment with Him, and salvation cometh to the very passing of the seals, I would say two things.—1. Concluded and sealed salvation may go through and be ended, suppose you write your name to the tail of the covenant with ink that can hardly be read. Neither think I ever any man's salvation passed the seals, but there was an odd trick or slip, in less or more, upon the fool's part who is infested in heaven. In the most grave and serious work of our salvation, I think Christ had ever good cause to laugh at our silliness, and to put us on His merits, that we might bear weight.† 2. It is a sweet law of the New Covenant, and a privilege of the new burgh, that citizens pay according to their means. For the New Covenant saith not, "So much obedience by ounce-weights, and no less, under the pain of damnation." Christ taketh as poor men may give. Where there is a mean portion, He is content with the less, if there be sincerity; broken sums, and little, feckless‡ obedience will be pardoned, and hold the foot§ with Him. Know ye not that our kindly Lord retaineth His good old heart yet? He breaketh not a bruised reed, nor quencheth the smoking flax; if the wind but blow, He holdeth His hand about it till it rise to a flame. The law cometh on with three O-yesses,|| "with all the heart, with all the soul, and with all the strength;" and where would poor folks, like you and me, furnish all these sums? It feareth me (nay, it is most certain), that, if the payment were to come out of our purse, when we should put our hand into our bag, we should bring out the wind, or worse. But the New Covenant seeketh not heap-mete,¶

* Appointment to meet.

† Stand the weighing.

‡ Worthless.

§ Be allowed to go on with.

|| Proclamations intimating a demand: from the French, "Oyez," "Hear!"

¶ Heaped or full measure.

nor stented* obedience, as the condition of it ; because forgiveness hath always place. Hence I draw this conclusion : that to think matters betwixt Christ and us go back for want of heaped measure, is a piece of old Adam's pride, who would either be at legal payment, or nothing. We would still have God in our common,† and buy His kindness with our merits. For beggarly pride is devil's honesty, and blusheth to be in Christ's common,‡ and scarce giveth God a grammercy,§ and a lifted cap (except it be the Pharisee's unlucky, " God, I thank Thee "), or a bowed knee to Christ. It will only give a " Good-day " for a " Good-day " again ; and if He dissemble His kindness, as it were in jest, and seem to misken § it, it in earnest spurneth with the heels, and snuffeth in the wind, and careth not much for Christ's kindness. " If He will not be friends, let Him go," faith pride. Beware of this thief, when Christ offereth Himself.

3dly, No marvel, then, of whisperings, Whether you be in the covenant or not ? for pride maketh loose work of the covenant of grace, and will not let Christ be full bargain-maker. To speak to you particularly and shortly :—1. All the truly regenerated cannot determinately tell you the measure of their dejections ; because Christ beginneth young with many, and stealeth into their heart, ere they wit of themselves, and becometh homely || with them, with little din or noise. I grant that many are blinded, in rejoicing in a good-cheap ¶ conversion, that never cost them a sick night. Christ's physic wrought in a dream upon them. But for that ; I would say, if other marks be found that Christ is indeed come in, never make plea** with him because he will not answer, " Lord Jesus, how camest Thou in ? whether in at door or window ? " Make Him welcome, since He is come. " The wind bloweth where it listeth ; " all the world's wit cannot perfectly render a reason why the wind should be a month in the east, six weeks possibly in the west, and

* Fixed at a certain rate.

† Under obligation to us.

‡ From the French, " Grand-merci," thanks.

§ Overlook.

|| Familiar.

¶ That cost almost nothing.

** Quarrel.

the space of only an afternoon in the south or north. Ye will not find out all the nicks* and steps of Christ's way with a foul, do what ye can; for sometimes He will come in stepping softly, like one walking beside a sleeping person, and slip to the door, and let none know He is there. 2. Ye object; The truly regenerate should love God for Himself; and ye fear that ye love Him more for His benefits (as incitements and motives to love Him) than for Himself. I answer; To love God for Himself, as the last end, and also for His benefits as incitements and motives to love Him, may stand well together; as a son loveth his mother, because she is his mother, howbeit she be poor: and he loveth her for an apple also. I hope ye will not say, that benefits are the only reason and bottom of your love; it seemeth there is a better foundation for it. Always,† if a hole be in it, sew it up shortly.‡ 3. Ye feel not such mourning in Christ's absence as ye would. I answer; That the regenerate mourn at all times, and all in like measure, for His absence, I deny. There are different degrees of mourning, less or more, as they have less or more love to Him, and less or more sense of His absence; but, some they must have. Sometimes they miss not the Lord, and then they cannot mourn; howbeit, it is not long so; at least, it is not always so. 4. Ye challenge yourself that some truths find more credit with you than others. Ye do well; for God is true in the least, as well as in the greatest, and He must be so to you. Ye must not call Him true in the one page of the leaf, and false in the other; for our Lord, in all His writings, never contradicted Himself yet. Although the best of the regenerate have slipped here, always labour ye to hold your feet.

4thly, Comparing the state of one truly regenerate, whose heart is a temple of the Holy Ghost, and yours, which is full of uncleanness and corruption, ye stand dumb and discouraged, and dare not sometimes call Christ heartily§ your own. I answer; 1. The best regenerate have their defilements, and, if I may speak so, their

* Degrees, marks.

† Forthwith.

‡ Although.

§ Cordially.

draff-poke,* that will clog† behind them all their days ; and, wash as they will, there will be filth in their bosom. But let not this put you from the well. I answer ; 2. Albeit there be some ounce-weights of carnality, and some squint look, or eye in our neck to an idol, yet love in its own measure may be found. For glory must purify and perfect our love, it never will till then be absolutely pure. Yet, if the idol reign, and have the whole of the heart, and the keys of the house, and Christ only be made an underling to run errands, all is not right ; therefore, examine well. 3. There is a twofold discouragement : one of unbelief, to conclude (and make doubt of the conclusion) for a mote in your eye, and a by-look‡ to an idol ; this is ill. There is another discouragement of sorrow for sin, when ye find a by-look to an idol ; this is good, and matter of thanksgiving. Therefore, examine here also.

5thly, The assurance of Jesus's love, ye say, would be the most comfortable news that ever ye heard. Answer ; That may stop twenty holes, and loose many objections. That love hath telling in it, I trow. Oh that ye knew and felt it, as I have done ! I wish you a share of my feast ; sweet, sweet hath it been to me. If my Lord had not given me this love, I should have fallen through the causeway of Aberdeen ere now ! But for you, hing§ on ; your feast is not far off ; ye shall be filled ere ye go. There is as much in our Lord's pantry as will satisfy all His bairns, and as much wine in His cellar as will quench all their thirst. Hunger on, for there is meat in hunger for Christ. Never go from Him, but fast|| Him (who yet is pleased with the importunity of hungry souls) with a dish-full of hungry desires till He fill you ; and if He delay, yet come not ye away, albeit ye should fall asleep at His feet.

6thly, Ye crave my mind, whether sound comfort may be found in prayer, when conviction of a known idol is present. I answer ;

* The bag which beggars used for holding all the refuse which might be given them.

† Form an encumbrance.

‡ Side-look.

§ Hang on.

|| Trouble by importunity.

(1st), An idol, as an idol, cannot stand with sound comforts ; for that comfort that is gotten at Dagon's feet is a cheat or blasphe.^{*} Yet sound comfort, and conviction of an eye to an idol, may as well dwell together as tears and joy. But let this do you no ill ; I speak it for your encouragement, that ye may make the best of our joys ye can, albeit you find them mixed with moles. (2dly), Sole conviction (if alone, without remorse and grief) is not enough ; therefore, lend it a tear if ye dow† win at it.

7thly, Ye question ; when ye win to more fervency sometimes with your neighbour in prayer, than when you are alone, whether hypocrisy be in it or not ? I answer, if this be always, no question a spice of hypocrisy is in it, which should be taken heed to. But possibly desertion may be in private, and presence in public, and then the case is clear. A fit of applause may occasion by accident a rubbing of a cold heart, and so heat and life may come ; but it is not the proper cause of that heat. Hence God, of His free grace, will ride His errands upon our stinking corruption. But corruption is but a mere occasion and accident ; as the playing on a pipe removed anger from the prophet, and made him fitter to prophesy.‡

8thly, Ye complain of Christ's short visits, that He will not bear you company one night ; but when ye lie down warm at night, ye rise cold at morning. Answer ; I cannot blame you (nor any other that knoweth that sweet Guest), to bemoan His withdrawals, and to be most desirous of His abode and company ; for He would captivate and engage the affection of any creature that saw His face. Since He looked on me, and gave me a sight of His fair love, He gained my heart wholly, and got away with it. Well, well may He brook § it ! He shall keep it long, ere I fetch it from Him. But I shall tell you what ye should do ; treat Him well, give Him the chair and the board-head, ¶ and make Him welcome to the mean portion ye have. A good supper and kind entertainment maketh guests love the inn the better. Yet sometimes Christ hath an errand

* Air-bubble, sham, illusion.

§ Enjoy.

† Are able to get at it.

¶ Head of the table.

‡ 2 Kings iii. 15.

elsewhere, for mere trial ;* and then, though ye give Him king's cheer, He will away ; as is clear in desertions for mere trial and not for sin.

9thly, Ye seek the difference betwixt the motions of the Spirit, in their least measure, and the natural joys of your own heart. Answer ; As a man can tell if he joy and delight in his wife, as his wife ; or if he delight and joy in her for satisfaction of his lust, but hating her person, and so loving her for her flesh, and not grieving when ill befalleth her : so will a man's joy in God, and his whorish natural joy, be discovered. If he be sorry for anything that may offend the Lord, it will speak the singleness of his love to Him.

10thly, Ye ask the reason why sense overcometh faith. Answer ; Because sense is more natural, and near of kin to our selfish and soft nature. Ye ask, If faith, in that case, be sound ? Answer ; If it be chafed away, it is neither found nor unfound, because it is not faith. But it might be and was faith, before sense did blow out the act of believing.

Lastly, Ye ask what to do, when promises are borne-in† upon you, and sense of impenitency for sins of youth hindereth application. I answer, if it be living sense, it may stand with application ; and in this case, put to your hand,‡ and eat your meat in God's name. If false, so that the sins of youth are not repented of, then, as faith and impenitency cannot stand together, so neither that sense and application can consist.

Brother, excuse my brevity ; for time straiteneth me, that I get not my mind said in these things, but must refer that to a new occasion, if God offer it. Brother, pray for me. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his dearest Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Merely for the purpose of trying the soul, Christ hastens away elsewhere.

† Forcibly impressed, and suddenly.

‡ Stretch your hand out, and take the food.

CCL.—*To the* LADY LARGIRIE. [Let. 195.]

(PART WITH ALL FOR CHRIST—NO UNMIXED JOY HERE.)



ISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I hope ye know what conditions passed betwixt Christ and you, at your first meeting. Ye remember that He said, your summer days would have clouds, and your rose a prickly thorn beside it. Christ is unmixed in heaven, all sweetness and honey. Here we have Him with His thorny and rough crosses; yet I know no tree that beareth sweeter fruit than Christ's cross, except I would raise a lying report on it. It is your part to take Christ, as He is to be had in this life. Sufferings are like a wood planted round about His house, over door and window. If we could hold fast our grips* of Him, the field were won. Yet a little while, and Christ shall triumph. Give Christ His own short time to spin out these two long threads of heaven and hell to all mankind, for certainly the thread will not break; and when He hath accomplished His work in Mount Zion, and hath refined His silver, He will bring new vessels out of the furnace, and plenish† His house, and take up His house‡ again.

I counsel you to free yourself of clogging temptations, by overcoming some, and contemning others, and watching over all. Abide true and loyal to Christ, for few now are fast to Him. They give Christ blank paper for a bond of service and attendance, now when Christ hath most ado. To waste a little blood with Christ, and to put our part of this drossy world in pawn over in His hand, as willing to quit it for Him, is the safest cabinet to keep the world in. But those who would take the world and all their flitting§ on their back, and run away from Christ, shall fall by the way, and leave their burden behind them, and be taken captive themselves. Well were my soul to have put all I have, life and soul, over into Christ's hands. Let Him be forthcoming || for all.

* Firm hold.

† Fill, furnish.

‡ Enter on housekeeping.

§ Moveable goods.

|| Ready to come forward and answer.

If any ask how I do? I answer, None can be but well that are in Christ: and if I were not so, my sufferings had melted me away in ashes and smoke. I thank my Lord, that He hath something in me that His fire cannot consume.

Remember my love to your husband; and show him from me, that I desire he may set aside all things, and make sure work of salvation, that it be not seeking when the sand-glass is run out, and time and eternity shall tryft* together. There is no errand so weighty as this. Oh that he would take to heart! Grace be with you.

Yours, in Christ Jesus his Lord,

S. R.

ABERDEEN.

CCLI.—*To the* LADY DUNGUEIGH.

[LADY DUNGEUCH, or DUNGUEICH, was sister to *Marion M'Naught*; for her own name was *Sarah M'Naught*, and she is mentioned in the Registers as "second heir to her father, *John M'Naught of Kilqubannady*" [or Kilquhanatie (Let. 5)], "on 31st March 1646, in the 3 merk lands of Dungeuch, in Lanarkshire." She married Samuel Lockhart, merchant burghers in Edinburgh.

There is the poor ruin of an old *Dundeuch* castle on the roadside, near Earlston; but that is not the same place, though resembling it in sound. But the *Gordons of Dengeuch* (a branch of the Lochinvar family) were no doubt connected.]

(JESUS OR THE WORLD—SCOTLAND'S TRIALS AND HOPES.)



MISTRESS,—I long to hear from you, and how you go on with Christ. I am sure that Christ and you once met. I pray you to fasten your grips.† There is holding and drawing, and much sea-way to heaven, and we are often sea-sick; but the voyage is so needful, that we must on any terms take shipping with Christ. I believe it is a good country which we

* Meet.

† Grasp.

are going to, and there is ill lodging in this smoky house of the world, in which we are yet living. Oh, that we should love smoke so well, and clay that holdeth our feet fast! It were our happiness to follow after Christ, and to anchor ourselves upon the Rock in the upper side of the vail. Christ and Satan are now drawing to parties. And they are blind who see not Scotland divided into two camps, and Christ coming out with His white banner of love; and He hangeth that over the heads of His soldiers. And the other captain, the Dragon, is coming out with a great black flag, and crieth, "The world, the world! ease, honour, and a whole skin, and a soft couch." And there lie they, and leave Christ to fend* for Himself!

My counsel is, that ye come out and leave the multitude, and let Christ have your company. Let them take clay and this present world, who love it. Christ is a more worthy and noble portion: blessed are those who get Him. It is good, ere the storm rise, to make ready all, and to be prepared to go to the camp with Christ, seeing He will not keep the house, nor sit at the fireside with couchers.† A shower for Christ is little enough. Oh, I find all too little for Him! Wo, wo, wo is me, that I have no propine‡ for my Lord Jesus. My love is so feckless,§ that it is a shame to offer it to Him. Oh, if it were as broad as heaven, as deep as the sea, I would gladly bestow it upon Him! I persuade you, that God is wringing grapes of red wine for Scotland; and that this land shall drink, and spue and fall. His enemies shall drink the thick of it, and the grounds¶ of it. But Scotland's withered tree shall blossom again; and Christ shall make a second marriage with her, and take home His wife out of the furnace. But, if our eyes shall see it, He knoweth who hath created time. Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Shift for.

† Cowards, according to Jamieson, in his Dict. Is it not *lazy ones*, who love a "*soft couch*."

‡ Gift.

§ Worthless.

¶ The dregs.

CCLII.—*To* JONET MACCULLOCH. [See Let. 101.]

(*CARES TO BE CAST ON CHRIST—CHRIST A STEADY FRIEND.*)



LOVING SISTER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. —Hold on your course, for, it may be, that I shall not soon see you. Venture through the thick of all things after Christ, and lose not your Master, Christ, in the throng of this great market. Let Christ know how heavy, and how many a stone-weight you and your cares, burdens, crosses, and sins are. Let Him bear all. Make the heritage sure to yourself: get charters and writs passed and through; and put on arms for the battle, and keep you fast by Christ. And then, let the wind blow out of what airth* it will, your soul shall not be blown into the sea.

I find Christ the most steadable† friend and companion in the world to me now. The need and usefulness of Christ are seen best in trials. Oh, if He be not well worthy of His room! Lodge Him in house and heart; and stir up your husband to seek the Lord. I wonder that he hath never written to me: I do not forget him.

I taught you the whole counsel of God, and delivered it to you. It will be inquired for at your hands; have it in readiness against the time that the Lord ask for it. Make you ready to meet the Lord; and rest and sleep in the love of that Fairest among the sons of men. Desire Christ's beauty. Give out all your love to Him, and let none fall by. Learn in prayer to speak to Him.

Help your mother's soul; and desire her, from me, to seek the Lord and His salvation. It is not soon found: many miss it. Grace be with you.

Your loving pastor,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Quarter.

† Ready to stand in one's stead, available.

CCLIII.—*To his Reverend and very dear Brother, MR GEORGE GILLESPIE.*

(CHRIST THE TRUE GAIN.)



MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—I received yours. I am still with the Lord. His cross hath done that which I thought impossible once. Christ keepeth tryst* in the fire and water with His own, and cometh ere our breath go out, and ere our blood grow cold.

Blessed are they whose feet escape the great golden net that is now spread. It is happiness to take the crabbed, rough, and poor side of Christ's world, which is a lease of crosses and losses for Him. For Christ's incomes and casualties† that follow Him are many; and it is not a little one that a good conscience may be had in following Him. This is true gain, and must be laboured for and loved.

Many give Christ for a shadow; because Christ was rather *beside* their conscience, in a dead and reprobate light, than *in* their conscience. Let us be ballasted with grace, that we be not blown over, and that we stagger not. Yet a little while, and Christ and His redeemed ones shall fill the field, and come out victorious. Christ's glory of triumphing in Scotland is yet in the bud, and in the birth; but the birth cannot prove an abortion. He shall not faint nor be discouraged, till He hath brought forth judgment unto victory. Let us still mind our Covenant; and the very God of peace be with you.

Your brother in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 9, 1637.

* Keeps appointments.

† Emoluments beyond the stated yearly payments by the vassal to his superior; so Let. 240.

CCLIV.—*To his Reverend and dear Brother, MR ROBERT BLAIR.*

(PERSONAL UNWORTHINESS—GOD'S GRACE—PRAYER FOR OTHERS.)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—The reason ye give for not writing to me affecteth me much, and giveth me a dash, when such an one as ye conceive an opinion of me, or of anything in me. The truth is, when I come home to myself, oh, what penury do I find, and how feckless* is my supposed stock, and how little have I! He to whom I am as crystal, and who seeth through me, and perceiveth the least mote that is in me, knoweth that I speak what I think and am convinced of: but men cast me through a gross and wide sieve. My very dear brother, the room of the least of all saints is too great for the like of me. But lest this should seem art to fetch home reputation, I speak no more of it. It is my worth to be Christ's ransomed sinner and sick one. His relation to me is, that I am sick, and He is the Physician of whom I stand in need. Alas! how often play I fast and loose with Christ! He bindeth, I loose; He buildeth, I cast down; He trimmeth up a salvation for me, and I mar it; I cast out with† Christ, and He agreeth with me again, twenty times a-day; I forfeit my kingdom and heritage, I lose what I had; but Christ is at my back, and following on, to stoop and take up what falleth from me. Were I in heaven, and had the crown on my head, if free-will were my tutor, I should lose heaven. Seeing I lose myself, what wonder I should let go, and lose Jesus, my Lord? Oh, well to me for evermore, that I have cracked my credit with Christ, and cannot by law at all borrow from Him, upon my feckless and worthless bond and faith! For my faith and reputation with Christ is, that I am a creature that God will not put any trust into. I was, and am, bewildered with temptations, and wanted a

* Worthless.

† Quarrel with

guide to heaven. Oh what have I to say of that excellent, surpassing, and supereminent thing, they call, *The grace of God*, the way of free redemption in Christ! And when poor, poor I, dead in law, was sold, fettered, and imprisoned in justice's closet-ward, which is hell and damnation; when I, a wretched one, lighted upon noble Jesus, eternally kind Jesus, tender-hearted Jesus (nay, when He lighted upon me first, and knew me), I found that He scorned to take a price, or anything like hire, of angels, or seraphim, or any of His creatures. And, therefore, I would praise Him for this, that the whole army of the redeemed ones sit rent-free in heaven. Our holding is better than blench: * we are all freeholders. And seeing that our eternal feu-duty† is but thanks, oh woful me! that I have but spilled‡ thanks, lame, and broken, and miscarried praises, to give Him. And so my silver§ is not good and current with Christ, were it not that free merits have stamped it, and washen it and me both! And for my silence I see somewhat better through it now. If my high and lofty One, my princely and royal Master, say, "Hold, hold thy peace, I lay bonds on thee, thou must speak none," I would fain be content, and let my fire be smothered under ashes, without light or flame! I cannot help it. I take laws from my Lord, but I give none.

As for your journey to F.,|| ye do well to follow it. The camp is Christ's ordinary bed. A carried bed is kindly¶ to the Beloved, down in this lower house. It may be (and who knoweth but) our Lord hath some centurions, whom ye are sent to. Seeing your angry mother denieth you lodging and house-room with her, Christ's

* Not a farthing to pay; not even a quitrent, or piece of white money.

† Yearly rent for a fief.

‡ Spoilt.

§ Money; "*filler*" is the common term in Scotland for money in general.

|| This probably means France, as Mr Blair at this time resolved to go to that country as chaplain in Colonel Hepburn's regiment. He embarked at Leith, but owing to the excessive wickedness of some of the men, he abandoned the enterprise, and returned to Edinburgh. See *Roz's Continuation of Blair's Life*, pp. 151-153.

¶ Natural; of a piece with other things.

call to unknown faces must be your second wind, seeing ye cannot have a first.* Oh that our Lord would water again with a new visit this piece-withered and dry hill of our widow, Mount Zion.

My dear brother, I shall think it comfort, if ye speak my name to our Well-beloved. Wherever ye are, I am mindful of you. Oh that the Lord would yet make the light of the moon in Scotland as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun seven-fold brighter. For myself, as yet I have received no answer whither to go. I wait on. Oh that Jesus had my love! Let matters frame as they list, I have some more to do with Christ; yet I would fain we were nearer.

Now the great Shepherd of the sheep, the very God of peace, establish and confirm you till the day of His coming.

Yours, in his lovely and sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, Sept 9, 1637.

S. R.

CCLV.—*To the* LADY CARLETON. [Let. 15.]

(SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL—WONDERS IN THE LOVE OF
CHRIST—NO DEBT TO THE WORLD.)



STRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—My soul longeth once again to be amongst you, and to behold that beauty of the Lord, that I would see in His house; but I know not if He, in whose hands are all our ways, seeth it expedient for His glory. I owe my Lord, I know, submission of the spirit, suppose He would turn me into a stone, or pillar of salt. Oh that I were he in whom my Lord could be glorified! suppose my little heaven were forfeited, to buy glory to

* In his "*Christ Dying and Drawing*," p. 534 (1727), he uses the same figurative language: "Compelled to arrive with a second wind, as a crossed seaman—who should have had the west wind, but finds the east wind is blowing, and so must just make the best of this second wind." You cannot get the favour of your mother, the Church, which would have been a first wind to you, according to your desire; therefore, sail with this other wind, to wit, this call in Providence to visit foreign lands.

Him before men and angels; suppose my want of His presence, and separation from Christ, were a pillar as high as ten heavens for Christ's glory to stand upon, above all the world. What am I to Him? How little am I (though my feathers stood out as broad as the morning light) to such a high, to such a lofty, to such a never-enough-admired and glorious Lord! My trials are heavy, because of my sad Sabbaths; but I know that they are less than my high provocations. I seek no more than that Christ may be the gainer, and I the loser; that He may be raised and heightened, and I cried down, and my worth made dust before His glory. Oh that Scotland, all with one shout, would cry up Christ, and that His name were high in the land! I find the very utmost borders of Christ's high excellency and deep sweetness, heaven and earth's wonder. Oh, what is He? If I could but win in* to see His inner side! Oh, I am run dry of loving, and wondering, and adoring of that greatest and most admirable One! Wo, wo is me, I have not half love for Him! Alas, what can my drop do to His great sea! What gain is it to Christ, that I have casten my little sparkle into His great fire! What can I give to Him? Oh that I had love to fill a thousand worlds, that I might empty my soul of it all upon Christ! I think I have just reason to quit my part of any hope or love that I have to this scum (and the refuse of the drops of God's workmanship), this vain earth. I owe to this stormy world (whose kindness and heart to me have been made of iron, or a piece of wild sea-island that never a creature of God lodged in) not a look: I owe it no love, no hope; and, therefore, oh, if my love were dead to it, and my soul dead to it! What am I obliged to this house of my pilgrimage? A straw for all that God hath made, to my soul's liking, except God, and that lovely One, Jesus Christ! Seeing I am not this world's debtor, I desire that I may be stripped of all confidence in anything but my Lord, that He may be for me, and I for my only, only, only Lord! that He may be the morning and evening tide, the top and the root of my joys, and the heart and

* Get in, in spite of difficulty.

flower and yolk of all my foul's delights ! Oh, let me never lodge any creature in my heart and confidence ! Let the house be for Him. I rejoice, that sad days cut off a piece of the lease of my short life ; and that my shadow, even while I suffer, weareth long, and my evening hasteneth on. I have cause to love home with all my heart, and to take the opportunity of the day to hasten to the end of my journey, before the night come on, wherein a man cannot see to walk or work ; that once,* after my falls, I may at night fall in, weary and tired as I am, into Christ's bosom, and betwixt His breasts. Our prison cannot be our best country. This world looketh not like heaven and the happiness that our tired souls would be at ; and, therefore, it were good to seek about for the wind, and hoist up our sails towards our New Jerusalem, for that is our Christ. Remember a prisoner to Christ. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his only Lord and Master,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R. .

CCLVI.—To WILLIAM RIGGE of *Athornie*.

(THE LAW—GRACE—CHALKING OUT PROVIDENCES FOR OURSELVES—PRESCRIBING TO HIS LOVE.)



MUCH HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,—Your letter, full of complaints, bemoaning your guiltiness, hath humbled me. But give me leave to say that ye seem to be too far upon the law's side. Ye will not gain much to be the law's advocate. I thought ye had not been the law's but grace's man ; nevertheless, I am sure that ye desire to take God's part against yourself. Whatever your guiltiness be, yet, when it falleth into the sea of God's mercy, it is but like a drop of blood fallen into the great ocean. There is nothing here to be done, but to let Christ's doom light on "the old man," and let him bear his condemnation, seeing in Christ he was condemned ; for the law hath

* One time or other.

but power over your worst half. Let the blame, therefore, lie where the blame should be ; and let the new man be sure to say, " I am comely as the tents of Kedar, howbeit I be black and sunburnt, by sitting neighbour beside a body of sin." I seek no more here than room for grace's defence, and Christ's white throne, whereto a sinner, condemned by the law, may appeal. But the use that I make of it is, I am sorry that I am not so tender and thin-skinned ; * though I am sure that Christ may find employment for His calling in me, if in any living, seeing, from my youth upward, I have been making up the blackest process that any minister in the world, or any other, can answer to. And, when I had done this, I painted a providence of my own, and wrote ease for myself, and a peaceable ministry, and the sun shining on me, till I should be in at heaven's gates ; such green and raw thoughts had I of God ! I thought also of a sleeping devil, that would pass by the like of me, lying in muirs and outfields ; † so I bigged the gowk's nest, ‡ and dreamed of dying at ease, and living in a fool's paradise. But since I came hither, I am often so as they would have much rhetoric that could persuade me, that Christ hath not written wrath on my dumb and silent Sabbaths ; which is a persecution of the latest edition, being used against none in this land, that I can learn of, besides me. And often I lie under a non-entry, § and would gladly sell all my joys to be confirmed free tenant of the King Jesus, and to have sealed assurances : but I see often blank papers. And my greatest desires are these two : — 1. That Christ would take me in hand to cure me, and undertake for a sick man. I know that I should not die under His hand. And yet in this, while I still doubt, I believe through a cloud that sorrow (which hath no eyes) hath but put a vail on Christ's love. 2. It pleaseth Him often, since I came hither, to come with some short blinks || of His sweet love. And then, because I have none to help me to praise His love, and can do Him no service in my own person (as

* The use I make of your letter is, it humbles me that I am not so tender as you, and "*thin-skinned*," i.e., easily made to feel.

† Waste places, covered with heath. ‡ Built the cuckoo's nest.

§ The state of one who has not yet got investiture in the property. || Glimpses.

I once thought I did in His temple), I die with wishes and desires to take up house and dwell at the well-side, and to have Him praised and set on high. But, alas! what can the like of me do, to get a good name raised upon my well-beloved Lord Jesus, suppose I could desire to be suspended for ever of my part of heaven, for His glory? I am sure, if I could get my will of Christ's love, and could once be over head and ears in the believed, apprehended, and seen love of the Son of God, it were the fulfilling of the desires of the only happiness I would be at. But the truth is, I hinder my communion with Him, because of the want of both faith and repentance, and because I will make an idol of Christ's kisses. I will neither lead nor drive, except I see Christ's love run in my channel; and when I wait and look for Him the upper way, I see His wisdom is pleased to play me a flip, and come the lower way. So that I have not the right art of guiding* Christ; for there is art and wisdom required in guiding of Christ's love aright when we have gotten it. Oh, how far are His ways above mine? Oh, how little of Him do I see! And when I am as dry as a burnt heath in a drouthy† summer, and when my root is withered, howbeit I think then that I would drink a sea-full of Christ's love, ere ever I would let the cup go from my head, yet I get nothing but delays, as if He would make hunger my daily food. I think myself also hungered of hunger. The rich Lord Jesus satisfy a famished man. Grace be with you.

Your own, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 10, 1637.

S. R.

CCLVII.—*To the* LADY CRAIGHALL. [Let. 86.]

(*THE COMFORTS OF CHRIST'S CROSS—DESIRES FOR CHRIST.*)



HONOURABLE AND CHRISTIAN LADY,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I cannot but write to your Ladyship, of the sweet and glorious terms I am in

* Managing; making use of.

† Droughty, very dry.

with the most joyful King that ever was, under this well-thriving and prosperous cross. It is my Lord's salvation, wrought by His own right hand, that the water doth not suffocate the breath of hope, and joyful courage, in the Lord Jesus; for His own person is still in the camp with His poor soldier. I see that the cross is tied, with Christ's hand, to the end of an honest profession. We are but fools to endeavour to loose Christ's knot. When I consider the comforts of God, I durst not consent to sell or wadset* my short liferent of the cross of the Lord Jesus. I know that Christ bought with His own blood a right to sanctified and blessed crosses, in so far as they blow me over the water to my long-desired home: and it were not good that Christ should be the buyer and I the seller. I know that time and death shall take sufferings fairly off my hand. I hope we shall have an honest parting at night, when this cold and frosty afternoon-tide of my evil and rough day shall be over. Well is my soul of either sweet or sour, that Christ hath any part or portion in: if He be at the one end of it, it shall be well with me. I shall die ere I libel faults against Christ's cross. It shall have my testimonial† under my hand, as an honest and saving mean of Christ for mortification and faith's growth. I have a stronger assurance, since I came over the Forth,‡ of the excellency of Jesus, than I had before. I am rather about Him than in Him, while I am absent from Him in this house of clay. But I would be in heaven, for no other cause than to essay and try what boundless joy it must be to be over head and ears in my well-beloved Christ's love. Oh that fair One hath my heart for evermore! But alas, it is over-little§ for Him! Oh, if it were better and more worthy for His sake! Oh, if I might meet with Him, face to face, on this side of eternity, and might have leave to plead with Him, that I am so hungered and famished here with the niggardly portion of His love that He giveth me! Oh that I might be carver and steward myself, at mine own will, of Christ's love (if I may lawfully wish this!); then would I enlarge

* Mortgage, alienate.

† Certificate in favour of.

‡ He was banished to the north of the Firth of Forth. § Too little.

my vessel (alas! a narrow and ebb* foul), and take in a sea of His love. My hunger for it is hungry and lean, in believing that ever I shall be satisfied with that love: so fain would I have what I know I cannot hold. O Lord Jesus, delightest Thou, delightest Thou, to pine and torment poor souls with the want of Thy incomparable love? Oh, if I durst call Thy dispensation cruel! I know that Thou Thyself art mercy, without either brim or bottom; I know that Thou art a God bank-full† of mercy and love; but, oh, alas! little of it cometh my way. I die to look afar off to that love, because I can get but little of it. But hope faith, "This Providence shall ere long look more favourably upon poor bodies," and on me also. Grace be with your Ladyship's spirit.

Your Ladyship's, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept. 10, 1637.*

CCLVIII.—*To the Right Honourable my LORD LOUDON.*

(*THE WISDOM OF ADHERING TO CHRIST'S CAUSE.*)

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to your Lordship.—I rejoice exceedingly to hear that your Lordship hath a good mind to Christ, and His now borne-down truth. My very dear Lord, go on, in the strength of the Lord, to carry your honours and worldly glory to the New Jerusalem. For this cause your Lordship received these of the Lord. This is a sure way for the establishment of your house, if ye be of those who are willing, in your place, to build Zion's old waste places in Scotland. Your Lordship wanteth not God's and man's law both, now to come to the streets for Christ: and suppose the bastard laws of man were against you, it is an honest and zealous error, if here you slip against a point or punctilio of standing

* Shallow, as the tide at ebb.

† Full to the top of the bank.

policy. When your foot slippeth in such known ground, as is the royal prerogative of our high and most truly dread Sovereign (who hath many crowns on His head), and the liberties of His house, He will hold you up. Blessed shall they be who take Babel's little ones, and dash their heads against the stones. I wish your Lordship may have a share of that blessing, with other worthy nobles in our land.

It is true that it is now accounted wisdom for men to be partners in pulling up the stakes, and loosing the cords, of the tent of Christ. But I am persuaded, that that wisdom is cried down in heaven, and shall never pass for true wisdom with the Lord, whose word crieth shame upon wit against Christ and truth; and, accordingly, it shall prove shame and confusion of face in the end. Our Lord hath given your Lordship light of a better stamp, and learning also, wherein ye are not behind the disputer and the scribe. Oh what a blessed thing is it, to see nobility, learning, and sanctification, all concur in one! For these ye owe yourself to Christ and His kingdom. God hath bewildered and bemisted* the wit and the learning of the scribes and disputers of this time; they look askint to the Bible. This blinding and bemisting world blindfoldeth men's light, that they are afraid to see straight out before them; nay, their very light playeth the knave, or worse, to truth. Your Lordship knoweth that, within a little while, policy against truth shall blush, and the works of men shall be burned up, even their spider's-web, who spin out many hundred ells and webs of indifference in the Lord's worship; more than ever Moses, who would have† a hoof material, and Daniel, who would have a look out at a window a matter of life and death, than ever, I say, these men of God dreamed of. Alas! that men dare to shape, carve, cut, and clip our King's princely testament in length and breadth, and in all dimensions, answerable to the conception of such policy, as a head-of-wit‡ thinketh a safe and trim way of serving God! How have men forgotten the Lord, that they dare to go against even that truth which once they preached

* Enveloped in mist.

† Would reckon.

‡ Wifecre.

themselves, howbeit their sermons now be as thin sown as strawberries in a wood or wildernes ! Certainly the sweetest and fastest course is, for this short time of the afternoon of this old and declining world, to stand for Jesus. He hath said it, and it is our part to believe it, that ere it be long, "Time shall be no more, and the heaven shall wax old, as a garment." Do we not see it already an old holie* and thread-bare garment. Doth not cripple† and lame nature tell us, that the Lord will fold up the old garment, and lay it aside; and that the heavens shall be folded together as a scroll, and this pest-house shall be burnt with fire, and that both plenishing‡ and walls shall melt with fervent heat? For at the Lord's coming, He will do with this earth, as men do with a leper-house; He will burn the walls with fire, and the plenishing of the house also.§ My very dear Lord, how will ye rejoice in that day, to have Christ, angels, heaven, and your own conscience to smile upon you? I am persuaded that one sick night, through the terrors of the Almighty, would make men, whose conscience hath such a wide throat that an image like a cathedral church, would go down it, have other thoughts of Christ and His worship, than now they please themselves with. The scarcity of faith in the earth faith, "We are hard upon the last nick|| of time:" blessed are those who keep their garments clean against the Bridegroom's coming. There shall be spotted clothes, and many defiled garments, at His last coming; and, therefore, few found worthy to walk with Him in white.

I am persuaded, my Lord, that this poor travelling Woman, our pained Church, is with child of victory, and shall bring forth a Man-child all lovely and glorious, that shall be caught up to God and to His throne, howbeit the dragon, in his followers, be attending the childbirth pain, as an Egyptian midwife, to receive the birth and strangle it. But they shall be disappointed who thirst for the destruction of Zion. "They shall be as when a hungry man dreameth that he eateth, but, behold, he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or

* Full of holes.

† Halting.

‡ *Plenishing* is furniture.

§ 2 Pet. iii. 10, 12.

|| Moment.

when a thirsty man dreameth that he drinketh, but, behold, he awaketh, and is faint, and his soul is not satisfied : so shall it be," I say, "with the multitude of all the nations that fight against Mount Zion."* Therefore, the weak and feeble, those that are "as signs and wonders in Israel," have chosen the best side, even the side that victory is upon. And I think this is no evil policy.

Verily, for myself, I am so well pleased with Christ, and His noble and honest-borne crosses, this cross that is come of Christ's house and is of kin to Himself, that I should weep if it should come to nifferring† and bartering of lots and condition with those that are "at ease in Zion." I hold still my choice, and bless myself in it. I see and I believe that there is salvation in this way, which is everywhere spoken against. I hope to go to eternity, and to venture on the last evil to the saints (even upon death), fully persuaded that this only, even this, is the saving way for racked consciences, and for weary and laden sinners to find ease and peace for evermore in. And, indeed, it is not for any worldly respect that I speak so of it. The weather is not so hot that I have great cause to startle‡ in my prison, or to boast of that entertainment that my good friends, the prelates, intend for me (which is, banishment), if they shall obtain their desire, and effectuate what they design. But let it come ; I rue not that I made Christ my wale§ and my choice ; I think Him aye the longer the better.

My Lord, it shall be good service to God, to hold your noble friend and chief || upon a good course for the truth of Christ. Now the very God of peace establish your Lordship in Christ Jesus unto the end.

Your Lordship's, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 10, 1637.

* Isa. xxix. 8.

† Exchanging.

‡ Run about excitedly, as cattle do in hot weather.

§ Selection.

|| The Earl of Argyle.

CCLIX.—To MR DAVID DICKSON.

(DANGER OF WORLDLY EASE—PERSONAL OCCURRENCES.)

EVEREND AND WELL-BELOVED BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I bless the Lord, who hath so wonderfully stopped the ongoing of that lawless process against you.* The Lord reigneth, and has a saving eye upon you and your ministry; and, therefore, fear not what men can do. I bless the Lord, that the Irish ministers find employment, and the professors comfort of their ministry. Believe me, I durst not, as I am now disposed, hold an honest brother out of the pulpit. I trust that the Lord will guard you, and hide you in the shadow of His hand. I am not pleased with any that are against you in that.

I see this, that, in prosperity, men's conscience will not start at small sins; but if some had been where I have been since I came from you, a little more would have caused their eyes to water, and trouble their peace. Oh how ready are we to incline to the world's hand! Our arguments, being well examined, are often drawn from our skin; the whole skin, and a peaceable tabernacle, is a topic-maxim† in great request, in our logic.

I find a little brairding‡ of God's seed in this town, for the which the doctors have told me their mind, that they cannot bear with it, and have examined and threatened the people that haunt my company. I fear I get not leave to winter here; and whither I go I know not; I am ready at the Lord's call. I would I could make acquaintance with Christ's crosses, for I find comforts lie to, and follow upon, the crosses. I suffer in my name, by them; but I take it as a part of the crucifying of the old man. Let them cut the throat

* This is probably an allusion to a threat of the Archbishop of Glasgow, to prosecute Dickson for employing Blair, Livingstone, and Cunningham, after they had been silenced and ejected by the Irish prelates.

† A maxim for general use.

‡ Sprouting above ground.

of my credit, and do as they like best with it. When the wind of their calumnies hath blown away my good name from me, in the way to heaven, I know that Christ will take my name out of the mire, and wash it, and restore it to me again. I would have a mind (if the Lord would be pleased to give me it) to be a fool for Christ's sake. Sometimes, while I have Christ in my arms, I fall asleep in the sweetness of His presence, and He, in my sleep, stealeth away out of my arms; and when I awake, I miss Him.

I am much comforted with my Lady Pittligo, a good woman, and acquainted with God's ways.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept. 11, 1637.*

CCLX.—*To ALEXANDER GORDON of Earlston.*

(*ALL CROSSES WELL ORDERED—PROVIDENCES*).



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Howbeit I should have been glad to have seen you; yet, seeing that our Lord hath been pleased to break the snare of our adversaries, I heartily bless our Lord on your behalf. Our crosses for Christ are not made of iron; they are softer and of more gentle metal. It is easy for God to make a fool of the devil, the father of all fools. As for me, I but breathe out what my Lord breatheth in. The scum and froth of my letters I father upon my own unbelieving heart. I know that your Lord hath something to do with you, because Satan and malice have shot sore at you; but your bow abideth in its strength. Ye shall not, by my advice, be a halver with Christ, to divide the glory of your deliverance betwixt yourself and Him, or any other second mean whatsoever. Let Christ (as it setteth* Him

* Becomes.

well) have all the glory and triumph His lone.* The Lord fet Himself on high in you.

1. I see that Christ can borrow† a crofs for some hours, and fet His servants beside it, rather than under it, and win the plea too ; yea, and make glory to Himself, and shame to His enemies, and comfort to His children out of it. But whether Christ buy or borrow crosses, He is King of crosses, and King of devils, and King over hell, and King over malice. When He was in the grave, He came out, and brought the keys with Him. He is Lord Jailor ; nay, what say I ? He is Captain of the castle, and He hath the keys of death and hell. And what are our troubles but little deaths ? and He who commandeth the great castle commandeth the little also.

2. I see that a hardened face, and two skins upon our brows against the winter hail and stormy wind, is meetest for a poor traveller, in a winter journey to heaven. Oh, what art is it to learn to endure hardness, and to learn to go barefooted either through the devil's fiery coals, or his frozen waters !

3. I am persuaded that a sea-venture with Christ maketh great riches : is not the ship of our King Jesus coming home, and shall not we get part of the gold ? Alas ! we fools miscount our gain when we seem losers. Believe me, I have no challenges‡ against this well-borne cross : for it is come of Christ's house, and is honourable, and is his propine.§ “To you it is given to suffer.”—Oh, what fools are we, to undervalue His gifts, and to lightly|| that which is true honour ! For if we could be faithful, our tackling shall not loose, or our mast break, or our sails blow into the sea. The bastard crosses, the kinless ¶ and base-born crosses of worldings for evil-doing, must be heavy and grievous ; but our afflictions are light and momentary.

* Himself alone; unsupported.

† In Rutherford's own case, the cross was “*bought*,” as it were ; made His span a life time. In Earlston's case, Christ only “*borrowed it*” for a short time, in order to show how He could, if He pleased, triumph by that very means.

‡ Upbraidings.

§ Gift held out.

|| Treat lightly, slight.

¶ That have no kindred.

4. I think myself happy that I have lost credit with Christ, and that in this bargain I am Christ's sworn dyvour,* to whom He will lippen† nothing, no, not one pin in the work of my salvation. Let me stand in black and white in the dyvour-book,‡ before Christ. I am happy that my salvation is concredited§ to Christ's mediation. Christ oweth no faith to me, to lippen anything to me; but oh what faith and credit I owe to Him! Let my name fall, and let Christ's name stand in honour with men and angels. Alas! I have no room to spread out my affection before God's people; and I see not how I can shout out and cry out the loveliness, the high honour, and the glory of my fairest Lord Jesus. Oh that He would let me have a bed to lie on, to be delivered of my birth, that I might paint Him out in His beauty to men, as I dow.¶

5. I wondered once at providence, and called white providence black and unjust, that I should be smothered in a town where no foul will take Christ off my hand. But providence hath another lustre¶ with God than with my bleared eyes. I proclaim myself a blind body, who knoweth not black and white, in the unco** course of God's providence. Suppose that Christ should set hell where heaven is, and devils up in glory beside the elect angels (which yet cannot be), I would I had a heart to acquiesce in His way, without further dispute. I see that infinite wisdom is the mother of His judgments, and that His ways pass finding out.

6. I cannot learn, but I desire to learn, to bring my thoughts, will, and lusts, in-under†† Christ's feet, that He may trample upon them. But, alas! I am still upon Christ's wrong side.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 12, 1637.

* Admitted bankrupt.

† Trust.

‡ Bankrupt-roll.

§ Entrusted.

¶ So far as I am able.

¶ Shining; appearance.

** Strange.

†† Close under.

CCLXI.—*To the* LADY KILCONQUHAIR. [See Let. 226.]

(*THE KINGDOM TO BE TAKEN BY VIOLENCE.*)

MISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I received your letter. I am heartily content, that ye love and own this oppressed and wronged cause of Christ; and that now, when so many have miscarried, ye are in any measure taken with the love of Jesus. Weary not, but come in and see if there be not more in Christ than the tongue of men and angels can express. If ye seek a gate* to heaven, the way is in Him, or He is it. What ye want is treasured up in Jesus; and He saith, all His are yours. Even His kingdom, He is content to divide it betwixt Him and you: yea, His throne and His glory.† And, therefore, take pains to climb up to that besieged house to Christ; for devils, men, and armies of temptations are lying about the house, to hold out all that are out, and it is taken with violence. It is not a smooth and easy way, neither will your weather be fair and pleasant; but whosoever hath seen the invisible God and the fair city, make no reckoning of losses or crosses. In ye must be, cost you what it will. Stand not for a price, and for all that ye have, to win the castle. The rights to it are won to you, and it is disposed‡ to you in the testament of your Lord Jesus) and see what a fair legacy your dying Friend, Christ, hath left you!), and there wanteth nothing but possession. Then get up in the strength of the Lord; get over the water to possess that good land. It is better than a land of olives and wine-trees; for the Tree of Life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, is there before you; and a pure river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, is there. Your time is short; therefore lose no time. Gracious and faithful is He who hath called you to His kingdom and glory. The city is yours by free conquest,§ and by

* Way, entrance.

† Luke xxii. 29, 30; John xvii. 21; Rev. iii. 21.

‡ Bequeathed.

§ Acquisition.

promise; and, therefore, let no unco* lord-idol put you from your own. The devil hath cheated the simple heir of his paradise, and, by enticing us to taste of the forbidden fruit, hath, as it were, bought us out of our kindly† heritage. But our Lord Christ Jesus hath done more than bought the devil by;‡ for He hath redeemed the wadset,§ and made the poor heir free to the inheritance. If we knew the glory of our Elder Brother in heaven, we would long to be there to see Him, and to get our fill of heaven. We children think the earth a fair garden; but it is but God's outfield,|| and wild, cold, barren ground. All things are fading that are here. It is our happiness to make sure of Christ to ourselves.

Thus remembering my love to your husband, and wishing to him what I write to you, I commit you to God's tender mercy.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept 13, 1637.

CCLXII.—To ROBERT LENNOX of *Disdove*. [See Let. 213.]

(INCREASING EXPERIENCE OF CHRIST'S LOVE—
SALVATION TO BE MADE SURE.)

WORTHY AND DEAR BROTHER,—I forget you not in my bonds. I know that you are looking to Christ; and I beseech you to follow your look. I can say more of Christ now by experience (though He be infinitely above and beyond all that can be said of Him), than when I saw you. I am drowned over head and ears in His love. Sell, sell, sell all things for Christ. If this whole world were the balk ¶ of a balance, it would not be able to bear the weight of Christ's love; men and angels have short arms to fathom it. Set your feet upon

* Strange. † Heritage which our kin, or family, gives us right to.

‡ Out. § Mortgage. || Waste land. ¶ Beam.

this piece of blue* and base clay of an over-gilded and fair plastered world. An hour's kissing of Christ's is worth a world of worlds.

Sir, make sure work of your salvation : build not upon sand ; lay the foundation upon the rock of Zion. Strive to be dead to this world, and to your will and lusts ; let Christ have a commanding power and a king's throne in you. Walk with Christ, howbeit the world should take the hide† off your face : I promise you that Christ will win the field. Your pastors cause you to err. Except you see Christ's word, go not one foot with them. Countenance not the reading of that Romish service-book. Keep your garments clean, as ye would walk with the Lamb clothed in white. The wrongs which I suffer are upon record in heaven. Our great Master and Judge will be upon us all, and bring us before the sun in our blacks and whites : blessed are they who watch and keep themselves in God's love. Learn to discern the Bridegroom's tongue, and to give yourself to prayer and reading. Ye were often a hearer of me. I would put my heart's blood on the doctrine which I taught, as the only way to salvation : go not from it, my dear brother. What I write to you, I write to your wife also. Mind heaven and Christ, and keep the spark‡ of the love of Christ which you have gotten. Christ will blow on it if ye entertain it ; and your end shall be peace. There is a fire in our Zion, but our Lord is but seeking a new bride, refined and purified, out of the furnace. I assure you, howbeit we be nicknamed Puritans, that all the powers of the world shall not prevail against us. Remember, though a sinful man write it to you, that those people shall be in Scotland as a green olive-tree, and a field blessed of the Lord ; and that it shall be proclaimed, "Up, up with Christ, and down, down with all contrary powers."

Sir, pray for *me* (I name *you* to the Lord), for further evil is determined against me.

* In the same sense as in the phrase, "To look blue ;" intimating dissatisfaction.

† The skin.

‡ Spark.

Remember my love to Christian Murray and her daughter. I desire her, in the edge of her evening, to wait a little ; the King is coming, and He hath something that she never saw with Him. Heaven is no dream. "Come and see" will teach her best. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, Sept. 13, 1637.

S. R.

CCLXIII.—To MARION M'NAUGHT.

(HOPE IN TRIAL—PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.)

DEAREST IN OUR LORD JESUS,—Count it your honour, that Christ hath begun at you to refine you first. "Fear not," saith the Amen, the True and Faithful Witness. I write to you, as my Master liveth, upon the word of my royal King, continue in prayer and in watching, and your glorious deliverance is coming ! Christ is not far off. A fig, a straw, for all the bits of clay that are risen against us ! Ye shall thresh the mountains, and fan them like chaff.* If ye slack your hands at your meetings, and your watching to prayer, then it would seem that our Rock hath sold us ; but be diligent, and be not discouraged. I charge you in Christ, to rejoice, give thanks, believe, be strong in the Lord. That burning bush in Galloway and Kirkcudbright shall not be burnt to ashes, for the Lord is in the bush. Be not discouraged that banishment is to be procured, by the King's warrant to the Council, against me : the earth is my Lord's. I am filled with His sweet love, and running over. I rejoice to hear that ye are on your journey. Such news as I hear, of all your faith and love, rejoice my sad heart.

Pray for me, for they seek my hurt ; but I give myself to prayer. The blessing of my Lord, and the blessing of a prisoner of Christ be with you. O chosen and greatly beloved woman, faint not. Fy, fy ; if ye faint now, ye lose a good cause. Double your meet-

* Isa. xli. 15, 16.

ings ; cease not for Zion's sake, and hold not your peace till He make Jerusaleme a praise in the earth.

Yours, in Christ Jesus his Lord,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R.

CCLXIV.—*To* THOMAS CORBET. [*One of his Anwoth parishioners.*]

(GODLY COUNSELS—FOLLOWING CHRIST.)



DEAR FRIEND,—I forget you not. It will be my joy that ye follow after Christ till ye find Him. My conscience is a feast of joy to me, that I fought in singleness of heart, for Christ's love, to put you upon the King's highway to our Bridegroom, and our Father's house. Thrice blessed are ye, my dear brother, if ye hold the way.

I believe that ye and Christ once met ; I hope ye will not sunder* with Him. Follow the counsel of the man of God, Mr William Dalglish. If ye depart from what I taught you in a hair-breadth, for fear or favour of men, or desire of ease in this world, I take heaven and earth to witness that ill shall come upon you in the end. Build not your nest here. This world is a hard, ill-made bed ; no rest is in it for your soul. Awake, awake, and make haste to seek that Pearl, Christ, that this world seeth not. Your night and your Master Christ will be upon you within a clap ;† your hand-breadth of time will not bide you. Take Christ, howbeit a storm follow Him. Howbeit this day be not yours and Christ's, the morrow will be yours and His. I would not exchange the joy of my bonds and imprisonment for Christ, with all the joy of this dirty and foul-skinned world. I have a love-bed with Christ, and am filled with His love.

I desire your wife to do what I write to you. Let her remember how dear Christ will be to her, when her breath turneth cold, and the eye-strings shall break. Oh, how joyful should my soul be, to know that I had brought on a marriage betwixt Christ and that

* Part from.

† All suddenly.

people, few or many! If it be not so, I shall be wo* to be a witness against them. Use prayer: love not the world: be humble, and esteem little of yourself. Love your enemies, and pray for them. Make conscience of speaking truth, when none knoweth but God. I never eat, but I pray for you all. Pray for me. Ye and I shall see one another up in our Father's house. I rejoice to hear that your eye is upon Christ. Follow on, hing on,† and quit Him not. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Your affectionate brother, in our Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, 1637.

S. R.

CCLXV.—To MR GEORGE DUNBAR.

[GEORGE DUNBAR was first minister of Ayr. Adhering with zeal to Presbytery, he was summoned before the High Commission Court in the beginning of the year 1622. On appearing, he gave in a paper declining its authority; but the Court passed sentence of deprivation upon him, and condemned him to be confined within Dumfries. He was ejected from his charge a second time. When the messenger of the Court came to his house on this last occasion, either to summon him or to intimate his sentence, a young daughter of his said, "And Pharaoh's heart is still hardened!" while all that Dunbar said was to bid his wife "prepare her creels again;" for, on the former occasion, the children, being young, behoved to be carried away on horseback in creels. (*Livingston's Characteristics*.) He was for a long time prisoner at Blackness; but at length, being banished by the Privy Council, he removed to Ireland. He first preached at Carrickfergus, and was ultimately settled at Larne, where he discharged his ministry with diligence and success. On being deposed by the Bishop of Down, in 1634, for non-conformity, he came over to Scotland, and after the triumph of Presbytery, in 1638, became minister of one of the parishes called Calder, in Lothian, where he died.]

(CHRIST'S LOVE IN AFFLICTION—THE SAINT'S SUPPORT AND FINAL VICTORY.)



REVEREND AND DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Because your words have strengthened many, I was silent,

* Grieved.

† Hang on.

expecting some lines from you in my bonds ; and this is the cause why I wrote not to you. But now I am forced to break off and speak. I never believed, till now, that there was so much to be found in Christ on this side of death and of heaven. Oh, the ravishments of heavenly joy that may be had here, in the small gleanings of comforts that fall from Christ ! What fools are we who know not, and consider not the weight and the telling that is in the very earnest-penny, and the first-fruits of our hoped-for harvest ! How sweet, how sweet is our infestment ! oh, what then must personal possession be ! I find that my Lord Jesus hath not miscooked or spilled* this sweet cross, He hath an eye on the fire and the melting gold, to separate the metal and the dross. Oh how much time would it take me to read my obligations to Jesus my Lord, who will neither have the faith of His own to be burnt to ashes, nor yet will have a poor believer in the fire to be half raw, like Ephraim's unturned cake ! This is the wisdom of Him who hath His fire in Zion, and furnace in Jerusalem. I need not either bud† or flatter temptations and crosses, nor strive to buy the devil or this malicious world by,‡ or redeem their kindness with half a hair-breadth of truth. He who is surety for His servant for good doth powerfully overrule all that. I see my prison hath neither lock nor door : I am free in my bonds, and my chains are made of rotten straw ; they shall not bide one pull of faith. I am sure that there are those in hell who would exchange their torments with our crosses, suppose they should never be delivered, and give twenty thousand years' torment to boot, to be in our bonds for ever. And, therefore, we wrong Christ who sigh, and fear, and doubt, and despond in them. Our sufferings are washed in Christ's blood, as well as our souls ; for Christ's merits brought a blessing to the crosses of the sons of God. And Jesus hath a back-bond§ of all our temptations, that the free-warders|| shall come out by law and justice, in respect of

* Spoilt.

† Bribe.

‡ Off ; buy them off.

§ A bond, promising that the person who gave a former bond shall not, in consequence, suffer any loss.

|| Prisoners who have a right to go free.

the infinite and great sum that the Redeemer paid. Our troubles owe us a free passage through them. Devils, and men, and crosses, are our debtors, death and all storms are our debtors, to blow our poor tossed bark over the water fraught-free,* and to set the travelers on their own known ground. Therefore we shall die, and yet live. We are over the water some way already. We are married, and our tocher-good† is paid. We are already more than conquerors. If the devil and the world knew how the court with our Lord shall go, I am sure they would hire death to take us off their hand. Our sufferings are only the wreck and ruin of the black kingdom; and yet a little, and the Antichrist must play himself with bones and slain bodies of the Lamb's followers; but withal we stand with the hundred forty and four thousand, who are with the Lamb, upon the top of Mount Zion. Antichrist and his followers are down in the valley ground: we have the advantage of the hill; our temptations are always beneath. Our waters are beneath our breath: "as dying, and behold we live." I never heard before of a living death, or a quick‡ death, but ours: our death is not like the common death. Christ's skill, His handywork, and a new cast of Christ's admirable art, may be seen in our quick death. I bless the Lord, that all our troubles come through Christ's fingers, and that He casteth fugar among them, and casteth in some ounce-weights of heaven, and of the Spirit of glory that resteth on suffering believers, into our cup, in which there is no taste of hell. My dear brother, ye know all these better than I. I send water to the sea, to speak of these things to you; but it easeth me to desire you to help me to pay my tribute of praise to Jesus. Oh what praises I owe Him! I would I were in my free heritage, that I might begin to pay my debts to Jesus. I entreat for your prayers and praises. I forget not you.

Your brother and fellow-sufferer in and for Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 17, 1637.

* Free of fare.

† Marriage-portion.

‡ Alive.

CCLXVI.—To JOHN FLEMING, *Bailie of Leith.*

(COMFORT ABOUNDING UNDER TRIALS.)



WORTHY SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—

The Lord hath brought me safe to this strange town. Blessed be His holy name, I find His cross easy and light, and I hope that He will be with His poor sold Joseph, who is separated from his brethren. His comforts have abounded towards me, as if Christ thought shame (if I may speak so) to be in the common* of such a poor man as I am, and would not have me lose anything in His errands. My enemies have, beside† their intention, made me more blessed, and have put me in a sweeter possession of Christ than ever I had before; only the memory of the fair days I had with my Well-beloved, amongst the flock intrusted to me, keepeth me low, and foureth my unseen‡ joy. But it must be so, and He is wise who tutoreth me in this way. For § that which my brethren have, and I want, and others of this world have, I am content; my faith will frist || God my happiness. No son is offended that his father give him not hire twice a-year; for he is to abide in the house, when the inheritance is to be divided. It is better that God's children live upon hope, than upon hire.

Thus remembering my love to your worthy and kind wife, I blefs you and her, and all yours, in the Lord's name.

Yours, in his only, only Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept.* 20, 1637.

* Under obligation.

† Without intending it.

‡ 1 Cor. ii. 9.

§ As for that which.

|| Wait God's time; defer asking payment.



CCLXVII.—*To WILLIAM GLENDINNING, Bailie of Kirkcudbright.*

(*THE PAST AND THE FUTURE—PRESENT HAPPINESS.*)



WORTHY SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—
I am well, honour be to God! as well as a rejoicing
prisoner of Christ can be, hoping that one day He, for
whom I now suffer, will enlarge me, and put me above the threatenings of men.

I am sometimes sad, heavy, and casten down, at the memory of the fair days I had with Christ in Anwoth, Kirkcudbright, &c. The remembrance of a feast increaseth hunger in a hungry man. But who knoweth, but our Lord will yet cover a table in the wilderness to His hungry bairns, and build the old waste places in Scotland, and bring home Zion's captives? I desire to see no more glorious fight, till I see the Lamb on His throne, than to see Mount Zion all green with grass, and the dew lying upon the tops of the grass, and the crown put upon Christ's head in Scotland again. And I believe it shall be so, and that Christ will mow down His enemies, and fill the pits with their dead bodies.

I find people here dry* and unco.† A man pointed at for suffering dare not to be countenanced; so that I am like‡ to sit my lone upon the ground. But my Lord payeth me well home again; for I have neither tongue, nor pen, nor heart to express the sweetness and excellency of the love of Christ. Christ's honeycombs drop honey and floods of consolation upon my soul. My chains are gold: Christ's cross is all over-gilded and perfumed: His prison is the garden and orchard of my delights. I would go through burning quick to my lovely Christ. I sleep in His arms all the night, and my head betwixt His breasts. My Well-beloved is altogether lovely. This is all nothing to that which my soul hath

* Reserved.

† Strange.

‡ Likely to be left alone.

felt. Let no man, for my cause, scaur* at Christ's cross. If my stipend, place, country, credit, had been an earldom, a kingdom, ten kingdoms, and a whole earth, all were too little for the crown and sceptre of my royal King. Mine enemies, mine enemies have made me blessed! They have sent me to the Bridegroom's chamber. Love is His banner over me. I live a king's life; I want nothing but heaven, and possession of the crown. My earnest is great; Christ is no niggard to me. Dear Brother, be for the Lord Jesus, and His heart-broken bride.

I need not, I hope, remember my distressed brother to your care. Remember my love to your wife. Let Christ want nothing of us; His garments shall be rolled in the blood of the slain of Scotland.

Grace, grace be with you. Pray for Christ's prisoner.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 21, 1637.

CCLXVIII.—*To the* EARL OF CASSILLIS. [Let. 128.]

(*ANXIETY FOR THE PROSPERITY OF ZION—ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE NOBLES TO SUPPORT IT—THE VANITY OF THIS WORLD, AND THE FOLLY AND MISERY OF FORSAKING CHRIST—THE ONE WAY TO HEAVEN.*)



Y VERY HONOURABLE AND NOBLE LORD,—
Grace, mercy, and peace be to your Lordship.—Pardon me to express my earnest desire to your Lordship, for Zion's sake, for whom we should not hold our peace. I know that your Lordship will take my pleading on this behalf in the better part, because the necessity of a falling and weak Church is urgent. I believe that your Lordship is one of Zion's friends, and that by obligation. For when the Lord shall count and write up the people,

* Boggle, take fright at.

it shall be written, "This man was born there;" therefore, because your Lordship is a born son of the house, I hope your desire is, that the beauty and glory of the Lord may dwell in the midst of the city, whereof your Lordship is a son. It must be, without all doubt, the greatest honour of your place and house, to kiss the Son of God, and for His sake to be kind to His oppressed and wronged Bride, who now, in the day of her desolation, beggeth help of you that are the shields of the earth. I am sure many kings, princes, and nobles, in the day of Christ's Second Coming, would be glad to run errands for Christ, even barefooted, through fire and water. But in that day He will have none of their service. Now, He is asking if your Lordship will help Him against the mighty of the earth, when men are setting their shoulders to Christ's fair and beautiful tent in this land, to loose its stakes and to break it down. And certainly such as are not with Christ are against Him: and blessed shall your Lordship be of the Lord, blessed shall your house and seed be, and blessed shall your honour be, if ye empawn and lay in Christ's hand the Earldom of Cassillis (and it is but a shadow in comparison of the city made without hands!), and lay it even at the stake, rather than Christ and borne-down truth want a witness of you, against the apostacy of this land. Ye hold your lands of Christ; your charters are under His seal; and He who hath many crowns on His head, dealeth, cutteth, and carveth pieces of this clay-heritage to men, at His pleasure. It is little your Lordship hath to give Him; He will not sleep long in your common,* but shall surely pay home your losses for His cause. It is but our bleared eyes that look through a false glass to this idol-god of clay, and think something of it. They who are past with their last sentence to heaven or hell, and have made their reckoning, and departed out of this smoky inn, have now no other conceit of this world, but as a piece of beguiling well-lustred clay. And how fast doth time (like a flood in motion) carry your Lordship out of it! And is not eternity coming with wings? Court† goeth not in heaven as it doth here. Our Lord (who hath

* Be under obligation.

† Influence and favour.

all you, the nobles, lying in the shell* of His balance) esteemeth you according as ye are the Bridegroom's friends or foes. Your honourable ancestors, with the hazard of their lives, brought Christ to our land ;† and it shall be cruelty to the posterity if ye lose Him to them. One of our tribes, Levi's sons, the watchmen, are fallen from the Lord, and have sold their mother, and their father also, and the Lord's truth, for their new velvet-world and their satin-church. If ye, the nobles, play Christ a slip now, when His back is at the wall‡ (if I may so speak), then may we say that the Lord hath casten water upon Scotland's smoking coal. But we hope better things of you. It is no wisdom (however it be the state-wisdom now in request) to be silent, when they are casting lots for a better thing than Christ's coat. All this land, and every man's part of the play for Christ, and the tears of poor and friendless Zion (now going dool-like § in sackcloth), are up in heaven before our Lord ; and there is no question, but our King and Lord shall be master of the fields at length. And we would all be glad to divide the spoil with Christ, and to ride in triumph with Him ; but oh how few will take a cold bed of straw in the camp with Him ! How fain would men have a well-thatched house above their heads, all the way to heaven ! And many now would go to heaven the land-way (for they love not to be sea-sick), riding up to Christ upon foot-mantles, || and rattling coaches, and rubbing their velvet with the princes of the land, in the highest seats. If this be the way Christ called strait and narrow, I quit ¶ all skill of the way to salvation. Are they not now rousing** Christ and the Gospel ? Have they not put our Lord Jesus to the market, and he who outbiddeth his fellow shall get Him ? O my dear and noble Lord, go on (howbeit the wind be in your face) to back our princely Captain. Be courageous for Him. Fear not those who have no subscribed lease of days. The worms shall eat kings. Let the Lord Jehovah

* Scale. † It is "hands," in old editions. ‡ In a depressed state.

§ With sorrowful aspect. || A garment for riding in. ¶ Renounce.

** Putting up to sale.

be your fear, and then, as the Lord liveth, the victory is yours. It is true, many are striking up a new way to heaven ; but, my soul for theirs, if they find it, and if this be not the only way, whose end is Christ's Father's house. And my weak experience, since the day I was first in bonds, hath confirmed me in the truth and assurance of this. Let doctors and learned men cry the contrary, I am persuaded that this is the way. The bottom hath fallen out of both their wit and conscience at once ; their book hath beguiled them, for we have fallen upon the true Christ. I dare hazard, if I alone had ten souls, my salvation upon this Stone that many now break their bones upon. Let them take this fat world. O, poor and hungry is their paradise ! Therefore let me entreat your Lordship, by your compearance* before Christ, now while this piece of the afternoon of your day is before you (for ye know not when your sun will turn, and eternity shall benight you), let your worldly glory, honour, and might, be for our Lord Jesus. And to His rich grace, and tender mercy, and to the never-dying comforts of His gracious Spirit, I recommend your Lordship and noble house.

Your Lordship's, at all obedience,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 9, 1637.

CCLXIX.—*To his Parishioners at Anwoth.*

(EXHORTATION TO ABIDE IN THE TRUTH, IN PROSPECT OF CHRIST'S COMING—SCRIPTURAL MODE OF OBSERVING ORDINANCES SUCH AS THE SABBATH, FAMILY PRAYER, AND THE LORD'S SUPPER—JUDGMENTS ANTICIPATED.)



EARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied upon you.

* Appearance in obedience to legal summons.

I long exceedingly to hear of your on-going and advancement in your journey to the kingdom of God. My only joy, out of heaven, is to hear that the seed of God sown among you is growing and coming to a harvest. For I ceased not, while I was among you, in season and out of season (according to the measure of grace given unto me), to warn and stir up your minds : and I am free from the blood of all men, for I have communicated to you the whole counsel of God. And I now again charge and warn you, in the great and dreadful name, and in the sovereign authority of the King of kings, and Lord of lords, and I beseech you also by the mercies of God, and by the bowels of Christ, by your appearance before Christ Jesus our Lord, by all the plagues that are written in God's book, by your part of the holy city, the New Jerusalem, that ye keep the truth of God, as I delivered it to you, before many witnesses, in the sight of God and His holy angels. For now the last days are come and coming, when many forsake Christ Jesus ; and He saith to you, Will ye also leave Me ?

Remember that I forewarned you to forbear the dishonouring of the Lord's blessed name, in swearing, blaspheming, cursing, and the profaning of the Lord's Sabbath ; willing you to give that day, from morning to night, to praying, praising, hearing of the word, conferring, and speaking not your own words but God's words, thinking and meditating on God's nature, word, and work ; and that every day, at morning and at night (at least), ye should sanctify the Lord by praying in your houses, publicly in the hearing of all. That ye should in any sort forbear the receiving of the Lord's Supper but after the form that I delivered it to you, according to the example of Christ our Lord, that is, that ye should sit as banquetters, at one table with our King, and eat, and drink, and divide the elements, one to another. (The timber and stones of the church-wall shall bear witness, that my soul was refreshed with the comforts of God in that supper !) And that crossing in baptism was unlawful, and against Christ's ordinance. And that no day besides the Sabbath (which is of His own appointment) should be kept holy, and sanctified with preaching and the public worship of

God, for the memory of Christ's birth, death, resurrection, and ascension ; seeing such days so observed are unlawful, will-worship, and not warranted in Christ's word. And that everything, in God's worship, not warranted by Christ's Testament and word, was unlawful. Also, that Idolatry, worshipping of God before hallowed creatures, and adoring of Christ by kneeling before bread and wine, was unlawful. And that ye should be humble, sober, modest, forbearing pride, envy, malice, wrath, hatred, contention, debate, lying, flandering, stealing, and defrauding your neighbours in grafts, corn, or cattle, in buying or selling, borrowing or lending, taking or giving, in bargains or covenants ; that ye should work with your own hands, and be content with that which God hath given you. That ye should study to know God and His will, and keep in mind the doctrine of the Catechism, which I taught you carefully, and speak of it in your houses, and in the fields, when ye lie down at night, and when ye rise in the morning ; and that ye should believe in the Son of God, and obey His commandments, and learn to make your accounts in time with your Judge, because death and judgment are before you.

And if ye have now penury and want of that word, which I delivered to you in abundance (yea to God's honour I speak it, without arrogating anything to myself, who am but a poor empty man, ye had as much of the word in nine years, while I was among you, as some others have had in many), mourn for your loss of time, and repent. My soul pitieth you, that ye should suck dry breasts, and be put to draw at dry wells. O that ye would esteem highly the Lamb of God, your well-beloved Christ Jesus, whose virtues and praises I preached unto you with joy, and which He did countenance and accompany with some power ; and that ye would call to mind the many fair days, and glorious feasts in our Lord's house-of-wine, that ye and I have had with Christ Jesus !

But if there be any among you that take liberty to sin because I am removed from amongst you, and forget that word of truth which ye heard, and turn the grace of God into wantonness, I here, under my hand, in the name of Christ my Lord, write to such per-

sons all the plagues of God, and the curses that ever I preached in the pulpit of Anwoth, against the children of disobedience ! And, as the Lord liveth, the Lord Jesus shall make good what I write unto you. Therefore, dearly beloved, fulfil my joy. Fear the great and dreadful name of the Lord. Seek God with me. Scotland's judgment sleepeth not : awake and repent. The sword of the Lord shall go from the north to the south, from the east to the west, and through all the corners of the land, and that sword shall be drunk with your blood amongst the first ; and I shall stand up as a witness against you, if you do not amend your ways and your doings, and turn to the Lord with all your heart.

I beseech you also, my beloved in the Lord, my joy, and my crown, be not offended at the sufferings of me, the prisoner of Jesus Christ. I am filled with joy and with the comforts of God. Upon my salvation, I know and am persuaded it is for God's truth, and the honour of my King and royal Prince Jesus, I now suffer. And howbeit this town be my prison, yet Christ hath made it my palace, a garden of pleasures, a field and orchard of delights. I know likewise, albeit I be in bonds, that yet the word of God is not in bonds. My spirit also is in free ward.* Sweet, sweet have His comforts been to my soul : my pen, tongue, and heart have not words to express the kindness, love, and mercy of my Well-beloved to me, in this house of my pilgrimage.

I charge you to fear and love Christ, and to seek a house not made with hands, but your Father's house above. This laughing and white-skinned world beguileth you ; and if ye seek it more than God, it shall play you a slip, to the endless sorrow of your heart. Alas ! I could not make many of you fall in love with Christ, howbeit I endeavoured to speak much good of Him and to commend Him to you ; which as it was your sin, so it is my sorrow ! Yet, once again suffer me to exhort, beseech, and obtest you in the Lord, to think of His love, and to be delighted with Him, who is altogether lovely. I give ye the word of a King, that ye shall not repent it.

* Is at liberty.

Ye are in my prayers night and day. I cannot forget you : I do not eat, I do not drink, but I pray for you all. I entreat you all and every one of you, to pray for me. Grace, grace be with you.

Your lawful and loving pastor,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Sept. 23, 1637.*

CCLXX.—*To the* LADY BUSBIE. [Let. 133.]

(*HIS EXPERIENCE OF CHRIST'S LOVE—STATE OF THE LAND AND CHURCH—CHRIST NOT DULY ESTEEMED—DESIRES AFTER HIM, AND FOR A REVIVAL.*)



ISTRESS,—Although not acquaint,* yet because we are Father's children, I thought good to write unto you. Howbeit my first discourse and communing with you of Christ be in paper, yet I have cause, since I came hither, to have no paper thoughts of Him. For, in my sad days, He is become the flower of my joys ; and I but lie here living upon His love, but cannot get so much of it as fain I would have ; not because Christ's love is lordly, and looketh too high, but because I have a narrow vessel to receive His love, and I look too low. But I give, under my own hand-write,† to you a testimonial‡ of Christ and His cross, that they are a sweet couple, and that Christ hath never yet been set in His own due chair of honour amongst us all. Oh, I know not where to set Him ! Oh, for a high seat to that royal princely One ! Oh that my poor withered soul had once a running-over flood of that love to put sap into my dry root, and that that flood would spring out to the tongue and pen, to utter great things, to the high and due commendation of such a fair One ! O holy, holy, holy One ! Alas, there are too many dumb tongues in the world, and dry hearts, seeing there is employment in Christ for

* Acquainted, personally known to each other.

† Written with mine own hand.

‡ Certificate in favour of.

them all, and ten thousand worlds of men and angels more, to set on high and exalt the greatest Prince of the kings of the earth! Woe is me that bits of living clay dare come out to rush hard-heads with Him;* and that my unkind mother, this harlot-kirk, hath given her sweet half-marrow† such a meeting. For this land hath given up with Christ, and the Lord is cutting Scotland in two halves, and sending the worst half, the harlot-sister, over to Rome's brothel-house, to get her fill of Egypt's love. I would my sufferings (nay, suppose I were burnt quick to ashes) might buy an agreement betwixt His fairest and sweetest love, and His gaddy‡ lewd wife. Fain would I give Christ His welcome-home to Scotland again, if He would return. This is a black day, a day of clouds and darkness; for the roof-tree§ of the fair temple of my Lord Jesus is fallen, and Christ's back is towards Scotland. Oh, thrice blessed are they who would hold Christ with their tears and prayers! I know ye will help to deal with Him; for He shall return again to this land. The next day shall be Christ's, and there shall be a fair green young garden for Christ in this land, and God's summer-dew shall lie on it all the night, and we shall sing again our new marriage-song to our Bridegroom, concerning His vineyard. But who knoweth whether we shall live and see it?

I hear the Lord hath taken pains to afflict and dress you, as a fruitful vine for Himself. Grow and be green, and cast out your branches, and bring forth fruit. Fat and green and fruitful may ye be, in the true and fatty root. Grace, grace, free grace be your portion. Remember my bonds with prayers and praises.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Perhaps referring to Job xv. 26, though some have referred to a game wherein "*Hard-heads*," a small Scotch coin, was used. In his "*Christ Dying and Drawing*," p. 178, he writes, "Is it wisdom to knock hard-heads with God?"

† Partner, married to her.

‡ Jer. ii. 36.

§ The long beam running along the roof, on which the rafters lean.

CCLXXI.—*To EARLSTON, Younger.*

(*PROSPERITY UNDER THE CROSS—NEED OF SINCERITY, AND
BEING FOUNDED ON CHRIST.*)



MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am well. Christ triumpheth in me, blessed be His name. I have all things. I burden no man. I see that this earth and the fulness thereof is my Father's. Sweet, sweet is the cross of my Lord. The blessing of God upon the cross of my Lord Jesus! My enemies have contributed (beside* their design) to make me blessed. This is my palace, not my prison; especially, when my Lord shineth and smileth upon His poor afflicted and sold Joseph, who is separated from his brethren. But often He hideth Himself; and there is a day of law, and a court of challenges† within me; I know not if fenced‡ in God's name. But, oh, my neglects! oh, my unseen guiltiness! I imagined that a sufferer for Christ kept the keys of Christ's treasure, and might take out his heart-full of comforts when he pleased; but I see, a sufferer and a witness shall be holden at the door, as well as another poor sinner, and be glad to eat with the bairns, and to take the by-board.§

This cross hath let me see that heaven is not at the next door, and that it is a castle not soon taken. I see, also, that it is neither pain nor art to play the hypocrite. We have all learned to sell ourselves for double price; and to make the people (who call ten twenty, and twenty an hundred) esteem us half gods, or men fallen out of the clouds. But, oh, sincerity, sincerity, if I knew what sincerity meaneth!

Sir, lay the foundation thus, and ye shall not soon shrink, nor be shaken. Make tight work at the bottom, and your ship shall ride against all storms, if withal your anchor be fastened on good

* Apart from. † Accusations, upbraidings. ‡ Constituted. § Side-table.

ground ; I mean within the vail. And verily I think this is all, to gain Christ. All other things are shadows, dreams, fancies, and nothing.

Sir, remember my love to your mother. I pray for mercy and grace to her ; I wish her on-going toward heaven. As I promised to write, so shew her that I want nothing in my Lord's service. Christ will not be in such a poor man's common* as mine.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 22, 1637.

CCLXXII.—To JOHN GORDON. [Let. 147.]

(CHRIST ALL WORTHY—THIS WORLD A CLAY PRISON—DESIRE
FOR A REVIVAL OF CHRIST'S CAUSE.)



WORTHY AND DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I have been too long in writing to you, but multitude of letters taketh much time from me.

I bless His great name whom I serve in the spirit, that if it come to voting, amongst angels and men, how excellent and sweet Christ is, even in His reproaches and in His cross, I cannot but vote with the first that all that is in Him, both cross and crown, kisses and glooms,† embracements, and frownings, and strokes, is sweet and glorious. God send me no more happiness in heaven, or out of heaven, than Christ ! for I find this world, when I have looked upon it on both sides, within and without, and when I have seen even the laughing and lovely side of it, to be but a fool's idol, a clay prison. Lord, let it not be the nest that my hope buildeth in. I have now cause to judge my part of this earth not worth a blast of smoke, or a mouthful of brown bread. I wish that my hope may

* Debt ; obligation.

† Frowns.

take a running-leap, and skip over time's pleasure, sin's plastering and gold-foil, this vain earth, and rest upon my Lord. Oh, how great is our night-darkness in this wilderness! To have any conceit at all of this world is, as if a man should close his handful of water, and, holding his hand in the river, say that all the water of the flood is his; as if it were, indeed, all within the compass of his hand. Who would not laugh at the thoughts of such a crack-brain? Verily, they have but an handful of water, and are but like a child clasping his two hands about a night-shadow, who idolize any created hope, but God. I now lightly,* and put the price of a dream, or fable, or black† nothing, upon all things but God, and that desirable and love-worthy One, my Lord Jesus. Let all the world be nothing (for nothing was their feed and mother), and let God be all things.

My very dear brother, know that ye are as near heaven as ye are far from yourself, and far from the love of a bewitching and whorish world. For this world, in its gain and glory, is but the great and notable common whore, that all the sons of men have been in fancy and lust withal these 5000 years. The children that they have begotten with this uncouth and lustful lover are but vanity, dreams, gold imaginations, and night-thoughts. There is no good ground here, under the covering of heaven, for men and poor wearied souls to set down their foot upon. Oh, He who is called God, that One whom they term Jesus Christ, is worth the having indeed, even if I had given away all without, my eye-holes, my soul, and myself, for sweet Jesus my Lord! Oh, let the claim be cancelled that the creatures have to me,—except that claim my Lord Jesus hath to me! Oh that He would claim poor me, my silly, light, and worthless soul! Oh that He would pursue His claim to the utmost point, and not want me! for it is my pain and remediless sorrow to want Him. I see nothing in this life but sinks, and mires, and dreams, and beguiling ditches, and ill ground for us to build upon.

* “To think lightly of.”

† Utter, entire.

I am fully persuaded of Christ's victory in Scotland ; but I fear that this land be not yet ripe and white * for mercy. Yet I dare be halver (upon my salvation) with the losses of the Church of Scotland, that her foes, after noon, shall sing dool† and sorrow for evermore, and that her joy shall once again be cried up, and her sky shall clear. But vengeance and burning shall be to her adversaries, and the sinners of this land. Oh that we could be awakened to prayers and humiliation ! Then should our sun shine like seven suns in the heaven ! then should the temple of Christ be builded upon the mountain-tops, and the land, from coast to coast, should be filled with the glory of the Lord.

Brother, your day-task is wearing short ; your hour-glass of this span-length and hand-breadth of life will quickly pass ; and, therefore, take order and course with matters betwixt you and Christ, before it come to open pleading. There are no quarters to be had of Christ, in open judgment. I know, that ye see your thread wearing short, and that there are not many inches to the thread's end ; and, therefore, lose not time.

Remember me, His prisoner, that it would please the Lord to bring me again amongst you with abundance of the Gospel.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCLXXIII.—*To WILLIAM RIGGE of Athernie.*

(COMFORT IN TRIALS FROM THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST'S
POWER AND WORK—THAT WILL SOON BE OVER—CORRUPTION—FREE GRACE.)



WORTHY AND MUCH HONOURED SIR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—How sad a prisoner should I be, if I knew not that my Lord Jesus had the keys of

* John iv. 35.

† Grief.

the prison Himself, and that His death and blood have bought a blessing to our crosses, as well as to ourselves! I am sure that troubles have no prevailing right over us, if they be* but our Lord's serjeants to keep us in His ward, while we are on this side of heaven. I am persuaded, also, that they shall not go over the bound-road,† nor enter into heaven with us. For they find no welcome there, where "there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain;" and, therefore, we shall leave them behind us. Oh, if I could get as good a gate‡ of sin, even this woful and wretched body of sin, as I get of Christ's cross! Nay, indeed, I think the cross beareth both me and itself, rather than I it, in comparison of the tyranny of the lawless flesh, and § wicked neighbour, that dwelleth beside Christ's new creature. But, oh! this is that which presseth me down, and paineth me. Jesus Christ in His saints sitteth neighbour with an ill second, corruption, deadness, coldness, pride, lust, worldliness, self-love, security, falsehood, and a world of more the like, which I find in me, that are daily doing violence to the new man. Oh, but we have cause to carry low sails, and to cleave fast to free grace, free, free grace! Blessed be our Lord that ever that way was found out. If my one foot were in heaven and my foul half in, if free-will and corruption were absolute lords of me, I should never win wholly in. Oh, but the sweet, new, and living way, that Christ hath struck up to our home, is a safe way! I find now, presence and access a greater dainty than before; but yet the Bridegroom looketh through the lattice, and through the hole of the door. Oh, if He and I were on fair dry land together, on the other side of the water!

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Sept. 30, 1637.

* Provided they be; or, oh that they were!

† Boundary-line.

‡ Way of dealing with sin.

§ The flesh, that has no law, and is a wicked neighbour.

CCLXXIV.—*To* JAMES MURRAY.

[This may be the James Murray of whom Livingstone, in his “Characteristics,” writes, “An Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.” He was a writer in Edinburgh; hence, perhaps, the expectation of news, as to what Government was doing, in the close of the letter.]

(*THE CHRISTIAN LIFE A MYSTERY TO THE WORLD—CHRIST'S KINDNESS.*)



DEAR BROTHER,—I received your letter. I am in good health of body, but far better in my soul. I find my Lord no worse than His word. “I will be with him in trouble,” is made good to me now. He heareth the sighing of the prisoner. Brother, I am comforted in my royal Prince and King. The world knoweth not our life; it is a mystery to them. We have the funny side of the world, and our paradise is far above theirs; yea, our weeping is above their laughing, which is but like the crackling of thorns under a pot. And, therefore, we have good cause to fight it out, for the day of our laureation* is approaching. I find my prison the sweetest place that ever I was in. My Lord Jesus is kind to me, and hath taken the mask off His face, and is content to quit me all bygones.† I dare not complain of Him. And for my silence, I lay it before Christ: I hope it will be a speaking silence. He who knoweth what I would, knoweth that my soul desireth no more than that King Jesus may be great in the north of Scotland, in the south, and in the east and west, through my sufferings for the freedom of my Lord's house and kingdom. If I could keep good quarters, in time to come, with Christ, I would fear nothing. But, oh, oh, I complain of my woful outbreakings! I tremble at the remembrance of a new outcast‡ betwixt Him and me; and I have cause, when I consider what sickness and sad days

* The act of conferring academic degrees was called “*Laureation.*”

† Matters past.

‡ Quarrel.

I have had for His absence who is now come ! I find that Christ do^{*} not be long unkind : our Joseph's bowels yearn within Him ; he cannot smother love long ; it must break out at length. Praise, praise with me, brother, and desire my acquaintance to help me. I dare not conceal His love to my soul. I wish you all a part of my feast, that my Lord Jesus may be honoured. I allow you not to hide Christ's bounty to me, when ye meet with such as know Christ.

Ye write nothing to me. What are the cruel mercies of the prelates toward me ? The ministers of this town, as I hear, intend that I shall be more strictly confined, or else transported, because they find some people affect me.† Grace be with you.

Yours, in the sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Nov. 21, 1637.

CCLXXV.—To MR JOHN FERGUSHILL. [Let. 112.]

(SPIRITUAL LONGINGS UNDER CHRIST'S CROSS—HOW TO BEAR IT—CHRIST PRECIOUS, AND TO BE HAD WITHOUT MONEY—THE CHURCH.)

REVEREND AND WELL-BELOVED IN OUR LORD JESUS,—I must still provoke you to write by my lines. Whereat ye need not wonder, for the cross is full of talk, and speak it must, either good or bad : neither can grief be silent.

I have no dittay‡ nor indictment to bring against Christ's cross, seeing He hath made a friendly agreement betwixt me and it, and we are in terms of love together. If my former miscarriages, and my now silent Sabbaths, seem to me to speak wrath from the Lord, I dare say it is but Satan borrowing the use and loan of my cowardly

* Is not able.

† Love.

‡ Explained by the next word.

and feeble apprehensions, which start at straws. I know that faith is not so faint and foolish as to tremble at every false alarm. Yet I gather this out of it; Blessed are they who are graced of God to guide* a cross well, and, that there is some art required therein. I pray God that I may not be so ill friendstead,† as that Christ my Lord should leave me to be my own tutor, and my own physician. Shall I not think that my Lord Jesus, who deserveth His own place very well, will take His own place upon Him as it becometh Him, and that He will fill His own chair? For in this is His office, to comfort us, and those that are casten down, in all their tribulations.‡ Alas! I know that I am a fool to seek a hole or defect in Christ's way with my soul. If I have not a stock to present to Christ at His appearance, yet I pray God that I may be able, with joy and faith and constancy, to shew the Captain of my salvation, in that day, a bloody head§ which I received in His service. Howbeit my faith hang by a small tack|| and thread, I hope that the tack shall not break; and, howbeit my Lord get no service of me but broken wishes, yet I trust that those will be accepted upon Christ's account. I have nothing to comfort me, but that I say, "Oh! will the Lord disappoint an hungry on-waiter?" The smell of Christ's wine and apples (which surpasse the uptaking of dull sense) bloweth upon my soul, and I get no more for the meantime. I am sure, that to let a famishing body see meat and give him none of it, is a double pain. Our Lord's love is not so cruel as to let a poor man see Christ and heaven, and never give him more, for want of money to buy: nay, I rather think Christ to be such fair market wares, as buyers may have without money and without price. And thus I know that it shall not stand upon my want of money; for Christ upon His own charges must buy my wedding-garment, and redeem the inheritance which I have forfeited, and give His word for one the like of me, who am not law-biding ¶ of myself. Poor folks must either borrow or beg from the rich; and the only thing that commendeth finners to Christ

* Get grace to manage well.

† Befriended.

‡ 2 Cor. i. 4.

§ A wound.

|| Stitch; or, hold, tie.

¶ Able to stand at law, and answer charges.

is extreme necessity and want. Christ's love is ready to make and provide a ransom, and money for a poor body who hath lost his purse. "Ho, ye that have no money, come and buy,"* that is the poor man's market.

Now, brother, I see that old crosses would have done nothing to me ; and, therefore, Christ hath taken a new, fresh rod to me, that seemeth to talk with my soul† and make me tremble. I have often more ado now with faith, when I lose my compass and am blown on a rock, than those who are my beholders, standing upon the shore, are aware of. A counsel to a sick man is sooner given than taken. Lord, send the wearied man a borrowed bed from Christ ! I think often that it is after supper with me, and I am heavy. Oh, but I would sleep soundly with Christ's left hand under my head, and His right hand embracing me. The devil could not spill that bed. When I consider how tenderly Christ hath cared for me in this prison, I think that He hath handled me as the bairn that is pitied and bemoaned. I desire no more till I be in heaven, but such a feast and fill of Christ's love as I would have ; this love would be fair and adorning passments‡ which would beautify and set forth my black, unpleasant cross. I cannot tell, my dear brother, what a great load I would bear, if I had a hearty fill of the love of that lovely One, Christ Jesus. Oh, if ye would seek and pray for that to me ! I would give Christ all His love-styles and titles of honour, if He would give me but this ; nay, I would sell myself, if I could, for that love.

I have been waiting to see what friends of place and power would do for us. But when the Lord looseth the pins of His own tabernacle, He will have Himself to be acknowledged as the only builder-up thereof ; and, therefore, I would take back again my hope that I lent and laid in pawn in men's hands, and give it wholly to Christ. It is no time for me now to set up idols of my own. It were a pity to give an ounce-weight of hope to any besides

* Isa. lv. 1.

† See the first paragraph in this letter.

‡ Stripes of lace, sewed on as ornaments.

Christ. I think Him well worthy of all my hope, though it were as weighty as both heaven and earth. Happy were I if I had anything that Christ would seek or accept of; but now, alas! I see not what service I can do to Him, except it be to talk a little, and babble upon a piece of paper, concerning the love of Christ. I am often as if my faith were wadset,* so that I cannot command it; and then, when He hideth Himself, I run to the other extreme, in making each wing and toe of my case as big as a mountain of iron; and then misbelief can spin out an hell of heavy and desponding thoughts. Then Christ seeketh law-borrows† of my unbelieving apprehensions, and chargeth me to believe His daylight at midnight. But I make pleas‡ with Christ, though it be ill my common§ so to do. It were my happiness, when I am in this house-of-wine and when I find a feast-day, if I could “hearken, and hear for the time to come.”|| But I see that we must be off our feet in wading a deep water; and then Christ’s love findeth timeous¶ employment, at such a dead-lift as that; and, besides, after broken brows, bairns learn to walk more circumspectly. If I come to heaven any way, howbeit like a tired traveller upon my Guide’s shoulder, it is good enough for those who have no legs of their own for such a journey. I never thought there had been need of so much wrestling to win to the top of that steep mountain, as now I find.

Wo is me for this broken and backsliding Church! It is like an old bowing wall, leaning to the one side, and there are none of all her sons who will set a prop under her. I know that I need not bemoan Christ; for He careth for His own honour more than I can do; but who can blame me to be wo** (if I had grace so to be) to see my Well-beloved’s fair face spitted upon, and His own crown plucked off His head, and the ark of God taken and carried in the Philistines’ cart, and the kine put to carry it, which will let it fall to

* Pledged, alienated.

† Security given at law not to injure the person.

‡ Quarrels.

§ Ill becomes me, on account of my obligation to Him.

|| Isa. xlii. 23.

¶ Seasonable.

** Grieved.

the ground? The Lord put to * His own helping hand! I would desire you to prepare yourself for a fight with beasts:† ye will not get leave to steal quietly to heaven, in Christ's company, without a conflict and a cross.

Remember my bonds; and praise my Second, and Fellow-prisoner, Christ. Grace be with you.

Yours, in Christ Jesus his Lord,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCLXXVI.—To WILLIAM GLENDINNING. [Let. 137.]

(SWEETNESS OF TRIAL—SWIFTNESS OF TIME—PREVALENCE OF SIN.)



DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. —Your case is unknown to me, whether ye be yet our Lord's prisoner at Wigtown, or not. However it be, I know that our Lord Jesus hath been inquiring for you; and that He hath honoured you to bear His chains, which is the golden end of His cross; and so hath waled ‡ out a chosen and honourable cross for you. I wish you much joy and comfort of it; for I have nothing to say of Christ's cross but much good. I hope that my ill word shall never meet either Christ or His sweet and easy cross. I know that He seeketh of us an outcast § with this house of clay, this mother prison, this earth, that we love full well. And verily, when Christ snuffeth my candle, and causeth my light to shine upward, it is one of my greatest wonders, that dirt and clay hath so much court || with a soul not made of clay; and that our soul goeth out of

* Put forth.

† 1 Cor. xv. 32.

‡ Selected.

§ Quarrel. "After a fore *outcast*, there is greater love betwixt Christ and His people than before," are his words in a sermon preached in 1630, at Anwoth, on Zech. xiii. 7.

|| Influence.

kind* so far as to make an idol of this earth, such a deformed harlot, as that it should wrong Christ of our love. How fast, how fast doth our ship sail! and how fair a wind hath time, to blow us off these coasts and this land of dying and perishing things! Alas!† our ship faileth one way, and fleeth many miles in one hour, to hasten us upon eternity, and our love and hearts are failing close backover‡ and swimming towards ease, lawless pleasure, vain honour, perishing riches; and to build a fool's nest I know not where, and to lay our eggs within the sea-mark, and fasten our bits of broken anchors upon the worst ground in the world, this fleeting and perishing life! And in the meanwhile, time and tide carry us upon another life, and there is daily less and less oil in our lamps, and less and less sand in our watch-glasses.§ Oh what a wise course were it for us to look away from the false beauty of our borrowed prison, and to mind, and eye, and lust|| for our country! Lord, Lord, take us home!

And for myself: I think, if a poor, weak, dying sheep seek for an old dyke, and the lee-side of an hill, in a storm, I have cause to long for a covert from this storm, in heaven. I know none will take my room over my head there. But, certainly sleepy bodies would be at rest and a well-made bed, and an old crazed bark at a shore, and a wearied traveller at home, and a breathless horse at the rink's¶ end. I see nothing in this life but sin, and the four fruits of sin: and, oh, what a burden is sin! And what a slavery and miserable bondage is it, to be at the nod, and yeas and nays, of such a lord-master as a body of sin! Truly, when I think of it, it is a wonder that Christ maketh not fire and ashes of such a dry branch as I am. I would often lie down under Christ's feet, and bid Him trample upon me, when I consider my guiltiness. But seeing He hath sworn that sin shall not loose His unchangeable covenant, I keep house-room amongst the rest of the ill-learned**

* Contrary to her nature.

† “And,” in old editions, is inserted before “Alas!”

‡ Backward, in the other direction.

§ Hour-glasses.

|| Look and desire. ¶ End of the race-course. ** Ill-taught children.

bairns, and must cumber the Lord of the house with the rest, till my Lord take the fetters off legs and arms, and destroy this body of sin, and make a hole or breach in this cage of earth, that the bird may fly out, and the imprisoned soul be at liberty. In the meantime, the least intimation of Christ's love is sweet, and the hope of marriage with the Bridegroom holdeth me in some joyful on-waiting, that, when Christ's summer-birds shall sing upon the branches of the Tree of Life, I shall be tuned by God Himself to help them to sing the home-coming of our Well-beloved and His bride to their house together. When I think of this, I think winters and summers, and years and days, and time, do me a pleasure that they shorten this untwisted and weak thread of my life, and that they put sin and miseries by-hand,* and that they shall carry me to my Bridegroom in a clap.

Dear brother, pray for me, that it would please the Lord of the vineyard to give me room to preach His righteousness again to the great congregation.

Grace, grace be with you. Remember me to your wife.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCLXXVII.—*To my* LADY BOYD.

(SENSE OF UNWORTHINESS—OBLIGATION TO GRACE—
CHRIST'S ABSENCE—STATE OF THE LAND.)



ADAM,—I would have written to your Ladyship ere now, but people's believing there is in me that which I know there is not, hath put me out of love with writing to any. For it is easy to put religion to a market and public fair; but, alas! it is not so soon made eye-sweet† for Christ.

My Lord seeth me a tired man, far behind. I have gotten much love from Christ, but I give Him little or none again. My white

* Aside.

† Pleasant to the eye.

side cometh out on paper to men ; but at home and within I find much black work, and great cause of a low fail, and of little boasting. And yet, howbeit I see challenges* to be true, the manner of the tempter's pressing of them is unhoneft, and, in my thoughts, knavish-like. My peace is, that Christ may find outing† and sale of His wares, in the like of me ; I mean for saving grace.

I wish all professors to fall in love with grace. All our songs should be of His free grace. We are but too lazy and careless in seeking of it ; it is all our riches we have here, and glory in the bud. I wish that I could set out free grace. I was the law's man, and under the law, and under a curse ; but grace brought me from under that hard lord, and I rejoice that I am grace's freeholder. I pay tribute to none for heaven, seeing my land and heritage holdeth of Christ, my new King. Infinite wisdom hath devised this excellent way of free-holding for sinners. It is a better way to heaven than the old way that was in Adam's days. It hath this fair advantage, that no man's emptiness and want layeth an inhibition upon Christ, or hindereth His salvation ; and that is far best for me. But our new Landlord putteth the names of dyvours,‡ and Adam's forlorn § heirs, and beggars, and the crooked and blind, in the free charters. Heaven and angels may wonder that we have got such a gate || of sin and hell. Such a back-entry ¶ out of hell as Christ made, and brought out the captives by, is more than my poor shallow thoughts can comprehend. I would think sufferings glory (and I am sometimes not far from it), if my Lord would give me a new alms of free grace.

I hear that the prelates are intending banishment for me ; but, for more grace, and no other hire, I would make it welcome. The bits of this clay house, the earth, and the other side of the sea, are my Father's. If my sweet Lord Jesus would bud** my sufferings

* Upbraidings. † Exhibition of, laying out. ‡ Debtors, bankrupts.

§ Lost ; or, in the sense in which he elsewhere calls the Prodigal, "the forlorn son."

|| A way of dealing with sin.

¶ Going by a back-gate, as it were.

** Bribe.

with a new measure of grace, I were a rich man. But I have not now, of a long time, found such high-spring tides as formerly. The sea is out, the wind of His Spirit calm; and I cannot buy a wind, or, by requesting the sea, cause it to flow again; only I wait on upon the banks and shore-side, till the Lord send a full sea, that with upfalls I may lift up Christ. Yet sorrow for His absence is sweet; and sighs, with "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" have their own delights. Oh that I may gather hunger against His long-looked-for return! Well were my soul, if Christ were the element (mine own element), and that I loved and breathed in Him, and if I could not live without Him. I allow not laughter upon myself when He is away; yet He never leaveth the house, but He leaveth drink-money* behind Him, and a pawn that He will return. Wo, wo to me, if He should go away and take all His flitting† with Him! Even to dream of Him is sweet. To build a house of pining wishes for His return, to spin out a web of sorrow, and care, and languishing, and sighs, either dry or wet, as they may be (because He hath no leisure, if I may speak so, to make a visit, or to see a poor friend), sweeteneth and refresheth the thoughts of the heart. A misty dew will stand for rain, and do some good, and keep some greenness in the herbs, till our Lord's clouds rue‡ upon the earth, and send down a watering of rain. Truly I think Christ's misty dew a welcome message from heaven till my Lord's rain fall.

Wo, wo is me for the Lord's vineyard in Scotland! Howbeit the Father of the house embrace a child, and feed him, and kiss him; yet it is sorrow and sadness to the children that our poor mother hath gotten her leave,§ and that our Father hath given up house. It is an unheartsome|| thing to see our Father and mother agree so ill; yet the bastards, if they be fed, care not. O Lord, cast not water on Scotland's smoking coal. It is a strange gate¶ the saints go to heaven. Our enemies often eat and drink us, and

* Token of kindly feeling.

† Take pity.

‡ Moveable articles in a house.

§ Dismissal.

|| Sad.

¶ Way.

we go to heaven through their bellies and stomachs, and they vomit the Church of God undigested among their hands. And even while we are shut up in prisons by them, we advance in our journey.

Remember my service to my lord your son, who was kind to me in my bonds, and was not ashamed to own me. I would be glad that Christ got the morning service of his life, now in his young years. It would suit him well to give Christ his young and green love. Christ's stamp and seal would go far down in a young soul, if he would receive the thrust of Christ's stamp. I would desire him to make search for Christ; for nobles are now but dry friends to Christ.

The grace of God our Father, and the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush, be with your Ladyship.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCLXXVIII.—*To the* EARL OF CASSILLIS.

(AMBITION—CHRIST'S ROYAL PREROGATIVE—PRELACY.)



RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND VERY GOOD LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to your Lordship.—I hope that your Lordship will be pleased to pardon my boldness, if, upon report of your zealous and forward mind, which I hear our Lord hath given you in this His honourable cause, when Christ and His Gospel are so foully wronged, I speak to your Lordship on paper, entreating your Lordship to go on in the strength of the Lord, toward, and against a storm of antichristian wind, that bloweth upon the face of this your poor mother-Church, Christ's lily among the thorns. It is your Lordship's glory and happiness, when ye see such a blow coming upon Christ, to cast up your arm to prevent it. Neither is it a cause that needeth to blush before the sun, or to flee the sentence or censure of impartial beholders, seeing the question, indeed (if it were rightly stated),

is about the prerogative-royal of our princely and royal Lawgiver, our Lord Jesus, whose ancient march-stones* and land-bounds, our bastard lords and earthly generation of tyrannizing prelates have boldly and shamefully removed. And they who have but half an eye may see, that it is the greedy desires of time-idolizing Demafes, and the itching scab of ambitious and climbing Diotrephefes (who love the goat's life, to climb till they cannot find a way to set their soles on ground again), that hath made such a wide breach in our Zion's beautiful walls. And these are the men who seek no hire for the crucifying of Christ, but His coat.

Oh, how forlorn and desolate is the bride of Christ made to all passers-by! Who seeth not Christ buried in this land, His prophets hidden in caves, silenced, banished and imprisoned? truth weeping in sackcloth before the judges, Parliament, and the rulers of the land? But her bill is cast by them, and holiness hideth itself, fearing in the streets for the reproaches and persecution of men. Justice is fallen asworn in the gate; and the long shadows of the evening are stretched out upon us. Wo, wo to us, for our day flieth away! What remaineth, but that Antichrist set down his tent in the midst of us, except that your Lordship, and others with you, read Christ's supplication, and give Him that which the most lewd and scandalous wretches in this land may have before a judge, even the poor man's due, law and justice for God's sake? O, therefore, my noble and dear Lord, as ye have begun, go on, in the mighty power and strength of the Lord, to cause our Lord, in His Gospel, and afflicted members, to laugh, and to cause the Christian churches (whose eyes are all now upon you) to sing for joy when Scotland's moon shall shine like the light of the sun, and the sun like the light of seven days in one. Ye can do no less than run and bear up the head of your swooning and dying mother-Church, and plead for the production of her ancient charters. They hold out and put out, they hold in and bring in, at their pleasure, men in God's house. They stole the keys from Christ and His Church, and came in like the

* Boundary-stones.

thief and the robber, not by the door, Christ; and now their song is, "Authority, authority! obedience to church-governors!" When such a bastard and lawless pretended step-dame, as our Prelacy, is gone mad, it is your place, who are the nobles, to rise and bind them. At least, law should fetter such wild bulls as they are, who push all who oppose themselves to their domination. Alas! what have we lost, since prelates were made master-coiners, to change our gold into brass, and to mix the Lord's wine with water! Blessed for ever shall ye be of the Lord, if ye help Christ against the mighty, and shall deliver the flock of God, scattered upon the mountains in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of these idol-shepherds. Fear not men who shall be moth-eaten clay, that shall be rolled up in a chest, and casten under the earth: let the Holy One of Israel be your fear, and be courageous for the Lord and His truth.

Remember, that your accounts are coming upon you, with wings, as fast as time posteth. Remember, what "peace with God" in Christ, and the presence of the Son of God (the revealed and felt sweetness of His love), will be to you, when eternity shall put time to the door, and ye shall take good-night of time, and this little shepherd's tent of clay, this inn of a borrowed earth. I hope that your Lordship is now and then sending out thoughts to view this world's naughtiness,* and vanity, and the hoped-for glory of the life to come; and that ye resolve that Christ shall have yourself, and all yours, at command for Him, His honour and Gospel.

Thus trusting that your Lordship will pardon my boldness, I pray that the only wise God, the very God of peace, may preserve, strengthen, and establish you to the end.

Your Lordship's, at all command and obedience in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

* Evil; but some read *nothingness*, *q. d.* nought.

CCLXXIX.—*For* MARION M'NAUGHT.

(*A SPRING-TIDE OF CHRISTS LOVE.*)



MY DEAR AND WELL-BELOVED SISTER,—
 Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am well ;
 honour to God. I have been before a court set up
 within me of terrors and challenges ;* but my sweet Lord Jesus
 hath taken the mask off His face, and said, “ Kifs thy fill ! ” and I
 will not smother nor conceal the kindnes of my King Jesus. He
 hath broken in upon the poor prisoner’s soul, like the swelling of
 Jordan. I am bank and brim full ; a great, high spring-tide of the
 consolations of Christ have overflowed me. I would not give my
 weeping for the fourteen prelates’ laughter. They have sent me
 here to feast with my King. His spikenard casteth a sweet smell.
 The Bridegroom’s love hath run away with my heart. Oh love,
 love, love ! Oh sweet are my royal King’s chains ! I care not for
 fire nor torture. How sweet were it to me to swim the salt sea for
 my new Lover, my second Husband, my first Lord ! I charge you
 in the name of God, not to fear the wild beasts that entered into
 the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts. The false prophet is the tail.
 God shall cut the tail from Scotland. Take your comfort and droop
 not, despond not.

Pray for my poor flock : I would take a penance on my soul
 for their salvation. I fear that the entering of a hireling upon my
 labours there will cut off my life with sorrow. There I wrestled
 with the Angel and prevailed. Wood,† trees, meadows, and hills
 are my witnesses, that I drew on a fair meeting betwixt Christ and
 Anwoth.

My love to your husband, to dear Carleton, to my beloved

* Self-upbraidings.

† Perhaps specially referring to the wood adjoining Bushy Field, the spot
 still called, “ Rutherford’s Walk.”

brother Knockbrex.* Forget not Christ's prisoner. I long for a letter under your own hand.

Your friend and Christ's prisoner,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Nov. 22, 1637.

CCLXXX.—To JOHN GORDON, at *Rusco*.† [Let. 272.]

(HEAVEN HARD TO BE WON—MANY COME SHORT IN ATTAINING—IDOL SINS TO BE RENOUNCED—LIKENESS TO CHRIST.)



DEAR BROTHER,—I earnestly desire to know the case of your soul, and to understand that ye have made sure work of heaven and salvation.

1. Remember, salvation is one of Christ's dainties He giveth but to a few.

2. That it is violent sweating and striving that taketh heaven.

3. That it cost Christ's blood to purchase that house to sinners, and to set mankind down as the King's free tenants and freeholders.

4. That many make a start toward heaven who fall on their back, and win not up to the top of the mount. It plucketh heart and legs from them, and they sit down and give it over, because the devil setteth a sweet-smelled flower to their nose (this fair busked world), wherewith they are bewitched, and so forget or refuse to go forward.

5. Remember, many go far on and reform many things, and can find tears, as Esau did; and suffer hunger for truth, as Judas

* Gordon of Knockbrex.

† This seems to have been the letter referred to by Mrs Veitch, wife of Mr William Veitch, minister of Dumfries, when she says,—“One day, having been at prayer, and coming into the room, where one was reading a letter of Mr Rutherford's (then only in MS.), directed to one John Gordon of Rusco, giving an account how far one might go, and yet prove a hypocrite and miss heaven, it occasioned great exercise to me.” (*Memoir of the Life of Mrs William Veitch*, p. 1.)

did ; and with and desire the end of the righteous, as Balaam did ; and profess fair, and fight for the Lord, as Saul did ; and desire the faints of God to pray for them, as Pharaoh and Simon Magus did ; and prophesy and speak of Christ, as Caiaphas did ; and walk softly and mourn for fear of judgments, as Ahab did ; and put away gross sins and idolatry, as Jehu did ; and hear the word of God gladly, and reform their life in many things according to the word, as Herod did ; and say to Christ, “ Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest,” as the man who offered to be Christ’s servant ;* and may taste of the virtues of the life to come, and be partaker of the wonderful gifts of the Holy Spirit, and taste of the good word of God, as the apostates who sin against the Holy Ghost.† And yet all these are but like gold in clink and colour, and watered‡ brass, and base metal. These are written that we should try ourselves, and not rest till we be a step nearer Christ than sun-burnt and withering professors can come.

6. Consider, it is impossible that your idol-sins and ye can go to heaven together ; and that they who will not part with these can, indeed, love Christ at the bottom but only in word and show, which will not do the business.

7. Remember, how swiftly God’s post time flieth away ; and that your forenoon is already spent, your afternoon will come, and then your evening, and at last night, when ye cannot see to work. Let your heart be set upon finishing of your journey, and summing and laying your accounts with your Lord. O how blessed shall ye be to have a joyful welcome of your Lord at night ! How blessed are they who, in time, take sure course with their souls ! Bless His great name for what you possess in goods and children, ease and worldly contentment, that He hath given you ; and seek to be like Christ in humility and lowliness of mind. And be not great and entire§ with the world. Make it not your god, nor your lover that ye trust unto, for it will deceive you.

* Matt. viii. 19.

† Heb. vi.

‡ Plated with silver.

§ As in Let. 119, “ your heart wholly there.”

I recommend Christ and His love to you, in all things ; let Him have the flower of your heart and your love. Set a low price upon all things but Christ, and cry down in your thoughts clay and dirt, that will not comfort you when ye get summons to remove, and compear before your Judge to answer for all the deeds done in the body. The Lord give you wisdom in all things. I beseech you sanctify God in your speaking, for holy and reverend is His name ; and be temperate and sober. Companionry with the bad is a sin, that holdeth many out of heaven.

I will not believe that you will receive the ministry of a stranger, who will preach a new and uncouth doctrine to you. Let my salvation stand for it, if I delivered not the plain and whole counsel of God to you in His word. Read this letter to your wife, and remember my love to her, and request her to take heed to do what I write to you. I pray for you and yours. Remember me in your prayers to our Lord, that He would be pleased to send me amongst you again. Grace be with you.

Your lawful and loving pastor,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, 1637.

CCLXXXI.—*To my LORD LOUDOUN.*

(*TRUE HONOUR IN MAINTAINING CHRIST'S CAUSE—PRELACY
—LIGHT OF ETERNITY.*)

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VERY WORTHY LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Hearing of your Lordship's zeal and courage for Christ our Lord in His honourable cause, I am bold (and plead pardon for it) to speak in paper by a line or two to your Lordship, since I have not access any other way, beseeching your Lordship, by the mercies of God, and by the everlasting peace of your soul, and by the tears and prayers of our mother-Church, to go on, as ye have worthily begun, in purging of the Lord's house in this land, and plucking

down the flicks of Antichrist's filthy nest, this wretched Prelacy, and that black kingdom whose wicked aims have ever been, and still are, to make this fat world the only compass they would have Christ and religion to sail by, and to mount up the Man of Sin, their godfather the Pope of Rome, upon the highest stair of Christ's throne, and to make a velvet church (in regard of Parliament grandeur and worldly pomp, whereof always their stinking breath smelleth), and to put Christ and truth in sackcloth and prison, and to eat the bread of adversity and drink the water of affliction. Half an eye of any, not misted with the darkness of antichristian smoke, may see it thus in this land. And now our Lord hath begun to awaken the nobles and others to plead for borne-down Christ and His weeping Gospel.

My dear and noble Lord, the eye of Christ is upon you; the eyes of many noble, many holy, many learned and worthy ones, in our neighbouring churches about, are upon you.* This poor Church, your mother and Christ's spouse, is holding up her hands and heart to God for you, and doth beseech you with tears to plead for her Husband, His kingly sceptre, and for the liberties that her Lord and King hath given to her, as to a free kingdom that oweth spiritual tribute to none on earth, as being the free-born prince's and daughter to the King of kings. This is a cause that, before God, His angels, the world, before sun and moon, needeth not to blush. Oh, what glory and true honour is it to lend Christ your hand and service, and to be amongst the repairers of the breaches of Zion's walls, and to help to build the old waste places, and stretch forth the curtains, and strengthen the stakes of Christ's tent in this land!

* We have already seen (note to Let. 116) that John, Earl of Loudon, was one of the Scottish nobles who most zealously espoused the cause of the Second Reformation. In all the measures of the Covenanters for promoting the cause of the Covenant, he took a leading part; and from his high character, as well as his distinguished talents, his party reposed in him with the utmost confidence. Wodrow describes him as "a nobleman of excellent endowments, great learning, singular wisdom and conduct, bewitching eloquence, joined with remarkable resolution and courage."

Oh, blessed are they who, when Christ is driven away, will bring Him back again, and lend Him lodging! And blessed are ye of the Lord! Your name and honour shall never rot nor wither (in heaven at least), if ye deliver the Lord's sheep, that have been scattered in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of strange lords and hirelings, who with rigour and cruelty have caused them to eat the pastures trodden upon with their foul feet, and to drink muddy water; and who have spun out such a world of yards of indifferences in God's worship, to make and weave a web for the Antichrist (which shall not keep any from the cold); as they mind nothing else, but that, by the bringing in of the Pope's foul tail first upon us (their wretched and beggarly ceremonies), they may thrust in after them the Antichrist's legs and thighs, and his belly, head, and shoulders; and then cry down Christ and the Gospel, and up the merchandise and wares of the great whore. Fear not, my worthy Lord, to give yourself, and all ye have, out for Christ and His Gospel. No man dare say (who did ever thus hazard for Christ), that Christ paid him not his hundred-fold in this life duly, and, in the life to come, life everlasting. This is His own truth - that ye now plead for; for God and man cannot but commend you to beg justice from a just prince for oppressed Christ, and to plead that Christ, who is the King's Lord, may be heard in a free court to speak for Himself, when the standing and established laws of our nation can strongly plead for Christ's crown in the pulpits, and His chair as Lawgiver in the free government of His own house. But Christ will never be content and pleased with this land, neither shall His hot, fiery indignation be turned away, so long as the prelate (the man that lay in Antichrist's foul womb, and the Antichrist's lord-bailiff) shall sit lord-carver in the courts of the Lord Jesus. The prelate is both the egg and the nest to cleck* and bring forth Popery. Plead, therefore, in Christ's behalf, for the plucking down of the nest, and the crushing of the egg; and let Christ's kingly office suffer no more unworthy indignities. Be

* Hatch.

valiant for your royal King, Jesus ; contend for Him : your adversaries shall be moth-eaten worms, and die as men. Christ and His honour now lie on your shoulders, let Him not fall to the ground. Cast your eye upon Him who is quickly coming to decide all the controversies in Zion. And remember that the sand in your night-glasses* will run out ; time with wings will flee away. Eternity is hard upon you ; and what will Christ's love-smiles, and the light of His lovely and soul-delighting countenance, be to you in that day, when God shall take up in His right hand this little lodge of heaven (like as a shepherd lifteth up his little tent), and fold together the two leaves of His tent, and put the earth and all the plentifulness† of it into a fire, and turn this clay-idol, the god of Adam's sons, into smoke and white ashes ! Oh, what hire and how many worlds would many then give to have a favourable decree‡ of the Judge ! Oh, what moneys would they not give, to buy a mountain to be a grave above both soul and body, to hide them from the awesome § looks of an angry Lord and Judge ! I hope that your Lordship thinketh upon this, and that ye mind loyalty to Christ, and to the King both.

Now the very God of peace, the only wise God, establish and strengthen you upon the rock laid in Zion.

Your Lordship's at all obedience in Christ,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Jan. 4, 1638.

CCLXXXII.—To the LADY ROBERTLAND.

[This is probably the *Lady Robertland* (her own name was *Fleming*) mentioned in Livingstone's *Characteristics* as "one deeply exercised in mind, who often got as rare outgates." She was a great help to the poor people of *Stewarton*, during the time of the awakening there. One of her sayings was, "With God, the most of moths is lighter than nothing ; and without God, the least of leafts is heavier than any burden."]

* Hour-glasses.

† Furniture.

‡ Sentence.

§ Terrible.

(*AFFLICTIONS PURIFY—THE WORLD'S VANITY—CHRIST'S WISE LOVE.*)



MISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I shall be glad to hear that your soul prospereth, and that fruit groweth upon you, after the Lord's husbandry and pains, in His rod that hath not been a stranger to you from your youth. It is the Lord's kindness that He will take the scum off us in the fire. Who knoweth how needful winnowing is to us, and what dross we must want ere we enter into the kingdom of God? So narrow is the entry to heaven, that our knots, our bunches and lumps of pride, and self-love, and idol-love, and world-love must be hammered off us, that we may thring* in, stooping low, and creeping through that narrow and thorny entry.

And now for myself, I find it the most sweet and heavenly life to take up house and dwelling at Christ's fireside, and set down my tent upon Christ, that Foundation-stone, who is sure and faithful ground and hard under foot. Oh if I could win to† it, and proclaim myself not the world's debtor, nor a lover obliged to it, and that I mind not to hire or bud‡ this world's love any longer; but defy both the kindness and feud of God's whole creation whatsoever! especially the lower vault and clay part of God's creatures, this vain earth! For what hold I of His world? A borrowed lodging and some years' house-room, and bread and water, and fire, and bed and candle, are all a part of the pension of my King and Lord; to whom I owe thanks, and not to a creature. I thank God that God is God, and Christ is Christ, and the earth the earth, and the devil the devil, and the world the world, and that sin is sin, and that everything is what it is; because He hath taught me in my wilderness not to shuffle my Lord Jesus, nor to intermix Him with creature-vanities, nor to spin or twine Christ or His sweet love in one web, or in one thread, with the world and the things thereof. Oh, if I could hold and keep Christ all alone, and mix Him with

* Prefs, by squeezing our way in.

† Get at.

‡ Br.be.

nothing! Oh, if I could cry down the price and weight of my cursed self, and cry up the price of Christ, and double, and triple, and augment, and heighten to millions the price and worth of Christ! I am (if I durst speak so, and might lawfully complain) so hungredly tutored* by Christ Jesus my liberal Lord, that His nice love, which my soul would be in hands with, flieth me; and yet I am trained on to love Him, and lust, and long, and die for His love whom I cannot see. It is a wonder to pine away with love for a covered and hid lover, and to be hungered with His love, so as† a poor soul cannot get his fill of hunger for Christ. It is hard to be hungered of hunger,‡ whereof such abundance for other things is in the world. But sure, if we were tutors, and stewards, and masters, and lord-carvers of Christ's love, we should be more lean and worse fed than we are. Our meat doeth us the more good, that Christ keepeth the keys, and that the wind and the air of Christ's sweet breathing, and of the influence of His Spirit, is locked up in the hands of the good pleasure of Him who "bloweth where He listeth."

I see there is a sort of impatient patience required in the want of Christ as to His manifestations, and waiting on. They thrive who wait on His love, and the blowing of it, and the turning of His gracious wind; and they thrive who, in that on-waiting, make haste and din§ and much ado for their lost and hidden Lord Jesus. However it be, God feed me with Him any way. If He would come in, I shall not dispute the matter, where He get a hole, or how He opened the lock. I should be content that Christ and I met, suppose He should stand on the other side of hell's lake and cry to me, "Either put in your foot and come through, or else ye shall not have Me at all." But what fools are we in the taking up of Him and of His dealing! He hath a gate|| of His own beyond the thoughts of men, that no foot hath skill to follow Him. But we are still ill scholars, and will go in at heaven's gates wanting the half of our lesson; and shall still be bairns, so long as we are under

* Disciplined by spare diet.

† So that.

‡ Not to get even enough of hunger for Christ. § Noise. || Way.

time's hands, and till eternity cause a sun to arise in our souls that shall give us wit. We may see how we spill and mar our own fair heaven and our salvation, and how Christ is every day putting in one bone or other, in these fallen souls of ours, in the right place again; and that on this side of the New Jerusalem, we shall still have need of forgiving and healing grace. I find crosses Christ's carved work that He marketh out for us, and that with crosses He figureth and portrayeth us to His own image, cutting away pieces of our ill and corruption. Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound, Lord do anything that may perfect Thy Father's image in us, and make us meet for glory.

Pray for me (I forget not you) that our Lord would be pleased to lend me houferoom to preach His righteousness, and tell what I have heard and seen of Him. Forget not Zion that is now in Christ's caums,* and in His forge. God bring her out new work. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ABERDEEN, Jan. 4, 1638.

S. R.

CCLXXXIII.—*To his Reverent and Respected Friend, THOMAS MACCULLOCH of Nether Ardwell.* [See "Ardwell" in notice at Letter 101.]

[This letter is given from the "*Christian Instructor*" for January 1839, furnished by one who had the MS. Why Rutherford calls his correspondent "reverent," we do not know. It seems to mean "REVERED."]†

(*EARNEST CALL TO DILIGENCE—CIRCUMSPECT WALKING.*)



EVERENT AND MUCH RESPECTED,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I long to hear how your soul prospereth, and I expected you would have written

* Mould for casting bullets, or the like.

† The contributor who furnishes this letter to the "*Christian Instructor*" says, "The *paper* is small and dingy, and the mode of *folding* is not exactly in modern style. But the *wax* and the *impreffion* on it are entire."

to me. My earnest desire to you is, that you would seek the Lord and His face. I know that you are not ignorant that your daylight is going fast away, and your sun declining. I beseech you by the mercies of God, and by the wounds of your redeeming Lord, and your dreadful compearance before the awefome Judge of quick and dead, make your account clear and plain with your Judge and Lord, while ye have fair daylight, for your night is coming on. Therefore, I pray you, judge more of the worth of your soul, and know that if you are in Christ, and secure your own soul, you are blessed for ever. Few, few, yea very few, are saved. Grace is not casten down at every man's door; therefore speed yourself and others upon seeking Christ and salvation; and learn to overcome, in the bitterness of your soul, your sins in time. It is not easy to take heaven, as the word saith, "by violence." Keep your tongue from cursing and swearing; refrain from wrath and malice; forgive all men for Christ's sake, as you would have your Lord forgive you. I pray you, seeing your time is short, make speed in your journey to heaven, that you may secure a lodging to your soul against night.

Remember my love to your wife, William your son, and the rest of your children.

Grace be with you.

Yours, at all hours, in Christ.

S. R.

ABERDEEN, Jan. 5, 1638.

CCLXXXIV.—*To the Honourable, Reverend, and Well-beloved Professors of Christ and His truth in sincerity, in Ireland.*

[At the date of this letter the Presbyterian Church of Ireland was in a very depressed condition. In 1634, Robert Blair, with some other ministers, were deposed for non-conformity; in the autumn of 1636 five more were dealt with in the same manner, for the same cause; and all of them were ultimately forced to leave the country. The Presbyterians in Ireland were thus left to a great extent destitute of the ministry of the Word, which had

been so eminently blessed of God. This letter was intended to confirm them in their adherence to the cause for which their ministers and themselves were suffering.]

(THE WAY TO HEAVEN OFTIMES THROUGH PERSECUTION—CHRIST'S WORTH—MAKING SURE OUR PROFESSION—SELF-DENIAL—NO COMPROMISE—TESTS OF SINCERITY—HIS OWN DESIRE FOR CHRIST'S GLORY.)



EARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD, AND PARTAKERS OF THE HEAVENLY CALLING,—
Grace, mercy, and peace be to you, and from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

I always, but most of all now in my bonds (most sweet bonds for Christ my Lord), rejoice to hear of your faith and love, and to hear that our King, our Well-beloved, our Bridegroom, without tiring, stayeth still to woo you as His wife; and that persecutions, and mockings of sinners, have not chafed away the Wooer from the house. I persuade you in the Lord, that the men of God, now scattered and driven from you, put you upon the right scent and pursuit of Christ: and, my salvation on it (if ten heavens were mine), if this way, this way that I now suffer for, this way that the world nicknameth and reproacheth, and no other way, be not the King's gate* to heaven! And I shall never see God's face (and, alas, I were a beguiled wretch if it were so!) if this be not the only saving way to heaven. Oh that you would take a prisoner of Christ's word for it (nay, I know you have the greatest King's word for it), that it shall not be your wisdom to speer† out another Christ, or another way of worshipping Him, than is now savingly revealed to you. Therefore, though I never saw your faces, let me be pardoned to write to you (ye honourable persons, ye faithful pastors, yet amongst the flocks, and ye sincere professors of Christ's truth, or any weak, tired strayers who cast but half an eye after the Bridegroom), if possibly I could, by any weak experience,

* Way, road.

† Ask out by repeated inquiries.

confirm and strengthen you in this good way, everywhere spoken against.

I can with the greatest assurance (to the honour of our highest, and greatest, and dearest Lord, let it be spoken!) assert (though I be but a child in Christ, and scarce able to walk but by a hold, and the meanest, and less than the least of saints), that we do not come nigh, by twenty degrees, to the due love and estimation of that fairest among the sons of men. For if it were possible that heaven, yea, ten heavens, were laid in the balance with Christ, I would think the smell of His breath above them all. Sure I am that He is the far best half of heaven, yea, He is all heaven, and more than all heaven; and my testimony of Him is, that ten lives of black sorrow, ten deaths, ten hells of pain, ten furnaces of brimstone, and all exquisite torments, were all too little for Christ, if our suffering could be a hire to buy Him. And, therefore, faint not in your sufferings and hazards for Him. I proclaim and cry, hell, sorrow, and shame upon all lusts, upon all by-lovers, that would take Christ's room over His head,* in this little inch of love of these narrow souls of ours, that is due to sweetest Jesus. O highest, O fairest, O dearest Lord Jesus, take Thine own from all bastard lovers. Oh that we could wadset† and sell all our part of time's glory, and time's good things, for a lease and tack‡ of Christ for all eternity! Oh how are we misted§ and mired with the love of things that are on this side of time, and on this side of death's water! Where can we find a match to Christ, or an equal, or a better than He, among created things? Oh this world is out of all conceit, and all love, with our Well-beloved. 'Oh that I could sell my laughter, joy, ease, and all for Him; and be content with a straw bed, and bread by weight, and water by measure, in the camp of our weeping Christ! I know that His sackcloth and ashes are better than the fool's laughter, which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. But, alas! we do not harden our faces against the cold north storms

* Put Him out by giving larger sum for the house than the occupier gives.

† Alienate by mortgage. ‡ Possession by lease. § Enveloped in mist.

which blow upon Christ's fair face. We love well summer religion, and to be that which sin has made us, even as thin-skinned as if we were made of white paper; and would fain be carried to heaven in a close-covered chariot, wishing from our hearts that Christ would give us surety, and His handwrite, and His seal, or nothing but a fair summer until we be landed in at heaven's gates!

How many of us have been here deceived, and have fainted in the day of trial! Amongst you there are some of this stamp. I shall be sorry if my acquaintance A. T. hath left you: I will not believe that he dare to stay away from Christ's side. I desire that ye shew him this from me; for I loved him once in Christ, neither can I change my mind suddenly of him. But the truth is, that many of you, and too many also of your neighbour Church of Scotland, have been like a tenant that sitteth mail-free* and knoweth not His holding† whilst‡ his rights be questioned. And now I am persuaded, that it will be asked at every one of us, on what terms we brook § Christ; for we have sitten long mail-free. We found Christ without a wet foot; and He and His Gospel came upon small charges to our doors: but now we must wet our feet to seek Him. Our evil manners, and the bad fashions of a people at ease from our youth, and like Moab not casten from vessel to vessel, || have made us (like the standing waters), to gather a foul scum, and, when we are jumbled, our dregs come up, and are seen. Many take but half a grip ¶ of Christ, and the wind bloweth them and Christ afunder. Indeed, when the mast is broken and blown into the sea, it is an art ** then to swim upon Christ to dry land. It is even possible that the children of God, in a hard trial, lay themselves down as hidden in the lee-side of a bush whilst Christ their Master be taken, as Peter did; and lurk there, whilst the storm be over-past. All of us know the way to a whole skin, and the finglest heart that is hath a by-purse that will contain the

* Rent-free.

† Tenure.

‡ Till.

§ Enjoy, possess.

|| Jer. xlviii. 11.

¶ Firm hold.

** It requires skill.

denial of Christ, and a fearful backsliding. Oh, how rare a thing it is to be loyal and honest to Christ, when He hath a controversy with the shields of the earth! I wish all of you would consider, that this trial is from Christ; it is come upon you unbought. (Indeed, when we buy a temptation with our own money, no marvel that we be not easily free of it, and that God be not at our elbow to take it off our hand.) This is Christ's ordinary house fire, that He maketh use of to try all the vessels of His house withal. And Christ is now about to bring His treasure out before sun and moon, and to tell His money, and, in the telling, to try what weight of gold, and what weight of watered* copper, is in His house. Do not now jouk,† or bow, or yield to your adversaries in a hair-breadth. Christ and His truth will not divide; and His truth hath not latitude and breadth, that ye may take some of it and leave other some of it. Nay, the Gospel is like a small hair, that hath no breadth, and will not cleave in two. It is not possible to twist‡ and compound a matter betwixt Christ and Antichrist; and, therefore, ye must either be for Christ, or ye must be against Him. It was but man's wit, and the wit of prelates and their godfather the Pope (that "*man without law*"§), to put Christ and His prerogatives royal, and His truth, or the smallest nail-breadth of His latter will, in the new calender of indifferencies, and to make a blank of uninked paper in Christ's testament; that men may fill up, and to shuffle the truth, and matters which they call indifferent, through other,|| and spin both together, that Antichrist's wares may sell the better. This is but the device and forged dream of men whose consciences are made of stoutness, and who have a throat that a graven image, greater than the bounds of the kirk-door, would get free passage into. I am sure that when Christ shall bring us all out in our blacks and whites,¶ at that day when He shall cry down

* Plated with silver or gold.

† Bend to evade a stroke.

‡ Twist into one rope.

§ Alluding to 2 Thess. ii. 8. "*ὁ ἄνομος*," that Lawless one.

|| Mixing the one with the other.

¶ Good deeds and evil.

time and the world, and when the glory of it shall lie in white ashes, like a May-flower cut down and which hath lost the blossom, there shall be few, yea none, that dare make any point, which toucheth the worship and honour of our King and Lawgiver, to be indifferent. Oh that this misled and blindfolded world would see that Christ doth not rise and fall, stand or lie, by men's apprehensions! What is Christ the lighter, that men do with Him, by open proclamation, as men do with clipped and light money? They are now crying down Christ some grain-weights, and some pounds or shillings; and they will have Him lie* for a penny or a pound, for one or for a hundred, according as the wind bloweth from the east or from the west. But the Lord hath weighed Him, and balanced Him already: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him!" His worth and His weight stand still. It is our part to cry, "Up, up with Christ, and down, down with all created glory before Him." Oh that I could heighten Him, and heighten His name, and heighten His throne! I know, and am persuaded, that Christ shall again be high and great in this poor, withered, and sun-burnt Kirk of Scotland; and that the sparks of our fire shall fly over the sea, and round about, to warm you and other sister Churches; and that this tabernacle of David's house, that is fallen, even the Son of David's waste places, shall be built again. And I know the prison, crosses, persecutions, and trials of the two slain witnesses, that are now dead and buried,† and of the faithful professors, have a back-door and back-entry of escape; and that death and hell, and the world, and the tortures, shall all cleave and split in twain, and give us free passage and liberty to go through toll-free: and we shall bring all God's good metal out of the furnace again, and leave behind us but our dross and our scum. We may then beforehand proclaim Christ to be victorious. He is crowned King of Mount Zion: God did put the crown upon His head,‡ and who dare take it off again? Out of

* Stand for. † Rev. xi. 9, a mistake in the allusion, though unimportant.

‡ Ps. ii. 6, and xxi. 3.

question, He hath fore and grievous quarrels against His Church : and therefore He is called, “ He whose fire is in Zion, and whose furnace is in Jerufalem.”* But when He hath performed His work on Mount Zion, all Zion’s haters shall be as the hungry and thirsty man, that dreameth he is eating and drinking, and behold, when he awakeneth, he is faint, and his soul empty. And this advantage we have also, that He will not bring before sun and moon all the infirmities of His wife. It is the modesty of marriage-anger or husband-wrath, that our sweet Lord Jesus will not come with chiding to the streets, to let all the world hear what is betwixt Him and us. His sweet glooms† stay under roof, and that because He is God.

Two special things ye are to mind : 1. Try and make sure your profession ; that ye carry not empty lamps. Alas ! security, security is the bane and the wrack‡ of the most part of the world. Oh, how many professors go with a golden lustre, and are gold-like before men (who are but witnesses to our white skin), and yet are but bastard and base metal ! Consider how fair before the wind some do ply with up-sails and white, even to the nick§ of “ illumination,” and “ tasting of the heavenly gift ;” and “ a share and part of the Holy Ghost ;” and “ the tasting of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come.”|| And yet this is but a false nick of renovation, and, in a short time, such are quickly broken upon the rocks, and never fetch the harbour, but are fanded¶ in the bottom of hell. Oh, make your haven sure, and try how ye come by conversion ; that it be not stolen goods, in a white and well-lustred profession ! A white skin over old wounds maketh an under-coating** conscience. False under-water,†† not seen, is dangerous, and that is a leak and rift‡‡ in the bottom of an enlightened conscience ; often falling and sinning against light. Wo, wo is me that the holy profession of Christ is made a stage garment by many,

* Isa. xxxi. 9.

† Frowns.

‡ Destruction.

§ Point, degree.

|| Heb. vi. 4, 5.

¶ See note, Let. 217.

** Feistering under the skin that covers the wound.

†† Bilge-water.

‡‡ Rent.

to bring home a vain fame, and Christ is made to serve men's ends ! This is, as it were, to stop an oven with a king's robes.

Know, 2. Except men martyr and slay the body of sin in fancified self-denial, they shall never be Christ's martyrs and faithful witnesses. Oh, if I could be master of that house-idol, myself, my own mind, my own will, wit, credit, and ease, how blessed were I ! Oh, but we have need to be redeemed from ourselves, rather than from the devil and the world ! Learn to put out yourselves, and to put in Christ for yourselves. It would make a sweet bartering and nifferring, and give old for new, if I could shuffle out self, and substitute Christ my Lord, in place of myself ; to say, " Not I, but Christ ; not my will, but Christ's ; not my ease, not my lust, not my feckless credit, but Christ, Christ." But, alas ! in leaving ourselves, in setting Christ before our idol, self, we have yet a glaiked* back-look to our old idol. O wretched idol, myself ! when shall I see thee wholly decourted,† and Christ wholly put in thy room ? Oh, if Christ, Christ had the full place and room of myself, that all my aims, purposes, thoughts, and desires would coast and land upon Christ, and not upon myself ! And, howbeit we cannot attain to this denial of me and mine, that we can say, " I am not myself, myself is not myself, mine own is no longer mine own," yet our aiming at this in all we do shall be accepted : for alas ! I think I shall die but minting‡ and aiming to be a Christian. Is it not our comfort, that Christ, the Mediator of the New Covenant, is come betwixt us and God in the business, so that green and young heirs, the like§ of sinners, have now a Tutor that is God ! And now, God be thanked, our salvation is bottomed on Christ. Sure I am, the bottom shall never fall out of heaven and happiness to us. I would give over the bargain a thousand times, were it not that Christ's free grace hath taken our salvation in hand.

Pray, pray and contend with the Lord, for your sister-Church ; for it would appear that the Lord is about to speer|| for His scat-

* Giddy and foolish, light-headed.

† Making an effort.

‡ Discarded, put out of court.

§ Such as.

|| Inquire after.

tered sheep, in the dark and cloudy day. Oh that it would please our Lord to set up again David's old wasted and fallen tabernacle in Scotland, that we might see the glory of the second temple in this land ! Oh that my little heaven were wadset,* to redeem the honour of my Lord Jesus among the Jews and Gentiles ! Let never dew lie upon my branches, and let my poor flower wither at the root, so that Christ were enthroned, and His glory advanced in all the world, and especially in these three kingdoms. But I know that He hath no need of me ; what can I add to Him ? But oh that He would cause His high and pure glory to run through such a foul channel as I am ! And, howbeit He hath caused the blossom to fall off my one poor joy, that was on this side of heaven, even my liberty to preach Christ to His people, yet I am dead to that now, so that He would hew and carve glory, glory for evermore, to my royal King out of my silence and sufferings. Oh that I had my fill of His love ! But I know ill-manners make an unco† and strange bridegroom.

I entreat you earnestly for the aid of your prayers, for I forget not you ; and I salute, with my soul in Christ, the faithful pastors, and honourable and worthy professors in that land. Now the God of peace, that brought again our Lord Jesus from the dead, the great Shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweetest Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *Feb. 4, 1638.*

* Alienated by mortgage.

† Explained by the next term.



CCLXXXV.—To ROBERT GORDON of Knockbren.

(NOT THE CROSS, BUT CHRIST THE OBJECT OF ATTRACTION—
TOO LITTLE EXPECTED FROM HIM—SPIRITUAL DEAD-
NESS.)



MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you.—I thought to have answered your two letters on this occasion, though I cannot say all that I would. Your timeous* word, “not to delight in the cross, but in Him who sweeteneth it,” came to me in due time. I find the consolation and off-fallings† that follow the cross of Christ so sweet, that I almost forget myself. My desire and purpose is, when Christ’s honeycombs drop, neither to refuse to receive and feed upon His comforts, nor yet to make joy my bastard-god, or my new-found heaven. But what shall I say? Christ very often in His sweet comforts cometh unsent for, and it were a sin to close the door upon Him. It is not unlawful to love and delight in Christ’s apples, when I am not dotingly wooing, nor eagerly begging kisses; but when they come clean from the timber‡ (like kindness itself, that cometh of its own accord), then I cannot but laugh upon Him who laugheth upon me. If joy and comforts come single and alone, without Christ Himself, I think I would send them back again the gate§ they came, and not make them welcome; but, when the King’s train cometh, and the King in the midst of the company, oh how I am overjoyed with floods of love! I fear not that too great spaits|| of love wash away the growing corn, and loose my plants at the roots. Christ doeth no skaith,¶ where He cometh; but certainly, I would wish such spiritual wisdom, as to love the Bridegroom better than His gifts, His propines,** or drink-money. I would be further in upon Christ than at His joys. They but stand in the

* Early and seasonable.

† The droppings.

‡ Perhaps, tree?

§ The way.

|| Floods deluging the land.

¶ Harm.

** Gifts.

outer side of Christ; I would wish to be in, as a seal upon His heart, in where His love and mercy lodgeth, beside His heart. My Well-beloved hath ravished me; but it is done with consent of both parties, and it is allowable enough. But, my dear brother, ere I part with this subject, I must tell you (that ye may lift up my King in praises with me), Christ hath been keeping something these fourteen years for me, that I have now gotten in my heavy days that I am in for His name's sake, even an opened coffer of perfumed comforts, and fresh joys, coming new, and green, and powerful, from the fairest face of Christ my Lord. Let the four law, let crosses, let hell be cried down; love, love hath shamed me from my old ways. Whether I have a race to run, or some work to do, I see not; but I think Christ seemeth to leave heaven (to say so), and His court, and come down to laugh, and play, and sport with a daft* bairn.

I am not thus plain with many I write to. It is possible I be misconstrued,† and deemed to seek a name. But my witness above knoweth that I seek to have a good name raised upon Christ. I observe it to be our folly, to seek little from Christ, because our four-hours‡ may not be our supper, nor our propines§ sent by the Bridegroom our tocher-good,|| nor our earnest our principal sum. But I trow that few of us know how much may be had of Christ for a four-hours, and a propine, and an earnest. We are like the young heir, who knoweth not the whole bounds of his own lordship. Certainly it is more than my part to say, "O sweetest Lord Jesus, what howbeit I were split and broken into five thousand shreds or bits of clay, so being that every shred had a heart to love Thee, and every one as many tongues as there are in heaven to sing praises to Thee, before men and angels for evermore!" Therefore, if my sufferings cry goodness, and praise, and honour upon Christ, my stipend is well paid. Each one knoweth not what a life Christ's love is. Scaur¶ not at suffering for Christ; for Christ hath a chair, and a cushion, and sweet peace for a sufferer. Christ's

* Foolish.

† Misconstrued.

‡ The afternoon meal.

§ Presents.

|| Marriage dowry.

¶ Boggle.

trencher from the first meſs of the high table is for a ſinful witneſs. Oh, then, brother, who but Chriſt! who but Chriſt! Hold your tongue off lovers, where He cometh out. O all fleſh, O duſt and aſhes, O angels, O glorified ſpirits, O all the ſhields of the world, be ſilent before Him! Come hither, and behold our Bridegroom; ſtand ſtill and wonder for evermore at Him! Why ceaſe we to love and wonder, to kiſs and adore Him? It is a hard matter, that days lie betwixt Him and me, and hold us aſunder. Oh, how long, how long! Oh, how many miles are there to my Bridegroom's dwelling-houſe! It is a pain to triſt* Chriſt's love any longer, But, it may be that a drunken man loſe his feet, and miſs a ſtep. Ye write to me "Hall-binks† are ſlippery." I do not think my dawt-ing‡ world will ſtill§ laſt, and that feaſts will be my ordinary food. I would have humility, patience, and faith to ſet down both my feet, when I come to the north ſide of the cold and thorny hill. It is ill my common|| to be ſwee¶ to go an errand for Chriſt, and to take the wind upon my face for Him. Lord, let me never be a falſe witneſs, to deny that I ſaw Chriſt take the pen in His hand, and ſubſcribe my writes.**

My dear brother, ye complain to me that ye cannot hold fight of me. But were I a footman, I would go at leiſure; but ſometimes the King taketh me into His coach, and draweth me, and then I outrun myſelf. But, alas! I am ſtill a forlorn tranſgreſſor. Oh how unthankful! I will not put you off your ſenſe of darkneſs; but let me ſay this, "Who gave you proctor-fee,†† to ſpeak for the law, which can ſpeak for itſelf better than ye can do?" I would not have you to bring your dittay‡‡ in your own boſom with you to

* Poſtponer the enjoyment of.

† The "hall houſe," or "ha' houſe," is the manſion-houſe; and *binks* are ſeats or benches therein, *q. d.*, places of diſtinction.

‡ That fondles me.

§ Always.

|| Ill becomes me who am under obligation to Him.

¶ Reluctant.

** Writes; deeds in law.

†† *Procurator*, a perſon employed in a court of law to manage another's cauſe. The "fee" is paid when the ſuit is ended.

‡‡ Indiſtment.

Christ. Let the "old man" and the "new man" be summoned before Christ's white throne, and let them be confronted before Christ, and let each of them speak for themselves. I hope, howbeit the new man complain of his lying among pots, which maketh the believer look black, yet he can also say, "I am comely as the tents of Kedar." Ye shall not have my advice not to bemoan your deadness; but I find by some experience (which ye knew before I knew Christ), that it suiteth not a ransomed man, of Christ's buying, to go and plea for the four law, our old forcasten* husband; for we are not now under the law (as a covenant), but under grace. Ye are in no man's common,† but Christ's. I know that He bemoaneth you more than you do yourself. I say this, because I am wearied of complaining. I thought it had been humility to imagine that Christ was angry with me, both because of my dumb Sabbaths, and my hard heart; but I feel now nothing but aching wounds. My grief, whether I will or not, swelleth upon me. But let us die in grace's hall-floor, pleading before Christ. I deny nothing that the Mediator will challenge me of; but I turn it all back upon Himself. Let Him look His own old accounts, if He be angry; for He will get no more of me. When Christ saith, "I want repentance," I meet Him with this: "True, Lord, but Thou art made a King and a Prince to give me repentance."‡ When Christ bindeth a challenge upon us, we must bind a promise back upon Him. Be wo,§ and lay yourself in the dust before God (which is suitable), but withal let Christ take the payment in His own hand, and pay Himself off the first end of His own merits; else He will come behind for anything that we can do. I am every way in your case, as hard-hearted and dead as any man; but yet I speak to Christ through my sleep. Let us then proclaim a free market for Christ, and swear ourselves bare,|| and cry on Him to come without money and buy us, and take us home to our Ransom-payer's fireside, and

* Cast off.

† Under obligation to no one.

‡ Acts v. 31.

§ Be grieved.

|| Take the bankrupt's oath, that we are worth nothing in the world.

let us be Christ's free-boarders. Because we dow* not pay the old, we may not refuse to take on Christ's new debt of mercy; let us do our best, Christ will still be behind with us,† and many terms will run together. For my part, let me stand for evermore in His book, as a forlorn‡ dyvour. I must desire to be thus far in His common§ of new, as to kifs His feet. I know not how to win to a heartsome|| fill and feast of Christ's love; for I dow neither buy, nor beg, nor borrow, and yet I cannot want it. I dow not want it! Oh, if I could praise Him! yea I would rest content with a heart submissive and dying of love for Him. And, howbeit I never win personally in at heaven's gates, oh, would to God I could fend in my praises to my incomparable Well-beloved, or cast my love-songs of that matchless Lord Jesus over the walls, that they might light in His lap, before men and angels!

Now, grace, grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife and daughter, and brother John.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ABERDEEN, *June 11, 1638.*

CCLXXXVI.—*To the Parishioners of Kilmalcolm.* ¶

(SPIRITUAL SLOTH—ADVICE TO BEGINNERS—A DEAD MINISTRY—LANGUOR—OBEDIENCE—WANT OF CHRIST'S FELT PRESENCE—ASSURANCE IMPORTANT—PRAYER-MEETINGS.)



ORTHY, AND WELL-BELOVED IN CHRIST
JESUS OUR LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be
to you.—Your letters could not come to my hand in a

* Are not able.

† Will not have got from us all He claims.

‡ Lost, ruined debtor.

§ Under obligation.

|| Cordial.

¶ Kilmalcolm is a rural parish in Renfrewshire, and one of the most sequestered in Scotland. Though for more than a century it has lain under the shadow of death, yet it was once a favoured vineyard. Shortly after the Reformation, Knox dispensed the communion there when on a visit to Lord

greater throng of businefs than I am now preffed with at this time, when our kirk requireth the public help of us all. Yet I cannot but answer the heads of both your letters, with provifion that ye choofe, after this, a fitter time for writing. 1. I would not have you to pitch upon me, as the man able by letters to answer doubts of this kind, while there are in your bounds men of fuch great parts, moft able for this work. I know that the beft are unable; yet it pleafeth that Spirit of Jefus to blow His fweet wind through a piece of dry ftick, that the empty reed may keep no glory to itfelf. But a minifter can make no fuch wind as this to blow; he is fcarce able to lend it a paffage to blow through Him. 2. Know that the wind of this Spirit hath a time when it bloweth fharp, and pierceth fo ftrongly, that it would blow through an iron door; and this is commonly rather under fuffering for Chrift than at any other time. Sick children get of Chrift's pleafant things, to play them withal, becaufe Jefus is moft tender of the fufferer, for He was a fufferer Himfelf. Oh, if I had but the leavings and the drawing of the bye-board* of a fufferer's table! But I leave this to answer yours.

I. Ye write, that God's vows are lying on you; and fecurity, ftrong and fib† to nature, ftealing on you who are weak. I answer, —I. Till we be in heaven, the beft have heavy heads, as is evident. Cant. v. 1; Ps. xxx. 6; Job xxix. 18; Matt. xxvi. 33. Nature is a fluggard, and loveth not the labour of religion; therefore, reft fould not be taken, till we know that the difeafe is over, and in the way of turning, and that it is like a fever paff the cool. And the quietnefs and the calms of the faith of victory over corruption fould be entertained, in the place of fecurity; fo that if I

Glencairn, who refided within its bounds. In the days of the Covenant, Porterfield of Duchal, another heritor, expofed himfelf to much lofs in maintaining the caufe of truth. And, as is evident from Rutherford's letter, the number of thofe who feared the Lord, and thought upon His name, muft have been confiderable. There is no trace of them, fo far as we know, either in local tradition or their lineal defcendants. "Their life was hid," but their names are in "the Lamb's Book of Life."

* Side-table.

† Akin to.

sleep, I should desire to sleep faith's sleep in Christ's bosom. 2. Know, also, that none who sleep sound can seriously complain of sleepiness. Sorrow for a slumbering soul is a token of some watchfulness of spirit. But this is soon turned into wantonness, as grace in us too often is abused; therefore, our waking must be watched over, else sleep will even grow out of watching, and there is as much need to watch over grace as to watch over sin. Full men will soon sleep, and sooner than hungry men. 3. For your weakness to keep off security, that like a thief stealeth upon you, I would say two things:—(1.) To “want complaints of weakness” is for heaven, and angels that never sinned, not for Christians in Christ's camp on earth. I think that our weakness maketh us the Church of the redeemed ones, and Christ's field that the Mediator should labour in. If there were no diseases on earth, there need be no physicians on earth. If Christ had cried down weakness, He might have cried down His own calling; but weakness is our Mediator's world; sin is Christ's only, only fair and market. No man should rejoice at weakness and diseases; but I think that we may have a sort of gladness at boils and sores, because, without them, Christ's fingers (as a slain Lord) would never have touched our skin. I dare not thank myself, but I dare thank God's depth of wise providence, that I have an errand in me while I live, for Christ to come and visit me, and bring with Him His drugs and His balm. Oh, how sweet is it for a sinner to put his weakness into Christ's strengthening hand, and to father a sick soul upon such a Physician, and to lay weakness before Him to weep upon Him, and to plead and pray! Weakness can speak and cry, when we have not a tongue. “And when I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live.”* The kirk could not speak one word to Christ then: but blood and guiltiness out of measure spake, and drew out of Christ pity, and a word of life and love. (2.) As for weakness, we have it that we may employ Christ's strength because of our weakness. Weakness is to make us the

* Ezek. xvi. 6.

strongest things ; that is, when, having no strength of our own, we are carried upon Christ's shoulders, and walk as it were upon His legs. If our sinful weakness swell up to the clouds, Christ's strength will swell up to the sun, and far above the heaven of heavens.

II. Ye tell me, that there is need of counsel for strengthening of new beginners. I can say little to that, who am not well begun myself : but I know that honest beginnings are nourished by Him, even by lovely Jesus, who never yet put out a poor man's dim candle that is wrestling betwixt light and darkness. I am sure, that if new beginners would urge themselves upon Christ, and press their souls upon Him, and importune Him for a draught of His sweet love, they could not come wrong to Christ. Come once in upon the right nick* and step of His lovely love, and I defy you to get free of Him again. If any beginners fall off Christ again, and miss Him, they never lighted upon Christ as Christ : it was but an idol, like Jesus, which they took for Him.

III. Whereas ye complain of a dead ministry in your bounds ; ye are to remember that the Bible among you is the contract of marriage ; and the manner of Christ's conveying His love to your heart is not so absolutely dependent upon even lively preaching, as that there is no conversion at all, no life of God, but that which is tied to a man's lips. The daughters of Jerusalem have done often that which the watchman could not do. Make Christ your minister. He can woo a soul at a dykeside in the field. He needeth not us, howbeit the flock be obliged to seek Him in the shepherds' tents. Hunger, of Christ's making, may thrive even under stewards who mind not the feeding of the flock. O blessed soul, that can leap over a man, and look above a pulpit up to Christ, who can preach home to the heart, howbeit we were all dead and rotten.

IV. So to complain of yourselves, as to justify God, is right ; providing ye justify His Spirit in yourselves. For men seldom advocate against Satan's work and sin in themselves, but against God's work in themselves. Some of the people of God slander

God's grace in their souls ; as some wretches used to do, who complain and murmur of want ("I have nothing," say they ; "all is gone, the ground yieldeth but weeds and windlestraws"*), when-as their fat harvest, and their money in bank, maketh them liars. But for myself, alas ! I think it is not my sin ; I have scarce wit to sin this sin. But I advise you to speak good of Christ, for His beauty and sweetness, and speak good of Him for His grace to yourselves.

V. Light remaineth, ye say, but ye cannot attain to painfulness. See if this complaint be not booked in the New Testament ; and the place is like this, "'To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I know not."† But every one hath not Paul's spirit in complaining : for often, in us, complaining is but an humble backbiting and traducing of Christ's new work in the soul. But for the matter of the complaint ; I would say, that the light of glory is perfectly obeyed in loving, and praising, and rejoicing, and resting in a seen and known Lord ; but that light is not hereaway‡ in any clay body. For while we are here, light is (in the most) broader and longer than our narrow and feckless§ obedience. But if there be light, with a fair train and a great back (I mean, armies of challenging thoughts, and sorrow for coming short of performance in what we know and see ought to be performed), then that sorrow for not doing is accepted of our Lord for doing. Our honest sorrow and sincere aims, together with Christ's intercession, pleading that God would welcome that which we have, and forgive what we have not, must be our life, till we be over the bound-road,|| and in the other country, where the law will get a perfect soul.

VI. In Christ's absence, there is, as ye write, a willingness to use means, but heaviness after the use of them, because of formal and slight performance. In Christ's absence, I confess, the work lieth behind. But if ye mean absence of comfort, and absence of sense of His sweet presence, I think that absence is Christ's trying of us, not simply our sin against Him. Therefore, howbeit our

* Withered stalks of grafs.

† Rom. vii. 18.

‡ In this present state of things.

§ Worthless.

|| Boundary.

obedience be not sugared and sweetened with joy (which is the sweetmeat bairns would still be at), yet the less sense, and the more willingness in obeying, the less formality in our obedience. Howbeit we think not so; for I believe that many think obedience formal and lifeless, except the wind be fair in the west, and sails filled with joy and sense, till souls, like a ship fair before the wind, can spread no more sail. But I am not of their mind, who think so. But if ye mean, by absence of Christ, the withdrawing of His working grace, I see not how willingness to use means can be at all, under such an absence. Therefore, be humbled for heaviness in that obedience, and thankful for willingness; for the Bridegroom is busking* His spouse oftentimes, while she is half sleeping; and your Lord is working and helping more than ye see. Also, I recommend to you heaviness for formality, and for lifeless deadness in obedience. Be casten down,† as much as ye will or can, for deadness; and challenge that dull and slow carcase of sin, that will neither lead nor drive, in your spiritual obedience. Oh, how sweet to lovely Jesus are bills and grievances, given in against corruption and the body of sin! I would have Christ, in such a case, fashed‡ (if I may speak so), and deaved§ with our cries, as ye see the Apostle doeth, “Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”|| Protestations against the law of sin in you are law-grounds why sin can have no law against you. Seek to have your protestation discussed and judged, and then shall ye find Christ on your side of it.

VII. Ye hold, that Christ must either have hearty service, or no service at all. If ye mean that He will not have half¶ a heart, or have feigned service, such as the hypocrites give Him, I grant you that; Christ must have honesty or nothing. But if ye mean, He will have no service at all where the heart draweth back in any measure, I would not that were true for my part of heaven, and all that I am worth in the world. If ye mind to walk to heaven without a cramp or a crook,** I fear that ye must go your

* Decking. † Saddened. ‡ Troubled with your importunity. § Deafened.

|| Rom. vii. 24. ¶ Some editions spell it “Halve.” ** Halting of any kind.

lone.* He knoweth our drofs and defects ; and fweet Jefus pitieth us, when weaknefs and deadnefs in our obedience is our crofs, and not our darling.

VIII. The Liar, as ye write, challengeth the work as formal ; yet ye blefs your Cautioner† for the ground-work He hath laid, and dare not fay but ye have affurance in fome meafure. To this I fay : 1. It fhall be no fault to fave Satan's labour, and challenge it yourfelves,‡ or at leaft examine and cenfure ; but beware of Satan's ends in challenging, for he mindeth to put Chrift and you at odds. 2. Welcome home faith in Jefus, who wafheth ftill, when we have defiled our fouls and made ourfelves loathfome ; and feek ftill the blood of atonement for faults little or meikle.§ Know the gate|| to the well, and lie about it. 3. Make meikle of affurance, for it keepeth your anchor fixed.

IX. Outbreakings, ye fay, difcourage you, fo that ye know not if ever ye fhall win again to fuch overjoying confolations of the Spirit in this life, as formerly ye had ; and, therefore, a queftion may be, If, after affurance and mortification, the children of God be ordinarily fed with fenfe and joy ? I anfwer : I fee no inconvenience to think it is enough, in a race, to fee the goal at the ftarting-place, howbeit the runners never get a view of it till they come to the rink's|| end ; and that our wife Lord thinketh it fitteft that we fhould not always be fingering and playing with Chrift's apples. Our Well-beloved, I know, will fport and play with His bride, as much as He thinketh will allure her to the rink's¶ end. Yet I judge it not unlawful to feek renewed confolations, providing, 1. The heart be fubmiffive, and content to leave the meafure and timing of them to Him. 2. Providing they be fought to excite us to praife, and ftrengthen our affurance, and sharpen our defires after Himfelf. 3. Let them be fought, not for our humours or swellings of nature, but as the earneft of heaven. And I think many do attain to greater confolations after mortification, than ever they had

* By yourfelves.

† Surety. The " Liar " is Satan.

‡ To anticipate Satan by jealoufly fearching into it yourfelves.

§ Much. || The way. ¶ The courfe, or ring, of the race.

formerly. But I know that our Lord walketh here still by a sovereign latitude, and keepeth not the same way, as to one hair-breadth, without a miss, toward all His children. As for the Lord's people with you, I am not the man fit to speak to them. I rejoice exceedingly that Christ is engaging souls amongst you ; but I know that, in conversion, all the winning is in the first buying, as we use to say. For many lay false and bastard foundations, and take up conversion at their foot, and get Christ for as good as half-nothing, and had never a sick night for sin ; and this maketh loose work. I pray you to dig deep. Christ's palace-work, and His new dwelling, laid upon hell felt and feared, is most firm : and heaven, grounded and laid upon such a hell, is surest work, and will not wash away with winter storms. It were good that professors were not like young heirs, that come to their rich estate long ere they come to their wit ; and so is seen on it. The tavern, and the cards, and the harlots steal their riches* from them, ere ever they be aware what they are doing. I know that a Christ bought with strokes is sweetest. 4. I recommend to you conference and prayer at private meetings ; for warrant whereof, see Isa. ii. 3 ; Jer. l. 4, 5 ; Hos. ii. 1, 2 ; Zech. viii. 20-23 ; Mal. iii. 16 ; Luke xxiv. 13-17 ; John xx. 19 ; Acts xii. 12 ; Col. iii. 16, and iv. 6 ; Ephes. iv. 29 ; 1 Pet. iv. 10 ; 1 Thess. v. 14 ; Heb. iii. 13, and x. 25. Many coals make a good fire, and that is a part of the communion of saints.

I must entreat you, and your Christian acquaintance in the parish, to remember me to God in your prayers, and my flock and ministry, and my transportation† and removal from this place, which I fear at this Assembly,‡ and be earnest with God for our mother-

* Some read "ridges," *q. d.*, their acres of land.

† My being transferred to another part of the land.

‡ About this time Rutherford (who, it will be observed from the place whence this letter is dated, was now relieved from confinement at Aberdeen) had received two separate calls, one from Edinburgh, to become one of the city ministers, and the other from St Andrews, to the theological chair in that University. These competing calls were to come before the Assembly, and to this he refers here.

kirk. For want of time, I have put you all in one letter. The rich grace of our Lord Jefus Chrift be with you all.

Yours, in his fweet Lord Jefus,

S. R.

ANWOTH, *Aug. 5, 1639.*

CCLXXXVII.—*To the* VISCOUNTESS OF KENMURE.

(ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD—CHRIST SHARES IN HIS PEOPLE'S SORROWS.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I know that ye are near many comforters, and that the promised Comforter is near at hand alfo. Yet, becaufe I found your Ladyfhip comfortable to myfelf in my fad days, which are not yet over my head, it is my part and more, in many refpects (howbeit I can do little, God knoweth, in that kind), to fpeak to you in your wildernes lot.

I know, dear and noble Lady, that this lofs of your dear child* came upon you, one piece and part of it after another ; and that ye were looking for it, and that now the Almighty hath brought on you that which ye feared ; and that your Lord gave you lawful warning. And I hope that for His fake who brewed and masked† this cup in heaven, ye will gladly drink, and falute and welcome the crofs. I am fure, that it is not your Lord's mind to feed you with judgment and wormwood, and to give you waters of gall to drink.‡ I know that your cup is fugared with mercy ; and that the withering of the bloom, the flower, even the white and red of worldly joys, is for no other end than to buy out at the ground§ the reverfion of your heart and love.

Madam, fubfcribe to the Almighty's will ; put your hand to the pen, and let the crofs of your Lord Jefus have your fubmiffive and

* John, fecond Viscount Kenmure, who died in 1639.

† Infused. ‡ Ezek. xxxiv. 16 ; Jer. ix. 15. § To the very foundation.

resolute AMEN. If ye ask and try whose this crosse is, I dare say that it is not all your own, the best half of it is Christ's. Then your crosse is no born-bastard, but lawfully begotten; it sprang not out of the dust.* If Christ and ye be halvers of this suffering, and He say, "Half mine," what should ail you? And I am sure that I am here right upon the stile of the word of God: "The fellowship of Christ's sufferings;"† "The remnant of the afflictions of Christ;"‡ "The reproach of Christ."§ It were but to shift the comforts off God, to say, "Christ had never such a crosse as mine: He had never a dead child, and so this is not His crosse; neither can He, in that meaning, be the owner of this crosse." But I hope that Christ, when He married you, married you and all the crosses and wo|| hearts that follow you. And the word maketh no exception. "In *all* their afflictions He was afflicted."¶ Then Christ bore the first stroke of this crosse; it rebounded off Him upon you, and ye get it at the second hand, and ye and He are halvers in it. And I shall believe, for my part, that He mindeth to distill heaven out of this loss, and all others the like; for wisdom devised it, and love laid it on, and Christ owneth it as His own, and putteth your shoulder only beneath a piece of it. Take it with joy, as no bastard crosse, but as a visitation of God, well-born; and spend the rest of your appointed time, till your change come, in the work of believing. And let faith, that never yet made a lie to you, speak for God's part of it, "He will not, He doth not, make you a sea or a whale-fish, that He keepeth you in ward."** It may be, that ye think not many of the children of God in such a hard case as yourself; but what would ye think of some, who would exchange afflictions? and give you to the boot? But I know that yours must be your own alone, and Christ's together.

I confess it seemed strange to me, that your Lord should have done that which seemed to ding†† out the bottom of your worldly comforts; but we see not the ground‡‡ of the Almighty's sovereignty.

* Job v. 6. † Phil. iii. 10. ‡ Col. i. 24. § Heb. xi. 26. || Sorrowful.

¶ Isa. lxiii. 9. ** Job vii. 12. †† Violently drive out. ‡‡ Foundation.

“He goeth by* on our right hand, and on our left hand, and we see Him not.” We see but pieces of the broken links of the chains of His providence; and He coggeth† the wheels of His own providence, that we see not. Oh, let the Former work His own clay into what frame He pleaseth! “Shall any teach the Almighty knowledge?” If He pursue the dry stubble, who dare say, “What doest Thou?” Do not wonder to see the Judge of the world weave, into one web, your mercies and the judgments of the house of Kenmure. He can make one web of contraries.

But my weak advice (with reverence and correction), were, for you, dear and worthy Lady, to see how far mortification goeth on, and what scum the Lord's fire casteth out of you. I know that ye see your knottiness,‡ since our Lord whiteth,§ and heweth, and plaineth you. And the glancing|| of the furnace is to let you see what scum or refuse ye must want, and what froth is in nature, that must be boiled out and taken off in the fire of your trials. I do not say that heavier afflictions prophesy heavier guiltiness; a cross is often but a false prophet in this kind. But I am sure that our Lord would have the tin and the bastard metal in you removed, lest the Lord say, “The bellows are burnt, the lead is consumed in the fire, the Founder melteth in vain.”¶ And I shall hope that grief will not so far smother your light, as not to practise this so necessary a duty, to concur with Him in this blessed design.

I would gladly plead for the Comforter's part of it, not against you, Madam (for I am sure ye are not his party**), but against your grief, which will have its own violent incursions in your soul: and I think it be not in your power to help it. But I must say, there are comforts allowed upon you;†† and, therefore, want them not. When ye have gotten a running-over soul with joy now, that joy will never

* Past.

† Puts in the wedge to stop the wheel.

‡ How full of knots you are.

§ Makes you like a stick from which the bark is stripped.

|| He uses “*glancing*” for the brightness of glowing heat, in his sermon on Zech. xiii. 7.

¶ Jer. vi. 29.

** The opposing party. †† An allowance of comforts to spend on you.

be missed out of the infinite ocean of delight, which is not diminished by drinking at it, or drawing out of it. It is a Christian art to comfort yourself in the Lord ; to say, “ I was obliged to render back again this child to the Giver : and if I have had four years’ loan of him, and Christ eternity’s possession of him, the Lord hath kept condition with me. If my Lord would not have him and me to tryst* both in one hour at death’s door-threshold together, it is His wisdom so to do ; I am satisfied. My tryst is suspended, not broken off, nor given up.” Madam, I would that I could divide sorrow with you, for your ease. But I am but a beholder : it is easy to me to speak ; the God of comfort speak to you, and allure you with His feasts of love.

My removal from my flock is so heavy to me, that it maketh my life a burden to me ; I had never such a longing for death. The Lord help and hold up sad clay. I fear that ye sin in drawing Mr William Dalglish from this country, where the labourers are few, and the harvest great.

Madam, desire my Lord Argyle to see for provision to a pastor for his poor people. Grace be with you.

Your Ladyship’s at all obedience in Christ,

KIRKCUDBRIGHT, Oct. 1, 1639.

S. R.

CCLXXXVIII.—*To the persecuted Church in Ireland.*†

(CHRIST’S LEGACY OF TROUBLE—GOD’S DEALINGS WITH SCOTLAND IN GIVING PROSPERITY—CHRIST TAKES HALF OF ALL SUFFERINGS—STEDFASTNESS FOR HIS CROWN—HIS LOVE SHOULD LEAD TO HOLINESS.)



MUCH HONOURED, REVEREND, AND DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you all.—I know that there are many in

* To keep the same appointed time of meeting.

† The National Covenant having been by this time solemnly renewed throughout almost the whole of Scotland, every means was used to prevent

this nation more able than I to speak to the sufferers for, and witnesses of, Jesus Christ; yet pardon me to speak a little to you, who are called in question for the Gospel once committed to you.

I hope that ye are not ignorant that, as peace was left to you in Christ's testament, so the other half of the testament was a legacy of Christ's sufferings. "These things have I spoken, that in Me ye might have peace; in the world ye shall have trouble."* Because, then, ye are made assignees and heirs to a life of Christ's cross, think that fiery trial no strange thing; for the Lord Jesus shall be no loser by purging the dross and tin out of His Church in Ireland. His wine-press is but squeezing out the dregs, the scum, the froth, and refuse of that Church. I had once the proof of the sweet smell, and the honest and honourable peace, of that slandered thing, the cross of our Lord Jesus. But though, alas! these golden days that then I had be now in a great part gone, yet I dare say, that the issue and outgate† of your sufferings shall be the advantage, the

the Presbyterians in Ireland from entering into it. To accomplish this, an oath was imposed in May 1639, known by the name of the *Black Oath*, from the calamities which it occasioned. The oath is as follows:—"I, ———, do faithfully swear, profess, and promise, that I will honour and obey my sovereign Lord, King Charles, and will bear faith and true allegiance unto him, and defend and maintain his royal power and authority; and that I will not bear arms, or do any rebellious or hostile act against his Majesty, King Charles, or protest against any his royal commands, but submit myself in all due obedience thereunto; and that I will not enter into any covenant, oath, or band of mutual defence and assistance against any person whatsoever by force, without his Majesty's sovereign and regal authority. And I do renounce and abjure all covenants, oaths, and bands whatsoever, contrary to what I have herein sworn, professed, and promised. So help me God, in Jesus Christ." All Scottish residents in Ulster, above the age of sixteen, were required to take this oath; and it was imposed equally on women as on men. Great numbers refusing to take it, the highest penalties of the law, short of death, were inflicted on them, and that, too, under circumstances of great cruelty. Such was the condition of the Presbyterians in Ireland at the date of this letter, which was written to comfort them under persecution, and to encourage their steadfastness. (*Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.*)

* John xvi. 33, tribulation.

† Egrefs from.

golden reign and dominion of the Gospel, and the high glory of the never-enough-praised Prince of the kings of the earth; and the changing of the bras of the Lord's temple among you into gold, and the iron into silver, and the wood into bras. Your officers shall yet be peace, and your exactors righteousness.* Your old, fallen walls shall get a new name, and the gates of your Jerusalem shall get a new style. They shall call your walls Salvation, and your gates Praise. I know that Deputy,† prelates, Papists, temporizing lords, and proud mockers of our Lord, crucifiers of Christ for His coat, and all your enemies, have neither fingers nor instruments of war to pick out one stone out of your wall; for each stone of your wall is "Salvation." I dare give you my royal and princely Master's word for it, that Ireland shall be a fair bride to Jesus, and Christ will build on her a palace of silver.‡ Therefore, weep not as if there were no hope; fear not, put on strength, put on your beautiful garments.§ Your foundation shall be sapphires, your windows and gates precious stones.¶ Look over the water, and behold and see who is on the dry land waiting for your landing. Your deliverance is concluded, subscribed, and sealed in heaven. Your goods, that are taken from you for Christ and His truth's sake, are but arrested and laid in pawn, and not taken away. There is much laid up for you in His storehouse, whose the earth and the fulness thereof is. Your garments are spun, and your flocks are feeding in the fields, your bread is laid up for you, your drink is brawn,¶ your gold and silver is at the bank, and the interest goeth on and

* Isa. lx. 17, 18.

† Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was at this time Deputy or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Previous to his appointment to that office, which was in 1632, the Scottish settlers in Ireland were not troubled on account of their non-conformity. After the Black Oath was imposed in this year, he declared that he would prosecute "to the blood" all who refused to take it, and drive them "root and branch" out of the kingdom. His violent and unconstitutional proceedings at length issued in his being arraigned for high treason before the English Parliament, and beheaded on Tower Hill, May 12, 1641, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

‡ Cant. viii. 9.

§ Isa. lii. 1.

¶ Isa. liv. 11, 12.

¶ Brewed.

groweth : and yet I hear that your taskmasters do rob and spoil you, and fine you. Your prisons, my brethren, have two keys. The Deputy, prelates, and officers keep but the iron keys of the prison wherein they put you ; but He that hath created the smith, hath other keys in heaven ; therefore ye shall not die in the prison. Other men's ploughs are labouring for your bread ; your enemies are gathering in your rents. He that is kissing His bride on this side of the sea, in Scotland, is beating her beyond the sea in Ireland, and feeding her with the bread of adversity and the water of affliction ; and yet He is the same Lord to both.

Alas ! I fear that Scotland be undone and slain with this great mercy of reformation, because there is not here that life of religion, answerable to the huge greatness of the work that dazzleth our eyes. For the Lord is rejoicing over us in this land, as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride : and the Lord hath changed the name of Scotland. They call us now no more " Forfaken," nor " Desolate ;" but our land is called " Hephzibah," and " Beulah,"* for the Lord delighteth in us, and this land is married to Himself. There is now an highway made through our Zion, and it is called the " Way of holiness ;" the unclean shall not pass over it ; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err in it. The wilderness doth rejoice and blossom as the rose ; " The ransomed of the Lord are returned back unto Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ;"† the Canaanite is put out of our Lord's house : there is not a beast left to do hurt (at least, professedly) in all the holy mountain of the Lord. Our Lord is fallen to‡ wrestle with His enemies, and hath brought us out of Egypt ; we have " the strength of an unicorn."§ The Lord hath eaten up the sons of Babel ; He hath broken their bones, and hath pierced them through with His arrows. We take them captives whose captives we were, and we rule over our oppressors.¶ It is not brick, nor clay, nor Babel's cursed timber and stones, that is in our second temple ; but our princely King Jesus is

* Isa. lxii. 4.

§ Num. xxiii. 22.

† Isa. xxxv. 10.

¶ Isa. xiv. 2.

‡ Has set to.

building His house all palace-work and carved stones. It is the habitation of the Lord.

We do welcome Ireland and England to our Well-beloved. We invite you, O daughters of Jerusalem, to come down to our Lord's garden, and seek our Well-beloved with us ; for His love will suffice both you and us. We do send you love-letters over the sea, to request you to come and to marry our King, and to take part of our bed. And we trust our Lord is fetching a blow upon the Beast, and the scarlet-coloured Whore, to the end that He may bring in His ancient widow-wife, our dear sister, the Church of the Jews. Oh, what a heavenly heaven were it to see them come in by this mean, and suck the breasts of their little sister, and renew their old love with their first Husband, Christ our Lord ! They are booked in God's word, as a bride contracted unto Jesus ! Oh for a sight, in this flesh of mine, of the prophesied marriage between Christ and them ! The kings of Tarshish, and of the isles, must bring presents to our Lord Jesus.* And Britain is one of the chiefest isles ; why then but we may believe that our kings of this island shall come in, and bring their glory to the New Jerusalem, wherein Christ shall dwell in the latter days ? It is our part to pray, " That the kingdoms of the earth may become Christ's."

Now I exhort you, in the Lord Jesus, not to be dismayed nor afraid for the two tails of these smoking firebrands, the fierce anger of the Deputy with civil power, and of the bastard prelates with the power of the Beast ; for they shall be cut off. They may well eat you and drink you, but they shall be forced to vomit you out again alive. If two things were firmly believed, sufferings would have no weight. If the fellowship of Christ's sufferings were well known, who would not gladly take part with Jesus ? For Christ and we are halvers and joint-owners of one and the same cross : and, therefore, he that knew well what sufferings were, as he esteemed all things but loss for Christ, and did judge them but dung, so did he also judge of them, " that he might know the fellowship of His

* Ps. lxxii. 10.

sufferings.”* Oh, how sweet a sight is it, to see a cross betwixt Christ and us, to hear our Redeemer say, at every sigh, and every blow, and every loss of a believer, “Half mine!” So they are called “The sufferings of Christ,” and “the reproach of Christ.”† As, when two are partners and owners of a ship, the half of the gain and half of the loss belong to each of the two; so Christ in our sufferings is half-gainer and half-loser with us. Yea, the heaviest end of the black tree of the cross lieth on your Lord: it falleth first upon Him, and it but reboundeth off Him upon you: “The reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon Me.”‡ Your sufferings are your treasure, and are greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.§ And if your cross come through Christ’s fingers ere it come to you, it receiveth a fair lustre from Him; it getteth a taste and relish of the King’s spikenard, and of heaven’s perfume. And the half of the gain, when Christ’s shipful of gold cometh home, shall be yours. It is an augmenting of your treasure to be rich in suffering, “to be in labours abundant, in stripes above measure;”|| and to have the sufferings of Christ abounding in you, ¶ is a part of heaven’s stock. Your goods are not lost which they have plucked from you, for your Lord hath them in keeping; they are but arrested and seized upon. He shall loose the arrest. Ye shall be fed with the heritage of Jacob, your father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.**

Till I shall be on the hall-floor of the highest palace, and get a draught of glory out of Christ’s hand, above and beyond time and beyond death, I shall never (it is like) see fairer days than I saw under that blessed tree of my Lord’s cross. His kisses then were king’s kisses. Those kisses were sweet and soul-reviving; one of them, at that time, was worth two and a half (if I may speak so) of Christ’s week-day kisses. Oh, sweet, sweet for evermore, to see a rose of heaven growing in as ill ground as hell! and to see Christ’s love, His embracements, His dinners and suppers of joy, peace, faith,

* Phil. iii. 10.

† Col. i. 24; Heb. xi. 26.

‡ Ps. lxxix. 9.

§ Heb. xi. 26.

|| 2 Cor. xi. 23. ¶ 2 Cor. i. 5.

** Isa. lviii. 14.

goodness, long-suffering, and patience, growing and springing like the flowers of God's garden, out of such stony and cursed ground as the hatred of the prelates, and the malice of their High Commission, and the Antichrist's bloody hand and heart ! Is not here art and wisdom ? Is not here heaven indented in hell (if I may say so), like a jewel set with skill in a ring with the enamel of Christ's cross ? The ruby and riches of glory, that grow up out of the cross, are beyond telling. Now, the blackest and hottest wrath, and most fiery and all-devouring indignation of the Judge of men and angels, shall come upon them who deny our sweet Lord Jesus, and put their hand to that oath of wickedness now pressed. The Lord's coal at their heart shall burn them up both root and branch. The estates of great men that have done so, if they do not repent, shall consume away, and the ravens shall dwell in their houses, and their glory shall be shame. Oh, for the Lord's sake ! keep fast by Christ, and fear not man that shall die and wither as the grass. The Deputy's bloom shall fall, and the prelates shall cast their flower, and the east wind of the Lord, of "the Lord strong and mighty," shall blast and break them ; therefore, fear them not. They are but idols, that can neither do evil nor good. Walk not in the way of those people that slander the footsteps of our royal and princely anointed King Jesus, now riding upon His white horse in Scotland. Let Jehovah be your fear. That decree of Zion's deliverance, passed and sealed up before the throne, is now ripe and shall bring forth a child, even the ruin and fall of the prelates' black kingdom, and the Antichrist's throne, in these kingdoms. The Lord hath begun, and He shall make an end. Who did ever hear the like of this ? Before Scotland travailed, she brought forth ; and before her pain came, she was delivered of a man-child.*

And when all is done, suppose there were no sweetness in our Lord's cross, yet it is sweet for His sake, for that lovely One, Jesus Christ, whose crown and royal supremacy is the question this day in Great Britain, betwixt us and our adversaries. And who would

* Isa. lxvi. 7, 8.

not think Him worthy of the suffering for? What is burning quick, what is drinking of our own heart's blood, and what is a draught of melted lead, for His glory? Less than a draught of cold water to a thirsty man, if the right price and due value were put on that worthy, worthy Prince, Jesus! Oh, who can weigh Him! Ten thousand thousand heavens would not be one scale, or the half of the scale, of the balance to lay Him in. O black angels, in comparison of Him! O dim, and dark, and lightless fun, in regard of that fair Sun of righteousness! O feckless* and worthless heaven of heavens, when they stand beside my worthy, and lofty, and high, and excellent Well-beloved! O weak and infirm clay-kings! O soft and feeble mountains of brass, and weak created strength, in regard of our mighty and strong Lord of armies! O foolish wisdom of men and angels, when it is laid in the balance beside that spotless, substantial Wisdom of the Father! If heaven and earth, and ten thousand heavens even (round about these heavens that now are), were all in one garden of paradise, decked with all the fairest roses, flowers, and trees that can come forth from the art of the Almighty Himself; yet set but our one Flower that groweth out of the root of Jesse beside that orchard of pleasure, one look of Him, one view, one taste, one smell of His sweet Godhead would infinitely exceed and go beyond the smell, colour, beauty, and loveliness of that paradise. Oh to be with child of His love! and to be suffocated (if that could be) with the smell of His sweetness were a sweet fill and a lovely pain. O worthy, worthy, worthy loveliness! Oh, less of the creatures, and more of Thee! Oh, open the passage of the well of love and glory on us, dry pits and withered trees! O! that Jewel and Flower of heaven! If our Beloved were not mistaken by us, and unknown to us, He would have no scarcity of wooers and suitors. He would make heaven and earth both see that they cannot quench His love, for His love is a sea. Oh to be a thousand fathoms deep in this sea of love! He, He Himself, is more excellent than heaven; for

* Unsubstantial.

heaven, as it cometh into the souls and spirits of the glorified, is but a creature; and He is something (and a great something) more than a creature. Oh, what a life were it to sit beside this Well of love, and drink and sing, and sing and drink! and then to have desires and soul-faculties stretched and extended out, many thousand fathoms in length and breadth, to take in seas and rivers of love!

I earnestly desire to recommend this love to you, that this love may cause you to keep His commandments, and to keep clean fingers, and make clean feet, that ye may walk as the redeemed of the Lord. Wo, wo be to them who put on His name, and shame this love of Christ, with a loose and profane life! Their feet, tongue, and hands, and eyes, give a shameless lie to the holy Gospel, which they profess. I beseech you in the Lord, to keep Christ and walk with Him: let not His fairness be spotted and stained by godless living. Oh, who can find in their heart to sin against love? and such a love as the glorified in heaven shall delight to dive into, and drink of for ever? For they are evermore drinking in love, and the cup is still at their head; and yet without loathing, for they still drink, and still desire to drink for ever and ever. Is not this a long-lasting supper?

Now, if any of our country people, professing Christ Jesus, have brought themselves under the stroke and wrath of the Almighty, by yielding to Antichrist in an hair-breadth, but especially by swearing and subscribing that blasphemous oath* (which is the Church of Ireland's black hour of temptation), I would entreat them, by the mercies of God at their last summons, to repent, and openly confess before the world to the glory of the Lord their denial of Christ. Or, otherwise, if either man or woman will stand and abide by that oath, then, in the name and authority of the Lord Jesus, I let them see that they forfeit their part of heaven! And let them look for no less than a back-burden† of the pure, unmixed wrath of God, and the plague of apostates and deniers of our Lord Jesus.

* See note at the beginning of the Letter.

† A burden on their back.

Let not me, a stranger to you, who never saw your face in the flesh, be thought bold in writing to you : for the hope I have of a glorious Church in that land, and the love of Christ, constraineth me. I know that the worthy servants of Christ, who once laboured among you, cease not to write to you also ; and I shall desire to be excused that I do join with them.

Pray for your sister-Church in Scotland ; and let me entreat you for the aid of your prayers for myself, and flock, and ministry, and my fear of a transportation from this place of the Lord's vineyard.* Now the very God of peace sanctify you throughout. Grace be with you all.

Your brother and companion, in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

S. R.

ANWOTH, 1639.

CCLXXXIX.—*To his Reverend and much honoured Brother, DR ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, Christ's Prisoner in bonds at London.*

[DR ALEXANDER LEIGHTON was descended of an ancient family in Forfarshire, whose chief seat was Ulys-haven, or Ufen, near Montrose. Beside studying for the Christian ministry, he qualified himself as a physician, and, during the reign of James I., and the commencement of that of Charles I., practised medicine in London, as well as exercised his ministry there ; but whether he had any fixed charge we are not informed. In his zeal for Presbyterian principles, and against the innovations Laud was labouring to introduce into the English Church, he published a work entitled " An Appeal to the Parliament ; or, Zion's Plea against the Prelacy." For this work he was arrested in 1629, and thrown into an abominable cell in Newgate. After lying there sixteen weeks in great misery, he was served with an information of the crimes of which he was accused, and charged to appear before the Star Chamber. He was then unable to attend, being under severe distress that brought the skin and hair almost wholly off his body ; but the Star Chamber, which had no bowels of compassion, condemned the afflicted and aged divine to be degraded as a minister, to have one of his ears cut off, and one

* See note, Let. 286. The decision of the Commission was, to translate him from Anwoth, and nominate him to the professorship at St Andrews.

fide of his nose slit, to be branded on the face with a red-hot iron, to stand in the pillory, to be whipped at a post, to pay a fine of L.1000, and to suffer imprisonment till it be paid. When this inhuman sentence was pronounced, Laud took off his hat, and holding up his hands, gave thanks to God, who had given the Church victory over her enemies! The sentence was executed without mercy; and Leighton lay in prison until the meeting of the Long Parliament, that is, upwards of ten years. When liberated, he could hardly walk, see, or hear. He died in 1649. He was the father of the celebrated Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow. When this letter was written to him by Rutherford, he had languished many years in prison.]

*(PUBLIC BLESSINGS ALLEVIATE PRIVATE SUFFERINGS—TRIALS
LIGHT WHEN VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN—CHRIST
WORTHY OF SUFFERING FOR.)*



REVEREND AND MUCH HONOURED PRISONER
OF HOPE,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—It
was not my part (whom our Lord hath enlarged) to
forget you His prisoner.

When I consider how long your night hath been, I think Christ hath a mind to put you in free grace's debt so much the deeper, as your sufferings have been of so long continuance. But what if Christ mind you no joy but public joy, with enlarged and triumphing Zion. I think, Sir, that ye would love it best to share and divide your song of joy with Zion, and to have mystical Christ in Britain halfer and copartner with your enlargement. I am sure that your joy, bordering and neighbouring with the joy of Christ's bride, would be so much the sweeter that it were public. I thought if Christ had halved my mercies, and delivered His bride and not me, that His praises should have been double to what they are; but now two rich mercies conjoined in one have stolen from our Lord more than half-praises. Oh that mercy should so beguile us, and steal away our counts and acknowledgment!

Worthy Sir, I hope that I need not exhort you to go on in hoping for the salvation of God. There hath not been so much taken from your time of ease and created joys, as eternity shall add to your heaven. Ye know when one day in heaven hath paid you (yea, and overpaid your blood, bonds, sorrow, and sufferings), that it

would trouble angels' understanding to lay* the count of that surplus of glory which eternity can and will give you. Oh but your sand-glasses of sufferings and losses cometh to little, when it shall be counted and compared with the glory that abideth you on the other side of the water ! Ye have no leisure to rejoice and sing here, while time goeth about you, and where your psalms will be short ; therefore, ye will think eternity, and the long day of heaven that shall be measured with no other sun, nor horologe,† than the long life of the Ancient of Days, to measure your praises, little enough for you. If your span-length of time be cloudy, ye cannot but think that your Lord can no more take your blood and your bands without the income and recompense of free grace, than He would take the sufferings of Paul and his other dear servants, that were well paid home beyond all counting.‡ If the wisdom of Christ hath made you Antichrist's eyefore and his envy, ye are to thank God that such a piece of clay, as ye are, is made the field of glory to work upon. It was the Potter's aim that the clay should praise Him, and I hope it satisfieth you that your clay is for His glory. Oh, who can suffer enough for such a Lord ! and who can lay out in bank, enough of pain, shame, losses, and tortures, to receive in again the free interest of eternal glory !§ Oh, how advantageous a bargaining is it with such a rich Lord ! If your hand and pen had been at leisure to gain glory on paper, it had been but paper glory : but the bearing of a public cross so long, for the now controverted privileges of the crown and sceptre of free King Jesus, the Prince of the kings of the earth, is glory booked in heaven. Worthy and dear brother, if ye go to weigh Jesus His sweetness, excellency, glory, and beauty, and lay foregainst || Him your ounces or drachms of suffering for Him, ye shall be straitened two ways. 1. It will be a pain to make the comparison, the disproportion being by no understanding imaginable : nay, if heaven's arithmetic and angels' were set to work, they should never number the degrees of difference.

* To settle ; balance.

† Time-piece.

‡ Rom. viii. 18.

§ 2 Cor. iv. 17.

|| Opposite to Him.

2. It would straiten you to find a scale for the balance to lay that high and lofty One (that over-transcending Prince of excellency) in. If your mind could fancy as many created heavens as time hath had minutes, trees have had leaves, and clouds have had rain-drops, since the first stone of the creation was laid, they should not make half a scale in which to bear and weigh boundless excellency. And, therefore, the King whose marks ye are bearing, and whose dying ye carry about with you in your body, is, out of all cry* and consideration, beyond and above all our thoughts.

For myself, I am content to feed upon wondering, sometimes, at the beholding but of the borders and skirts of the incomparable glory which is in that exalted Prince. And I think ye could wish for more ears to give than ye have,† since ye hope these ears ye now have given Him shall be passages to take in the music of His glorious voice. I would fain both believe and pray for a new bride of Jews and Gentiles to our Lord Jesus, after the land of graven images shall be laid waste; and that our Lord Jesus is on horseback, hunting and pursuing the Beast; and that England and Ireland shall be well-swept chambers for Christ and His righteousness to dwell in; for He hath opened our graves in Scotland, and the two dead and buried‡ witnesses are risen again, and are prophesying. Oh that princes would glory and boast themselves in carrying the train of Christ's robe royal in their arms! Let me die within half an hour after I have seen the temple of the Son of God enlarged, and the cords of Jerusalem's tent lengthened, to take in a more numerous company for a bride to the Son of God! Oh, if the corner or foundation-stone of that house, that new house, were laid above my grave!

Oh! who can add to Him who is that great All! If He would create suns and moons, new heavens, thousand and thousand degrees more perfect than these that now are; and again, make a new creation ten thousand thousand degrees in perfection beyond that new creation; and again, still for eternity multiply new heavens, they should never be a perfect resemblance of that infinite excel-

* Proclamation; setting forth.

† P. 260.

‡ See note, p. 231.

lency, order, weight, measure, beauty, and sweetness that is in Him. Oh, how little of Him do we see! Oh, how shallow are our thoughts of Him! Oh, if I had pain for Him, and shame and losses for Him, and more clay and spirits for Him! and that I could go upon earth without love, desire, hope, because Christ hath taken away my love, desire, and hope to heaven with Him!

I know, worthy Sir, your sufferings for Him are your glory; and, therefore, weary not. His salvation is near at hand, and shall not tarry.

Pray for me. His grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREWS, Nov. 22, 1639.

CCXC.—*To a Person unknown, anent Private Worship in time and place of public.**

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I do not know a private worship, set and intended, compatible with a public worship set and intended. Ejaculations are fruits of public worship and breathings of the spirit in public speaking, but they are *aliquid cultus publici, non cultus publicus* (something akin to public worship, but not public worship). 2. I know not a member in the kirk who should have a worship *in specie* (in kind) different from the worship of the whole kirk; and so I do not see (saving better judgment) a lawfulness of private set praying, when there is another set worship of praising, reading, &c. 3. I doubt if there should be any set worship in the kirk to which all the hearers should not say Amen, even the rude and unbelievers.† But to a private prayer, when the worship is public, who can say Amen? 4. I think the people may all fall to their private prayers and private reading, in time the minister preacheth, if he fall to praying when

* From a copy among the Wodroz MSS., vol. xxix., 4to, No. 13.

† 1 Cor. xiv. 23-25.

they are praising or hearing the word read. 5. I dare not say they have a Pharisee's mind who pray in public after a private manner, and join not with the public service of the kirk. But *in natura operis* (in regard to the nature of the work), I think them more pharisaical than the other case is Brownish. 6. Brownism's life is in separation; but the private supplicator, when the kirk is praising and hearing the word read, in my weak judgment, is in the act of separation; that I should not say,* they are ignorant of Brownism, who object this to such as will not kneel in pulpit. 7. Neither Scripture nor Act of our Assemblies doth allow this human custom. I think they dare not be answerable to a General Assembly who dare call on them to censure for a human and disorderly custom against the word of God so directly. 8. If such as go not to private pulpit prayer neglect private prayer before they come in public, they deserve censure. Whatever hath been my practice before I examined this custom, I purpose now no more to confound worships. And thus recommending you to the grace of God, I rest,

S. R.

January 16, 1640.

CCXCI.—To MR HENRY STUART, *his Wife, and two Daughters, all Prisoners of Christ at Dublin.*

[HENRY STUART was a gentleman of considerable property in Ireland. He himself, his wife, and family, consisting of two daughters and a domestic servant named James Gray, having refused to swear the "Black Oath," were carried to Dublin by a serjeant-at-arms, and placed in close and rigorous confinement. On the 10th of August 1639, all of them were brought to trial in the Star Chamber, a court in which the substance as well as the forms of law and justice were alike disregarded. Stuart, being permitted to speak in his own defence, declared before the court, that he had no objection whatever to take the former part of the oath, "promising *civil allegiance*, but that he could not take the latter part, which he conceived bound the swearer to yield unlimited *ecclesiastical obedience to the King*." Wentworth, who presided at the trial, in reply, admitted that this interpretation of the oath was quite correct, and concluded by pronouncing the sentence of the court. Stuart

* While at the same time I may add.

was fined L.5000, and his wife a similar sum; his daughters, L.2000 each; and Gray, although only a servant, L.2000; a sum of L.16,000 in all; and they were to be detained at Dublin in prison till these exorbitant fines were paid. They were at length set at liberty by the Irish Parliament, which set itself in 1641 to remedy the evils of Strafford's Government, after they had suffered an imprisonment of a year and three months. But Stuart's property having been confiscated by Strafford, the family were reduced to great poverty. He retired to Scotland, of which he was a native, and applied, in the month of September 1641, to the Parliament sitting at Edinburgh, to recommend to the English Parliament to take measures for enabling him to recover his property. The Scottish Parliament did so, but the result of their application is unknown. (*Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, vol. i.)]

(FAITH'S PREPARATION FOR TRIAL—THE WORLD'S RAGE
AGAINST CHRIST—THE IMMENSITY OF HIS GLORIOUS
BEAUTY—FOLLY OF PERSECUTION—VICTORY SURE.)

“Fear none of these things, which ye shall suffer,” &c.—REV. ii. 10.



TRULY HONOURED, AND DEARLY BELOVED,
—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you from God our
Father, and our Lord Jesus.

Think it not strange, beloved in our Lord Jesus, that Satan can command keys of prisons, and bolts, and chains. This is a piece of the devil's principdom that he hath over the world. Interpret and understand our Lord well in this. Be not jealous of His love, though He make devils and men His under-servants to scour the rust off your faith, and purge you from your dross. And let me charge you, O prisoners of hope, to open your window, and to look out by faith, and behold heaven's post (that speedy and swift salvation of God), that is coming to you. It is a broad river that faith will not look over: it is a mighty and a broad sea, that they of a lively hope cannot behold the furthest bank and other shore thereof. Look over the water; your anchor is fixed within the vail; the one end of the cable is about the prisoner of Christ, and the other is entered within the vail, whither the Forerunner is entered for you.* It can go straight through the flames of the fire of the wrath of

* Heb. vi. 19, 20.

men, devils, losses, tortures, death, and not a thread of it be singed or burnt : Men and devils have no teeth to bite it in two. Hold fast till He come. Your cross is of the colour of heaven and Christ, and passmented* over with the faith and comforts of the Lord's faithful covenant with Scotland : and that dye and colour will abide foul weather, and neither be stained nor cast the colour. Yet, it reflects a scad† like the cross of Christ, whose holy hands, many a day lifted up to God, praying for sinners, were fettered and bound, as if those blessed hands had stolen, and shed innocent blood. When your lovely, lovely Jesus had no better than the thief's doom, it is no wonder that your process be lawless and turned upside down ; for He was taken, fettered, buffeted, whipped, spitted upon, before He was convicted of any fault, or sentenced. Oh, such a pair of sufferers and witnesses, as high and royal Jesus and a poor piece of guilty clay marrowed‡ together under one yoke ! Oh, how lovely is the cross with such a second !

I believe that your prison is enacted§ in God's court, not to keep you till your hope breathe out its life and last. Your cross is under law to restore you again safe to your brethren and sisters in Christ. Take heaven's and Christ's back-bond || for a fair back-door out of your suffering. The Saviour is on His journey with salvation and deliverance for Mount Zion ; and the sword of the Lord is drunk with blood, and made fat with fatness. His sword is bathed in heaven against Babylon, for it is “ the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompense for the controversy of Zion :” and persuade yourselves the streams of the river of Babylon shall be pitch, and the dust of the land brimstone and burning pitch.¶ And if your deliverance be joined with the deliverance of Zion, it shall be two salvations to you.

It were good to be armed beforehand for death or bodily tortures for Christ ; and to think what a crown of honour it is, that God hath given you pieces of living clay to be tortured witnesses for

* Ornamented. † A *shade*, or reflection ; a gleam of reflected light.

‡ Paired. § Decreed.

|| Bond to the effect that your previous bond shall not injure you.

¶ Isa. xxxiv. 8, 9.

ſaving truth ; and that ye are ſo happy, as to have ſome pints of blood to give out for the crown of that royal Lord, who hath cauſed you to avouch Himſelf before men. If ye can lend fines of three thouſand pounds ſterling for Chriſt, let heaven's regiſter and Chriſt's count-book keep in reckoning your depurſements* for Him. It ſhall be engraven and printed in great letters upon heaven's throne, what you are willing to give for Him. Chriſt's papers of that kind cannot be loſt, or fall by.†

Do not wonder to ſee clay boiſt‡ the great Potter, and to ſee blinded men threaten the Goſpel with death and burial, and to raze out truth's name. But where will they make a grave for the Goſpel, and the Lord's bride ? Earth and hell ſhall be but little bounds for their burial. Lay all the clay and rubbiſh of this inch of the whole earth above our Lord's Spouſe, yet it will not cover her nor hold her down ; ſhe ſhall live and not die ; ſhe ſhall behold the ſalvation of God. Let your faith friſt§ God a little, and not be afraid for a ſmoking firebrand. There is more ſmoke in Babylon's furnace than there is fire. Till doomſday ſhall come, they ſhall never ſee the kirk of Scotland and our Covenant burnt to aſhes ; or, if it ſhould be thrown into the fire, yet it cannot be ſo burnt or buried as not to have a reſurrection. Angry clay's wind ſhall ſhake none of Chriſt's corn : He will gather in all His wheat into His barn. Only let your fellowship with Chriſt be renewed.

Ye are fibber|| to Chriſt now, when you are imprifoned for Him, than before ; for now the ſtrokes laid on you do come in remembrance before our Lord, and He can own His own wounds. A drink of Chriſt's love, which is better than wine, is the drink-ſilver which ſuffering for His majeſty leaveth behind it. It is not your ſins which they perſecute in you, but God's grace, and loyalty to King Jeſus. They ſee no treaſon in you to your prince the King of Britain, albeit they ſay ſo ; but it is heaven in you that earth is fighting againſt. And Chriſt is owning His own cauſe. Grace is a

* Diſburſements. † Fall aſide, be loſt. ‡ Boiſt, or threaten to give a blow.

§ Grant delay in payment.

|| More nearly related.

party that fire will not burn, nor water drown. When they have eaten and drunken you, their stomach shall be sick, and they shall spue you out alive. Oh, what glory is it to be suffering abjects* for the Lord's glory and royalty! Nay, though His servants had a body to burn for ever for this Gospel, so being that the high glory of triumphing and exalted Jesus did rise out of these flames, and out of that burning body, oh what a sweet fire! oh what soul-refreshing torment would that be! What if the pickles† of dust and ashes of the burnt and dissolved body were musicians to sing His praises, and the highness of that never-enough-exalted Prince of ages? Oh, what love is it in Him that He will have such musicians as we are, to tune that psalm of His everlasting praises in heaven! Oh, what shining and burning flames of love are these, that Christ will divide His share of life, of heaven and glory, with you!‡ A part of His throne, one draught of His wine (His wine of glory and life that cometh from under the throne of God and of the Lamb), and one apple of the tree of life, will do more than make up all the expenses and charges of clay, lent out for heaven. Oh! oh! but we have short, and narrow, and creeping thoughts of Jesus, and do but shape Christ in our conceptions according to some created portraiture! O angels, lend in your help to make love-books and songs of our fair, and white, and ruddy Standard-bearer amongst ten thousand! O heavens! O heaven of heavens! O glorified tenants, and triumphing householders with the Lamb, put in new psalms and love-sonnets of the excellency of our Bridegroom, and help us to set Him on high! O indwellers of earth and heaven, sea and air, and O all ye created beings within the bosom of the utmost circle of this great world, oh come help to set on high the praises of our Lord! O fairness of creatures, blush before His uncreated beauty! O created strength, be amazed to stand before your strong Lord of hosts! O created love, think shame of thyself before this unparalleled love of heaven! O angel-wisdom, hide thyself before our Lord, whose understanding passeth finding out! O sun in thy shining beauty,

* Ps. xxxv. 15. † Small particles. ‡ Luke xxii. 29; John xvii. 24; Rev. iii. 21.

for shame put on a web of darknefs, and cover thyself before thy brightest Master and Maker ! Oh, who can add glory, by doing or suffering, to the never-enough admired and praised Lover ! Oh we can but bring our drop to this sea, and our candle, dim and dark as it is, to this clear and lightsome Sun of heaven and earth ! Oh but we have cause to drink ten deaths in one cup dry, to swim through ten seas, to be at that land of praises, where we shall see that wonder of wonders, and enjoy this Jewel of heaven's jewels ! O death, do thy utmost against us ! O torments, O malice of men and devils, waste your strength on the witnesses of our Lord's Testament ! O devils, bring hell to help you in tormenting the followers of the Lamb ! We will defy you to make us too soon happy, and to waft us too soon over the water to the land where the noble Plant, the Plant of Renown, groweth. O cruel time, that tormenteth us, and suspendeth our dearest enjoyments that we wait for, when we shall be bathed and steeped, soul and body, down in the depths of this Love of Loves ! O time, I say, run fast ! O motions, mend your pace ! O Well-beloved, be like a young roe on the mountains of separation ! Post, post, and hasten our desired and hungered-for meeting. Love is sick to hear tell of to-morrow.

And what, then, can come wrong to you, O honourable witnesses of His kingly truth ? Men have no more of you to work upon than some inches and span-lengths of sick, coughing, and phlegmatic clay. Your spirits are above their benches, courts, or high commissions. Your souls, your love to Christ, your faith, cannot be summoned nor sentenced, nor accused nor condemned, by pope, deputy, prelate, ruler, or tyrant. Your faith is a free lord, and cannot be a captive. All the malice of hell and earth can but hurt the scabbard of a believer ; and death, at the worst, can get but a clay pawn* in keeping till your Lord make† the King's keys,

* A security of clay or earth. Often, in his sermon on Dan. vi. 26, before House of Commons, 1644, he uses such expressions as, "Clay triumpheth over angels and hell, through the strength of Jesus" (p. 8) ; "Men are but pieces of breathing, laughing, and then dying clay" (p. 41).

† Is it not "take?"

and open your graves. Therefore, upon luck's head* (as we use to say) take your fill of His love, and let a post-way or causeway be laid betwixt your prison and heaven, and go up and visit your treasure. Enjoy your Beloved, and dwell upon His love, till eternity come in time's room, and possess you of your eternal happiness. Keep your love to Christ, lay up your faith in heaven's keeping, and follow the Chief of the house of the martyrs that witnessed a fair confession before Pontius Pilate. Your cause and His is all one. The opposers of His cause are like drunken judges and transported, who, in their cups, would make acts and laws in their drunken courts that the sun should not rise and shine on the earth, and send their officers and pursuivants to charge the sun and moon to give no more light to the world; and would enact in their court-books, that the sea, after once ebbing, should never flow again. But would not the sun, moon, and sea break these acts, and keep their Creator's directions? The devil (the great fool, and father of these under-fools) is older and more malicious than wise, that setteth the spirits in earth on work to contend and clash with heaven's wisdom, and to give mandates and law-summons to our Sun, to our great Star of heaven, Jesus, not to shine in the beauty of His Gospel to the chosen and bought ones. O thou fair and fairest Sun of righteousness, arise and shine in Thy strength, whether earth or hell will or not. O victorious, O royal, O stout, princely Soul-conqueror, ride prosperously upon truth; stretch out Thy sceptre as far as the sun shineth, and the moon waxeth and waneth. Put on Thy glittering crown, O Thou Maker of kings, and make but one stride, or one step of the whole earth, and travel in the greatness of Thy strength.† And let Thy apparel be red, and all dyed with the blood of Thy enemies. Thou art fallen righteous Heir by line to the kingdoms of the world.

Laugh ye at the giddy-headed clay pots,‡ and stout, brain-sick worms, that dare say in good earnest, "This man shall not reign

* On the chance of winning.

† Isa. lxiii. 1, 2.

‡ See note p. 269, potsherds of earth.

over us !” as though they were casting the dice for Christ’s crown, which of them should have it. I know that ye believe the coming of Christ’s kingdom ; and that there is a hole out of your prison, through which ye see daylight. Let not faith be dazzled with temptations from a dying deputy,* and from a sick prelate. Believe under a cloud, and wait for Him when there is no moonlight nor starlight. Let faith live and breathe, and lay hold on the sure salvation of God, when clouds and darkness are about you, and appearance of rotting in the prison before you. Take heed of unbelieving hearts, which can father lies upon Christ. Beware of “Doth His promise fail for evermore?”† For it was a man, and not God, that said it, who dreamed that a promise of God could fail, fall aswoon, or die. We can make God sick, or His promises weak, when we are pleased to seek a plea with Christ. O sweet, O stout word of faith, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!”‡ O sweet epitaph, written upon the grave-stone of a dying believer, namely, “I died hoping, and my dust and ashes believe in life!” Faith’s eyes, that can see through a mill-stone, can see through a gloom§ of God, and under it read God’s thoughts of love and peace. Hold fast Christ in the dark ; surely ye shall see the salvation of God. Your adversaries are ripe and dry for the fire. Yet a little while, and they shall go up in a flame ; the breath of the Lord, like a river of brimstone, shall kindle about them.¶

What I write to one, I write to you all that are sound-hearted in that kingdom, whom, in the bowels of Christ, I would exhort not to touch that oath. Albeit the adversaries put a fair meaning on it, yet the swearer must swear according to the professed intent and godless practice of the oath-makers, which is known to the world. Otherwise I might swear that The Creed is false, according to this private meaning and sense put upon it. Oh, let them not be beguiled to wash perjury and the denial of Christ and the Gospel with ink water, some foul and rotten distinctions. Wash, and wash again and again, the devil and the lie, it will be long ere their skin be white.

* P. 252. † Ps. lxxvii. 8. ‡ Job. xiii. 15. § Frown. ¶ Isa. xxx. 33.

I profess it should beseeem men of great parts rather than me to write to you. But I love your cause, and desire to be excused; and must entreat for the help of your prayers, in this my weighty charge here for the university and pulpit, and that ye would intreat your acquaintance also to help me. Grace be with you all. Amen.

Your brother and companion, in the patience and kingdom of Jesus Christ,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, 1640.

CCXCII.—To MRS PONT, *Prisoner at Dublin.*

[MRS PONT, whose maiden name was Isabel Stewart, was the wife of Mr Pont, minister of a parish in the diocese of Raphoe, in which he had probably been settled under the auspices of the tolerant Bishop Knox. Pont "was noted for declining to use the prescribed ceremonies of the Church, and for condemning in his sermons the increasing severities towards non-conformists, together with the unscriptural jurisdiction of the prelates. It appears that he had also held meetings for worship and public preaching, contrary to the canons; and that his wife had in some way signalized herself by her opposition to Prelacy, and her frequenting these more private assemblies." John Leslie, Bishop of Raphoe, reporting the matter to Wentworth, who again had immediate recourse to his spiritual adviser, Archbishop Laud, the Bishop of Raphoe was recommended to deprive Pont of his benefice, and "to proceed against his wife in such way as her fault deserves, and the laws will bear." Pont himself escaped to Scotland, but his wife was apprehended, and imprisoned in the castle of Dublin. She lay in prison nearly three years, not being liberated till 1641, by the Irish Parliament. In May 1641, she presented a petition to the Irish House of Commons, against the Bishop of Raphoe, for committing her to prison, and charging her with high treason, solely on his own authority. The House resolved that the Bishop, by his illegal conduct, had involved himself in the penalties of the statute of *præmunire*; but no further proceedings appear to have been taken against him. "In these proceedings," says Dr Reid, "Mrs Pont is styled, 'Mrs Isabel Pont alias Stewart, widow;' whence it appears that her husband must have died soon after he had fled to Scotland." (*Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, vol. i.) This lady afterwards came over to Scotland, and died on the 9th of November 1704. Wodrow visited her repeatedly under her last illness, and found her mind very comfortable. He calls her "this extraordinary person." On visiting her the night preceding

her death, she said to him, "I never had so few temptations as now. I am only waiting God's time of departure." Again calling upon her next morning, he says, "I think her last breath went out just when I resigned her to God, as far as I could notice, about seven in the morning." (*Analeſta*, vol. i., p. 55.)]

(SUPPORT UNDER TRIALS—THE MASTER'S REWARD.)



WORTHY AND DEAR MISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—The cause which ye suffer for, and your willingness to suffer, is ground enough of acquaintance for me to write to you; although I do confess myself unable to speak for the encouragement of a prisoner of Christ.

I know that ye have advantage beyond us who are not under sufferings; for your fighting* is a written bill for the ears of your Head, the Lord Jesus; and your breathing,† and your looking up.‡ And, therefore, your meaning, half-spoken, half-unspoken, will seek no jailor's leave, but will go to heaven without leave of prelate or deputy, and be heartily welcome; so that ye may sigh and groan out your mind to Him who hath all the keys of the king's three kingdoms and dominions. I dare believe that your hope shall not die. Your trouble is a part of Zion's burning; and ye know who guideth Zion's furnace, and who loveth the ashes of His burnt bride, because His servants love them.§ I believe that your ashes, if ye were burnt for this cause, shall praise Him: for the wrath of men and their malice shall make a psalm to praise the Lord.|| And, therefore, stand still, and behold and see what the Lord is to do for this island. His work is perfect.¶ The nations have not seen the last end of His work; His end is more fair and more glorious than the beginning.

Ye have more honour than ye can be able to guide well, in that your bonds are made heavy for such an honourable cause. The seals of a controlled** Gospel, and the seals by bonds, and blood, and sufferings, are not committed to every ordinary professor. Some

* Ps. cii. 20.

† Lam. iii. 56.

‡ Ps. v. 3, and lxix. 3.

§ Ps. cii. 14.

|| Ps. lxxvi. 10.

¶ Deut. xxxii. 4.

** The Gospel, the preaching of which men are seeking to hinder.

that would back Christ honestly in summer-time, would but spill* the beauty of the Gospel if they were put to suffering. And, therefore, let us believe that Wisdom dispenseth to every one here, as He thinketh good, who beareth them up that bear the cross. And since our Lord hath put you to that part which was the flower of His own sufferings, we all expect that, as ye have in the strength of our Captain begun, so ye will go on without fainting. Providence maketh use of men and devils for the refining of all the vessels of God's house, small and great, and for doing of two great works at once in you, both for smoothing a stone to make it take band† with Christ in Jerusalem's wall, and for witnessing to the glory of this reproached and borne-down Gospel, which cannot die though hell were made a grave about it. It shall be timeous‡ joy for you, to divide joy betwixt you and Christ's laughing bride in these three kingdoms. And what if your mourning continue till mystical Christ (in Ireland and in Great Britain) and ye laugh both together? Your laughing and joy were the more blessed, that one sun should shine upon Christ, the Gospel, and you, laughing altogether in these three kingdoms. Your time is measured, and your days and hours of suffering from eternity were, by infinite Wisdom, considered. If heaven recompense not to your own mind inches of sorrow, then I must say that infinite Mercy cannot get you pleased; but if the first kiss of the white and ruddy cheek of the Standard-bearer and Chief among ten thousand thousand,§ shall overpay your prison at Dublin, in Ireland, then ye shall have no counts unanswered to give in to Christ. If your faith cannot see a nearer term-day, yet let me charge your hope to give Christ a new day, till eternity and time meet in one point. A paid sum, if ever paid, is paid if no day be broken to the hungry creditor. Take heaven's bond and subscribed obligation for the sum. || If hope can trust Christ, I know that He can, and will pay. But when all is done and suffered by you, ten hundred deaths for lovely, lovely Jesus is but eternity's halfpenny;

* Spoil.

† Unite, as mortar does with a stone.

‡ Seasonable and early.

§ Cant. v. 10.

|| John xiv. 3.

figures and cyphers cannot lay the proportion. Oh, but the surplus of Christ's glory is broad and large! Christ's items of eternal glory are hard and cumbersome to tell; and if ye borrow, by faith and hope, ten days or ten hundred years from that eternity of glory that abideth you, ye are paid and more, in your own hand. Therefore, O prisoner of hope, wait on; posting, hasting salvation sleepeth not. Antichrist is bleeding, and in the way to death; and he biteth the forest, when he bleedeth the fastest. Keep your intelligence betwixt you and heaven, and your court with Christ. He hath in heaven the keys of your prison, and can set you at liberty when He pleaseth. His rich grace support you. I pray you to help me with your prayers. Grace be with you.

Your brother, in the patience and kingdom of Jesus Christ,

ST ANDREW'S, 1640.

S. R.

CCXCIII.—To MR JAMES WILSON.

[There was a cotemporary of that name, the minister of Inch, in the Presbytery of Stranraer. There was also a *James Wilson* who was a friend of Blair, and minister of Dyfart in 1653. (See Row's *Life of Blair*.) This letter indicates that the correspondent was a man of thought and education.]

(ADVICES TO A DOUBTING SOUL—MISTAKES ABOUT HIS INTEREST IN GOD'S LOVE—TEMPTATION—PERPLEXITY ABOUT PRAYER—WANT OF FEELING.)



DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you.—I bless our rich and only wife Lord, who careth so for His new creation that He is going over it again, and trying every piece in you, and blowing away the motes of His new work in you. Alas! I am not so fit a physician as your disease requireth. Sweet, sweet, lovely Jesus be your physician, where His under-chirurgeons* cannot do anything for putting in order the wheels, paces,† and goings of a marred‡ soul.

* Under-furgeons.

† Weights.

‡ A soul that has been put out of order. The edition of 1675, and some others, has “married soul.”

I have little time; but yet the Lord hath made me so to concern myself in your condition, that I dōw not,* I dare not, be altogether silent.

First: ye doubt, from 2 Cor. xiii. 5, whether ye be in Christ or not? and so, whether you are a reprobate or not? I answer three things to the doubt.—1. Ye owe charity to all men, but most of all to lovely and loving Jesus, and some also to your self; especially to your renewed self, because your new self is not yours, but another Lord's, even the work of His own Spirit. Therefore, to slander His work is to wrong Himself. Love thinketh no evil: if ye love grace, think not ill of grace in yourself. And ye think ill of grace in yourself when ye make it but a bastard and a work of nature; for a holy fear that ye be not Christ's, and withal a care and a desire to be His, and not your own, is not, nay cannot be, bastard nature. The great Advocate pleadeth hard for you; be upon the Advocate's side, O poor feared† client of Christ! Stay, and side with such a Lover, who pleadeth for no other man's goods than His own; for He (if I may say so) scorneth to be enriched with unjust conquest.‡ And yet He pleadeth for you, whereof your letter (though too, too full of jealousy§) is a proof. For, if ye were not His, your thoughts (which, I hope, are but the suggestions of His Spirit, that only bringeth the matter into debate to make it sure to you) would not be such, nor so serious as these, “Am I His?” or “Whose am I?” 2. Dare ye forswear your Owner, and say in cold blood, “I am not His?” What nature or corruption saith at starts|| in you, I regard not. Your thoughts of yourself, when sin and guiltiness round¶ you in the ear, and when you have a sight of your deservings, are Apocrypha; and not Scripture, I hope. Hear what the Lord saith of you: “He will speak peace.” If your Master say, “I quit you,” I shall then bid you eat ashes for bread, and drink waters of gall and wormwood. But, however Christ out of His own mouth should seem to say, “I come not for thee,” as He did, Matt. xv. 24;

* Am not able.

† Alarmed.

‡ Acquisition.

§ Suspicion.

|| Occasionally, by fits and starts.

¶ Whisper, or sound into the ear.

yet let me say, that the words of tempting Jesus* are not to be stretched as Scripture, beyond His intention, seeing His intention in speaking them is to strengthen, not to deceive. And, therefore, here faith may contradict what Christ seemeth at first to say, and so may ye. I charge you by the mercies of God, be not that† cruel to grace and the new birth as to cast water on your own coal by misbelief. If ye must die (as I know ye shall not), it were a folly to slay yourself. 3. I hope that ye love the new birth and a claim to Christ, howbeit ye do not make it good; and if ye were in hell, and saw the heavenly face of lovely, ten thousand times lovely Jesus, that hath God's hue, and God's fair, fair and comely red and white, wherewith it is beautified beyond comparison and imagination, ye could not forbear to say, "Oh, if I could but blow a kiss from my sinful mouth from hell up to heaven, upon His cheeks that are a bed of spices as sweet flowers!"‡ I hope ye dare say, "O fairest sight of heaven! O boundless mass of crucified and slain love for me, give me leave to wish to love Thee! O Flower and Bloom of heaven and earth's love! O angels' Wonder! O Thou, the Father's eternal, sealed Love! and O Thou, God's old Delight! give me leave to stand beside Thy love, and look in and wonder; and give me leave to wish to love Thee, if I can do no more." 4. We being born in atheism, and bairns§ of the house that we are come of, it is no new thing, my dear brother, for us to be under jealousies|| and mistakes about the love of God. What think ye of this, that the man, Christ, was tempted to believe there were but two persons in the blessed Godhead, and that the Son of God, the substantial and coeternal Son, was not the lawful Son of God? Did not Satan say, "If Thou be the Son of God?"

Secondly: Ye say, that ye know not what to do. Your Head said once the same word, or not far from it. "Now is My soul troubled, and what shall I say?"¶ And faith answered Christ's "What shall I say?" with these words: "O tempted Saviour, askest

* Of Jesus, when He puts us to trial.

† So truly.

‡ Cant. v. 13.

§ Children brought up in the house.

|| Suspicions.

¶ John xii. 27.

Thou, ‘What shall I say?’ Say, ‘Pray, Father, save Me from this hour.’” What course can ye take but pray and first* Christ His own comforts? He is no dyvour; take His word. “Oh,” say ye, “I cannot pray?” Answer—Honest sighing is faith breathing and whispering Him in the ear. The life is not out of faith where there is sighing, looking up with the eyes, and breathing toward God. Hide not Thine ear at my breathing.† “But what shall I do in spiritual exercises?” ye say. Answer—1. If ye knew particularly what to do, it were not a spiritual exercise. 2. In my weak judgment, ye should first say, “I would glorify God in believing David’s salvation, and the Bride’s marriage with the Lamb, and love the Church’s slain Husband, although I cannot for the present believe mine own salvation.” 3. Say, “I will not pass from my claim: suppose Christ should pass from His claim to me, it shall not go back upon my side. Howbeit my love to Him be not worth a drink of water, yet Christ shall have it, such as it is.” 4. Say, “I shall rather spill‡ twenty prayers, than not pray at all. Let my broken words go up to heaven: when they come up into the Great Angel’s golden censer, that compassionate Advocate will put together my broken prayers, and perfume them.” Words are but the accidents§ of prayer.

“Oh,” say ye, “I am slain with hardness of heart, and troubled with confused and melancholious|| thoughts.” Answer—My dear brother, what would ye conclude thence? That ye know not well who aughteth¶ you? I grant: “Oh, my heart is hard! oh, my thoughts of faithless sorrow! *Ergo*, I know not who aughteth me,” were good logic in heaven amongst angels and the glorified; but down in Christ’s hospital, where sick and distempered souls are under cure, it is not worth a straw. Give Christ time to end His work in your heart. Hold on, in feeling and bewailing your hardness; for that is softness to feel hardness. 2. I charge you to make psalms of Christ’s praises for His begun work of grace. Make

* Grant delay in payment.

† Lam. iii. 56.

‡ Spoil.

§ The incidental accompaniments.

|| Melancholy.

¶ Possesseth as his property.

Christ your music and your song; for complaining and feeling of want doth often swallow up your praises. What think ye of those who go to hell never troubled with such thoughts? If your exercises be the way to hell, God help me! I have a cold coal to blow at, and a blank paper for heaven. I give you Christ caution,* and my heaven surety, for your salvation. Lend Christ your melancholy, for Satan hath no right to make a chamber in your melancholy. Borrow joy and comfort from the Comforter. Bid the Spirit do His office in you; and remember that faith is one thing, and the feeling and notice of faith another. God forbid that feeling were *proprium quarto modo*† to all the faints; and that this were good reasoning, “No feeling, no grace.” I am sure ye were not always, these twenty years by-past, actually knowing that ye live; yet all this time ye are living. So it is with the life of faith.

But, alas! dear brother, it is easy for me to speak words and syllables of peace; but Isaiah telleth you, “I create peace.”‡ There is but one Creator, ye know. Oh that ye may get a letter of peace sent you from heaven!

Pray for me, and for grace to be faithful, and for gifts to be able, with tongue and pen, to glorify God. I forget you not.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

ST ANDREW'S, Jan. 8, 1640.

S. R.

CCXCIV.—*To my* LADY BOYD.

(SINS OF THE LAND—DWELLING IN CHRIST—FAITH AWAKE
SEES ALL WELL.)



ADAM,—I received your Ladyship's letter; but because I was still going through the country for the affairs of the Church, I had no time to answer it.

* Christ as security

† Like “accidents,” p. 278. This is a term of logic, and refers to the fourth kind of categorical proposition, in which some particular point is proved in the negative.

‡ Isa. lvii. 19.

I had never more cause to fear than I have now, when my Lord hath restored me to my second created heaven on earth, and hath turned my apprehended fears into joys, and great deliverance to His Church, whereof I have my share and part. Alas! that weeping prayers, answered and sent back from heaven with joy, should not have laughing praises! Oh that this land would repent, and lay burdens of praises upon the top of the fair Mount Zion! Madam, except this land be humbled, a Reformation is rather my wonder than belief, at this time. But surely it must be a wonder, and what is done already is a wonder. Our Lord must restore beauty to His churches without hire; for we are sold without money, and now our buyers repent them of the bargain, and would gladly give again better-cheap* than they bought us. They devoured Jacob, and eat up His people as bread; now Jacob is growing a living child in their womb, and they would fain be delivered of the child, and render the birth. Our Lord shall be midwife. Oh that this land be not like Ephraim, “An unwise son, that stayeth too long in the place of the breaking forth of children!” Your Ladyship is blessed with children who are honoured to build up Christ’s waste places again. I believe that your Ladyship will think them well bestowed on that work, and that Zion’s beauty is your joy. This is a mark and evidence from heaven, which helpeth weak ones to hold their grip,† when other marks fail them.

I hope that your Ladyship is at a good understanding with Christ, and that, as becometh a Christian, ye take Him up aright; for many mistake and misshape Christ in His comings and goings. Your wants and falls proclaim that ye have nothing of your own but what ye borrow; nay, yourself is not your own, but Christ hath given Himself to you. Put Christ to the bank, and heaven shall be your interest and income. Love Him, for ye cannot over-love Him. Take up your house in Christ. Let Him dwell in you, and abide in Him; and then ye may look out of Christ, and laugh at the clay-heavens that the sons of men are seeking after on this side of the

* At a lower price.

† Firm hold.

water. Christ mindeth to make your losses grace's great advantage. Christ will lose nothing of you; nay, not even your sins, for He hath a use for them, as well as for your service; howbeit ye are to loathe yourself for these. I hope that ye fetch all the heaven ye have here in this life from that which is up above, and that your anchor is casten as high and deep as Christ. (Oh, but it is far and many a mile to the bottom!) If I had known long since, as I do now (though still, alas! I am ignorant), what was in Christ, I would not have been so late in starting to the gate* to seek Him. Oh what can I do or say to Him who hath made the North render me back again! A grave is no sure prison to Him for the keeping of dry bones. Wo is me, that my foolish sorrow and unbelief, being on horseback, did ride so proudly and witlessly over my Lord's providence! But when my faith was asleep, Christ was awake; and now, when I am awake, I say He did all things well. O infinite wisdom! O incomparable loving-kindness! Alas, that the heart I have is so little and worthless for such a Lord as Christ is! Oh what odds† find the faints in hard trials, when they feel sap at their roots, betwixt them and sun-burned, withered professors! Crosses and storms cause them to cast their blooms and leaves. Poor worldlings, what will ye do when the span-length of your forenoon's laughter is ended, and when the weeping side of providence is turned to you?

I put all the favours which ye have bestowed on my brother upon Christ's score; in whose books are many such counts, and who will requite them. I wish you to be builded more and more upon the stone laid in Zion, and then ye shall be the more fit to have a hand in rebuilding our Lord's fallen tabernacle in this land; in which ye shall find great peace when ye come to grips‡ with death, the king of terrors.

The God of peace be with your Ladyship, and keep you blameless till the day of our Lord Jesus.

Your Ladyship's, at all obedience in his sweet Lord and Master,
ST ANDREW'S. S. R.

* Setting out with alacrity. † Difference. ‡ Come to close fighting.

CCXCV.—*To his very dear Friend, JOHN FENWICK.*

[MR JOHN FENWICK was an Englishman, who suffered considerably for non-conformity. He seems to be the same person mentioned in Row's *Life of R. Blair*. He says that "John Fenwick was one of the best of the Commissioners sent by Cromwell to visit the Universities." He was a Puritan and Non-conformist.]

(CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN—FREEDOM OF GOD'S LOVE—FAITH
TO BE EXERCISED UNDER FROWNS—GRACE FOR TRIALS—
CHRIST YET TO BE EXALTED ON THE EARTH.)



MUCH HONOURED AND DEAR FRIEND,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—The necessary impediments of my calling have hitherto kept me from making a return to your letter, the heads whereof I shall now briefly answer.

I approve of your going to the Fountain, when your own cistern is dry. A difference there must be betwixt Christ's well and your borrowed water; and why* but ye have need of emptiness and drying up, as well as ye have need of the well? Want and a hole there must be in our vessel, to leave room to Christ's art. His well hath its own need of thirsty drinkers, to commend infinite love which, from eternity, did brew such a cellar of living waters for us.

Ye commend His free love; and it is well done. Oh, if I could help you! and if I could be master-convener to gather an earth-full and an heaven-full of tongues, dipped and steeped in my Lord's well of love, or His wine of love, even tongues drunken with His love, to raise a song of praises to Him, betwixt the east and west end, and furthest points of the broad heavens! If I were in your case (as, alas! my dry and dead heart is not now in that garden), I would borrow leave to come and stand upon the banks and coasts of that sea of love, and be a feasted soul to see love's fair

* Why object, although ye have.

tide, free love's high and lofty waves, each of them higher than ten earths, flowing in upon pieces of loft clay. Oh, welcome, welcome, great sea! Oh, if I had as much love, for wideness and breadth, as twenty outmost shells and spheres of the heaven of heavens, that I might receive in a little flood of His free love! Come, come, dear friend, and be pained that the King's wine-cellar of free love, and His banqueting-house (oh so wide, so stately! oh so God-like, so glory-like!) should be so abundant, so overflowing, and your shallow vessel so little to take in some part of that love. But since it cannot come into you for want of room, enter yourself into this sea of love, and breathe under these waters, and die of love; and live as one dead and drowned of this love.

But why do ye complain of waters going over your soul, and that the smoke of the terrors of a wrathful Lord do almost suffocate you, and bring you to death's brink? I know that the fault is in your eyes, not in Him. It is not the rock that fleeth and moveth, but the green sailer. If your sense and apprehension be made judge of His love, there is a graven image made presently, even a changed god, and a foe-god, who was once ("When ye washed your steps with butter, and the rock poured you out rivers of oil"*) a Friend-God. Either now or never, let God work. Ye had never, since ye were a man, such a fair field for faith; for a painted hell, and an apprehension of wrath in your Father, is faith's opportunity to try what strength is in it. Now, give God as large a measure of charity as ye have of sorrow. Now, see faith to be faith indeed, if ye can make your grave betwixt Christ's feet, and say, "Though He should slay me, I will trust in Him. His believed love shall be my winding-sheet, and all my grave-clothes; I shall roll and sew in my soul, my slain soul, in that web, His sweet and free love. And let Him write upon my grave, 'Here lieth a believing dead man, breathing out and making a hole in death's broadside, and the breath of faith cometh forth through the hole.'" See now if ye can overcome and prevail with God, and wrestle God's tempting to

* Job xxix. 6

death, quite out of breath, as that renowned wrestler did : “ And by His strength He had power with God ; yea, He had power over the angel and prevailed.”* He is a strong man indeed who overmatcheth heaven’s Strength, and the Holy One of Israel, the strong Lord : which is done by a secret supply of divine strength within, wherewith the weakest, being strengthened, overcome and conquer. It shall be great victory, to blow out the flame of that furnace ye are now in, with the breath of faith. And when hell, men, malice, cruelty, falsehood, devils, the seeming glooms of a sweet Lord, meet you in the teeth, if ye then, as a captive of hope, as one fettered in hope’s prison, run to your stronghold, even from God glooming to God glooming,† and believe the salvation of the Lord in the dark, which is your only victory, your enemies (that are but pieces of malicious clay) shall die as men, and be confounded. But, that your troubles are many at once, and arrows come in from all airts,‡ from country, friends, wife, children, foes, estate, and right down from God who is the hope and stay of your soul, I confess is more, and very heavy to be borne. Yet all these are not more than grace ; all these bits of coals casten into your sea of mercy cannot dry it up. Your troubles are many and great ; yet not an ounce-weight beyond the measure of infinite wisdom, I hope, nor beyond the measure of grace that He is to bestow. For our Lord never yet brake the back of His child, nor spilled§ His own work. Nature’s plastering and counterfeit work He doth often break in shreds, and putteth out a candle not lighted at the Sun of righteousness ; but He must cherish His own reeds,|| and handle them softly (never a reed getteth a thrust with the Mediator’s hand!), to lay together the two ends of the reed. Oh, what bands and ligaments hath our Chirurgeon ¶ of broken spirits, to bind up all His lame and bruised ones with ! Cast your disjointed spirit into His lap ; and lay your burden upon One who is so willing to take your cares and your

* Hosea xii. 3, 4.

† Frowning.

‡ Quarters of the compass.

§ Spoiled.

|| Isa. xlii. 3.

¶ Surgeon (the Latin *chirurgus*), our Healer of broken spirits.

fears off you, and to exchange and niffer* your crosses, and to give you new for old, and gold for iron ; even to give you garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

It is true, in great part, what ye write of this kirk, that the letter of religion only is reformed, and scarce that. I do not believe our Lord will build His Zion in this land upon this skin of reformation. So long as our scum remaineth, and our heart-idols are kept, this work must be at a stand ; and, therefore, our Lord must yet sift this land, and search us with candles. And I know that He will give and not sell us His kingdom. His grace and our remaining guiltiness must be compared ; and the one must be seen in the glory of it, and the other in the sinfulness of it. But I desire to believe, and would gladly hope to see, that the glancing and shining lustre of glory coming from the diamonds and stones set in the crown of our Lord Jesus shall cast rays and beams many thousand miles about. I hope that Christ is upon a great marriage ; and that His wooing and suiting† of His excellent Bride doth take its beginning from us, the ends of the earth. Oh, what joy and what glory would I judge it, if my heaven should be suspended till I might have leave to run on foot to be a witness of that marriage-glory, and see Christ put on the glory of His last-married bride, and His last marriage-love on earth ; when He shall enlarge His love-bed, and set it upon the top of the mountains, and take in the Elder Sister, the Jews, and the fulness of the Gentiles ! It were heaven's honour and glory upon earth to be His lackey, to run at His horse's foot, and hold up the train of His marriage-robe royal, in the day of our high and royal Solomon's espousals. But oh, what glory to have a seat, or bed, in the chariot of King Jesus, that is bottomed with gold, and paved, and lined over, and floored within with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem !‡ To lie upon such a King's love, were a bed next to the flower of heaven's glory.

I am sorry to hear you speak in your letter of a “ God angry at you,” and of “ the sense of His indignation ;” which only ariseth

* Barter.

† Seeking in marriage.

‡ Cant. iii. 10.

from suffering for Jefus all that is now come upon you. Indeed, “apprehended wrath” flameth out of fuch afhes as “apprehended fin,” but not from “suffering for Chrift.” But, fuppofe ye were in hell for bygonēs* and for old debt, I hope ye owe Chrift a great fum of charity, to believe the fweetnefs of His love. I know what it is to fin in that kind. It is to fin (if it were poffible) the unchangeablenefs of a Godhead out of Chrift, and to fin away a lovely and unchangeable God. Put more honeft apprehenfions upon Chrift. Put on His own mafk upon His face, and not your vail made of unbelief, which fpeaketh as if He borrowed love to you, from you and your demerits and finful defervings. Oh, no! Chrift is man, but He is not like man. He hath man’s love in heaven, but it is luftred† with God’s love, and it is very God’s love ye have to do with. When your wheels go about, He ftandeth ftill. Let God be God. And be ye a man, and have ye the deferving of man, and the fin of one who hath fuffered your Well-beloved to flip away, nay, hath refufed Him entrance when He was knocking, till His head and locks were frozen: yet what is that to Him? His book keepeth your name, and is not printed and reprinted, and changed, and corrected. And why but‡ He fhould go to His place, and hide Himfelf? Howbeit His departure be His own good work, yet the belief of it, in that manner, is your fin. But wait on till He return with falvation, and caufe you to rejoice in the latter end. It is not much to complain; but rather believe than complain, and fit in the duft, and clofe your mouth, till He make your fown light grow again. For your afflictions are not eternal; time will end them, and fo fhall ye at length fee the Lord’s falvation. His love fleepeth not, but is ftill working for you. His falvation will not tarry nor linger; and fuffering for Him is the nobleft crofs that is out of heaven. Your Lord had the wale§ and choice of ten thoufand other croffes befide this, to exercife you withal; but His wifdom and His love waled and choofed out this

* Bypaft matters.

† Made to fhine.

‡ Why object, although He go.

§ Selection.

for you, beside them all. And take it as a choice one, and make use of it so as ye look to this world as your stepmother, in your borrowed prison. For it is a love-look to heaven and the other side of the water that God seeketh; and this is the fruit, the flower and bloom growing out of your crosse, that ye be a dead man to time, to clay, to gold, to country, to friends, wife, children, and all pieces of created nothings; for in them there is not a seat nor bottom for soul's love. Oh, what room is for your love (if it were as broad as the sea) up in heaven, and in God! And what would not Christ give for your love? God gave so much for your soul; and blessed are ye if ye have a love for Him, and can call in your soul's love from all idols, and can make a God of God, a God of Christ, and draw a line betwixt your heart and Him. If your deliverance came not, Christ's presence and His believed love must stand as caution and surety for your deliverance, till your Lord send it in His blessed time. For Christ hath many salvations, if we could see them; and I would think it better-born comfort and joy that cometh from the faith of deliverance, and the faith of His love, than that which cometh from deliverance itself. It is not much matter, if ye find ease to your afflicted soul, what be the means, either of your own wishing or of God's choosing. The latter, I am sure, is best, and the comforts strongest and sweetest. Let the Lord absolutely have the ordering of your evils and troubles; and put them off you by recommending your crosse and your furnace to Him who hath skill to melt His own metal, and knoweth well what to do with His furnace. Let your heart be willing that God's fire have your tin, and brass, and dross. To consent to want corruption is a greater mercy than many professors do well know; and to refer the manner of God's physic to His own wisdom, whether it be by drawing blood, or giving sugared drinks. That He cureth sick folks without pain, is a great point of faith; and to believe Christ's crosse to be a friend, as He Himself is a Friend, is also a special act of faith. But when ye are over the water, this case shall be a yesterday past a hundred years ere ye were born; and the cup of glory shall wash the memory of all this away, and make it as nothing. Only

now take Christ in with you under your yoke, and let patience have her perfect work; for this haste is your infirmity. The Lord is rising up to do you good in the latter end; put on the faith of His salvation, and see Him posting and hastening towards you.

Sir, my employments (being so great) hinder me to write at more length. Excuse me; I hope to be mindful of you. I shall be obliged to you, if ye help me with your prayers for this people, this college, and my own poor soul.

Grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife.

Yours, in Christ Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Feb. 13, 1640.

CCXCVI.—*To the much honoured* PETER STIRLING.

[He may have been related to James Stirling, minister of Paisley, who, along with Sir J. Stuart of Goodtrees, wrote "*Naphtali*;" or to John Stirling, minister of Edinburgh, one who suffered much, and is referred to in the notice to Letter 92, Ephraim Melvin.]

(*BELIEVERS' GRACES ALL FROM CHRIST—ASPIRATION AFTER
MORE LOVE TO HIM—HIS REIGN DESIRED.*)



MUCH HONoured AND WORTHY SIR,—I received yours, and cannot but be ashamed that mistaken love hath brought me into court* and account in the heart of God's children, especially of another nation. I should not make a lie of the grace of God, if I should think I have little share of it myself. Oh, how much better were it for me to stand in the counting-table of many for a halfpenny, and to be esteemed a *liker*; rather than a *lover* of Christ! If I were weighed, vanity would bear down the scale, as having weight in the balance above me, except my lovely Saviour should cast in beside me some of His

* Influence and favour.

borrowed worth. And oh if I were writing now sincerely in this extenuation, which may be (and I fear is) subtle and cozening pride! I would I could love something of heaven's worth, in you and all of your metal. O how happy were I, if I could regain and conquer back from the creature my fold and lost love, that I might lay it upon heaven's Jewel, that ever, ever blooming Flower of the highest garden, even my soul-redeeming and never-enough prized Lord Jesus! Oh that He would wash my love, and put it on the Mediator's wheel, and refine it from its dross and tin, that I might propine and gift* that Lord, so love-worthy, with all my love! Oh, if I could set† a lease of thousands of years, and a suspension of my part of heaven's glory, and frist,‡ till a long day, my desired salvation, so being that I could, in this lower kitchen and under-vault of His creation, be feasted with His love, and that I might be a footstool to His glory before men and angels! Oh, if He would let out heaven's fountain upon withered me, dry and sapless me! If I were but sick of love for His love. And oh, how would that sickness delight me! How sweet should that easing and refreshing pain be to my soul!

I shall be glad to be a witness, to behold the kingdoms of the world become Christ's. I could stay out of heaven many years to see that victorious triumphing Lord act that prophesied part of His soul-conquering love, in taking into His kingdom the greater sister, that kirk of the Jews, who sometime§ courted our Well-beloved for her little sister; || to behold Him set up as an ensign and banner of love, to the ends of the world. And truly we are to believe that His wrath is ripe for the land of graven images, and for the falling of that millstone into the midst of the sea.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *March 6, 1640.*

* Make a present of, and give away.

† Delay payment of.

§ Once.

‡ Give a lease.

|| Cant. viii. 8.

CCXCVII.—*To the* LADY FINGASK.

[This lady has been supposed to be LADY ANNE MONCRIEFF, wife of Sir John Dundas of Fingask in Perthshire. She was daughter of William Moncrieff of that ilk, and her mother was one of the Murrays of Abercarnie. See notice prefixed to the letter to “The Laird of Moncrieff.” At the same time, it is not impossible that Rutherford, who was then at St Andrew’s, may be writing to a lady in the neighbourhood; for we find (Inquisit. Retornat. Abbreviat.) that the ancestors of the martyr Thomas Forret possessed the estate of “*Fyngask*, in regalitate Sanctæ Andree.”]

(FAITH’S MISGIVINGS—SPIRITUAL DARKNESS NOT GRACE—
CHRIST’S LOVE INIMITABLE.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Though not acquainted, yet, at the desire of a Christian, I make bold to write a line or two unto you, by way of counsel, howbeit I be most unfit for that.

I hear, and I bless the Father of lights for it, that ye have a spirit set to seek God, and that the posture of your heart is to look heavenward, which is a work and cast of the Mediator Christ’s right hand, who putteth on the heart a new frame. For the which I would have your Ladyship to see a tie and bond of obedience laid upon you, that all may be done, not so much from obligation of law, as from the tie of free love; that the law of ransom-paying by Christ may be the chief ground of all our obedience, seeing that ye are not under the law, but under grace. Withal, know that unbelief is a spiritual sin, and so not seen by nature’s light; and that all which conscience faith is not Scripture. Suppose that your heart bear witness against you for sins done long ago: yet, because many have pardon with God that have not peace with themselves, ye are to stand and fall by Christ’s esteem and verdict of you, and not by that which your heart faith. Suppose it may, by accident, be a good sign to be jealous* of your heavenly Husband’s love, yet it is a sinful sign; as

* Suspicious.

there be some happy sins (if I may speak so), not of themselves, but because they are neighboured with faith and love. And so, worthy Lady, I would have you to hold by this, that the ancient love of an old husband standeth firm and sure. And let faith hing* by this small thread, that He loved you before He laid the corner-stone of the world, and therefore He cannot change His mind; because He is God, and resteth in His love. Neither is sin in you a good reason wherefore ye should doubt of Him, or think, because sin hath put you in the courtesy and reverence† of justice, that therefore He is wroth with you: neither is it presumption in you to lay the burden of your salvation on One mighty to save, so being that ye lay aside all confidence in yourself, your worth and righteousness. True faith is humble, and seeth no way to escape but only in Christ. And I believe that ye have put an esteem and high price upon Christ: and they cannot but believe, and so be saved, who love Christ, and to whom He is precious; for the love of Christ has chosen Christ as a lover. And it were not like God, if ye should choose Him as your liking, and He not choose you again. Nay, He hath prevented‡ you in that, for ye have not chosen Him, but He hath chosen you.

Oh consider His loveliness and beauty, and that there is nothing which can commend and make fair heaven, or earth, or the creature, that is not in Him in infinite perfection; for fair sun and fair moon are black, and think shame to shine before His fairness.§ Base heavens, and excellent Jesus! weak angels, and strong and mighty Jesus! foolish angel-wisdom, and only wife Jesus! short-living creature, and long-living and ever-living Ancient of days! Miserable, and sickly, and wretched are those things that are within time's circle, and only, only blessed Jesus! If ye can wind-in into His love (and He giveth you leave to love Him, and allurements also), what a second heaven's paradise, a young heaven's glory, is it to be hot and burned with fevers of love-sickness for

* Hang on.

† Power (Jamieson). See Let. 30.

‡ Anticipated; was first in coming. § Isa. xxiv. 23; Job xxv. 5.

Him ! And the more your Ladyship drink of this love, there is the more room, and the greater delight and desire for this love. Be homely,* and hunger for a feast and fill of His love ; for that is the borders and march† of heaven. Nothing hath a nearer resemblance to the colour, and hue, and lustre of heaven than Christ loved, and to breathe out love-words and love-sighs for Him. Remember what He is. When twenty thousand millions of heaven's lovers have worn their hearts threadbare of love, all is nothing, yea, less than nothing, to His matchless worth and excellency. Oh so broad and so deep as the sea of His desirable loveliness is ! Glorified spirits, triumphing angels, the crowned and exalted lovers of heaven, stand without‡ His loveliness, and cannot put a circle on it. Oh if sin and time were from betwixt us and that royal King's love ! that high Majesty (eternity's Bloom and Flower of high lusted beauty) might shine upon pieces of created spirits, and might bedew and overflow us, who are portions of endless misery and lumps of redeemed sin.

Alas ! what do I ? I but spill§ and lose words in speaking highly of Him who will bide and be above the music and songs of heaven, and never be enough praised by us all ; to whose boundless and bottomless love I recommend your Ladyship, and am,

Your Ladyship's, in Christ Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *March 27, 1640.*

CCXCVIII.—*To his Reverend and dear Brother, MR DAVID DICKSON, on the Death of his Son.*

(GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY, AND DISCIPLINE BY AFFLICTION.)



EVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Ye look like the house whereof ye are a branch : the cross is a part of the liferent that lieth to all the sons of the house.

* Familiar.

† Boundary line.

‡ Ps. vii. 11.

§ Spoil.

I desire to suffer with you, if I could take a lift* of your house-trial off you; but ye have preached it ere I knew anything of God. Your Lord may gather His roses, and shake His apples, at what season of the year He pleaseth. Each husbandman cannot make harvest when he pleaseth, as He can do. Ye are taught to know and adore His sovereignty, which He exerciseth over you, which yet is lusted† with mercy. The child hath but changed a bed in the garden, and is planted up higher, nearer the sun, where he shall thrive better than in this outfield muir-ground.‡ Ye must think your Lord would not want him one hour longer; and since the date of your loan of him was expired (as it is, if ye read the lease), let Him have His own with gain, as good reason were. I read on it an exaltation and a richer measure of grace, as the sweet fruit of your cross; and I am bold to say, that that college where your Master hath set you now shall find it.

I am content that Christ is so homely§ with my dear brother David Dickson, as to borrow and lend, and take and give with him. And ye know what are called the visitations of such a friend: it is, Come to the house, and be homely with what is yours. I persuade myself, upon His credit, that He hath left drink-money, and that He hath made the house the better of Him. I envy|| not His waking¶ love, who saw that this water was to be passed through, and that now the number of crosses lying in our way to glory are fewer by one than when I saw you. They must decrease. It is better than any ancient or modern commentary on your text, that ye preach upon in Glasgow. Read and spell right, for He knoweth what He doeth. He is only lopping and snedding** a fruitful tree, that it may be more fruitful. I congratulate heartily with you His new welcome to your new charge.

Dearest brother, go on, and faint not. Something of yours is

* Part of the load.

† Made shining.

‡ The part of the farm lying waste, and covered with heath.

§ Familiar.

|| Grudge not, fret not at.

¶ Not asleep and inactive.

** Pruning; making neat.

in heaven, beside the flesh of your exalted Saviour ; and ye go on after your own. Time's thread is shorter by one inch than it was. An oath is sworn and past the seals, whether afflictions will or not, ye must grow, and swell out of your shell, and live, and triumph, and reign, and be more than a conqueror. For your Captain, who leadeth you on, is more than conqueror, and He maketh you partaker of His conquest and victory. Did not love to you compel me, I would not fetch water to the well, and speak to one who knoweth better than I can do what God is doing with him.

Remember my love to your wife, to Mr John,* and all friends there. Let us be helped by your prayers, for I cease not to make mention of you to the Lord, as I can.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, May 28, 1640.

CCXCIX.—*To my LADY BOYD, on the loss of several Friends.*

(TRUST EVEN THOUGH SLAIN—SECOND CAUSES NOT TO BE
REGARDED—GOD'S THOUGHTS OF PEACE THEREIN—ALL
IN MERCY.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Impute it not to a disrespectful† forgetfulness of your Ladyship, who ministered to me in my bonds, that I write not to you.

I wish that I could speak or write what might do good to your Ladyship ; especially now when I think we cannot but have deep thoughts of the deep and bottomless ways of our Lord, in taking away, with a sudden and wonderful stroke, your brethren and

* Dickson's eldest son, who became Clerk to the Exchequer of Scotland.

† *Disrespective* is the old form of *disrespectful*. Sibbs uses “respective” for “full of respect.”

Engl Humrablee

The matter of my transportation is so poor a
contrabandise I truly not being desirous to be
subject of any one in the Generall Assemblies
of the Kirk of Scotland when your presence
emphatically is due, and since my suffering since the
pain of transportation, most humbly and each
your self that favour as to last your blessing
upon some fitter man, for as it is unbecom-
ing me to be or dissemble so I must freely
show you I will not make me the subject of
inference and further obedience, and I trust
your my intention will be good to me, and I
am persuaded it is not for my mind, it shall be
my prayer to God, to send you more
such an able and good man. Ours be
with you

SAunders by
Lof of Fin.
10/19

Yours most humble
obedience with love
Eumwel Rutherford

Address on Back of Letter

for the Loyal noble

my barneyed Lord,

Edmund Stenart

prose of E. Stenart
and remnant of the
~~and~~ Stenart of

for the

friends. Ye may know, that all who die for sin die not in sin ; and that “ none can teach the Almighty knowledge.” He answereth none of our courts, and no man can say, “ What doest Thou ? ” It is true that your brethren saw not many summers ; but adore and fear the sovereignty of the great Potter, who maketh and marreth His clay-vessels when and how it pleaseth Him.

The under-garden is absolutely His own, and all that groweth in it. His absolute liberty is law-biding.* The flowers are His own. If some be but summer apples, He may pluck them down before others. Oh what wisdom is it to believe, and not to dispute ; to subject the thoughts to His court, and not to repine at any act of His justice ? He hath done it : all flesh be silent ! It is impossible to be submissive and religiously patient, if ye stay your thoughts down among the confused rollings and wheels of second causes ; as, “ Oh the place ! ” “ Oh the time ! ” “ Oh if this had been, this had not followed ! ” “ Oh the linking of this accident with this time and place ! ” Look up to the master-motion and the first wheel. See and read the decree of Heaven and the Creator of man, who breweth death to His children, and the manner of it. And they see far into a millstone, and have eyes that make a hole to see through the one side of a mountain to the other, who can take up His ways. “ How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out ! ” His providence halteth not, but goeth with even and equal legs. Yet are they not the greatest sinners upon whom the tower of Siloam fell. Was not time’s lease expired ? and the sand of heaven’s sand-glass, set by our Lord, run out ? Is not he an unjust debtor who payeth due debt with chiding ?

I believe, Christian lady, your faith leaveth that† much charity to our Lord’s judgments as to believe (howbeit ye be in blood silt† to that cross) that yet ye are exempted and freed from the gall and wrath that is in it. I dare not deny but “ the king of terrors dwelleth in the wicked man’s tabernacle : brimstone shall be scat-

* Will endure the trial by law.

† So.

‡ Nearly related to.

tered on his habitation ;”* yet, Madam, it is safe for you to live upon the faith of His love whose arrows are over-watered† and pointed‡ with love and mercy to His own, and who knoweth how to take you and yours out of the roll and book of the dead. Our Lord hath not the eyes of flesh in distributing wrath to the thousandth generation without exception. Seeing ye are not under the law, but under grace, and married to another Husband, wrath is not the court that you are liable to.

As I would not wish, neither do I believe, that your Ladyship doth “*despise*,” so neither “*faint*.”§ Read and spell aright all the words and syllables in the visitation, and miscall|| neither letter nor syllable in it. Come along with the Lord, and see ; and lay no more weight upon the law than your Christ hath laid upon it. If the law’s bill get an answer from Christ, the curses of it can do more. And I hope you have resolved that, if He should grind you to powder, your dust and powder will believe His salvation.

And who can tell what thoughts of love and peace our Lord hath to your children ? I trust He will make them famous in executing the written judgments upon the enemies of the Lord (“this honour have all the saints”¶), and that they shall bear stones on their shoulders for building that fair city that is called, “The Lord is there.”** And happy shall they be who have a hand in the sacking of Babel, and come out in the year of vengeance for the controversy of Zion, against the land of graven images. Therefore, Madam, let the Lord make out of your father’s house any work, even of judgment, that He pleaseth. What is wrath to others is mercy to you and your house. It is faith’s work to claim and challenge loving-kindness out of all the roughest strokes of God. Do that for the Lord which ye will do for time : time will calm your heart at that which God hath done, and let our Lord have it now. What love ye did bear to friends now dead, seeing they stand now in no need of

* Job xviii. 15.

† Plated over. Let. 284.

‡ “*Point*,” is to fill the crevices of a wall with mortar.

§ Prov. iii. 11.

|| Misname.

¶ Ps. cxlix. 9.

** Ezek. xlvi. 35.

it, let it fall as just legacy to Christ. Oh how sweet to put out many strange lovers, and to put in Christ! It is much for our half-slain affections to part with that which we believe we have right unto; but the servant's will should be our will, and he is the best servant who retaineth least of his own will and most of his Master's. That much wisdom must be ascribed to our Lord, that He knoweth how to lead His own, in-through and out-through* the little time-hells and the pieces of time-during wraths in this life; and yet keep safe His love, without any blur upon the old and great seal of free election. And, seeing His mountains of brass, the mighty and strong decrees of free grace in Christ, stand sure, and the covenant standeth fast for ever as the days of heaven, let Him strike and nurture.† His striking must be a very act of saving, seeing strokes upon His secret ones come from the soft and heavenly hand of the Mediator, and His rods are steeped and watered in that flood and river of love that cometh from the God-man's heart of our soul-loving and soul-redeeming JESUS.

I hope that ye are content to frist‡ the Cautioner§ of mankind His own conquest,|| heaven, till He pay to you, and bring you to a state of glory, where He will never crook ¶ a finger upon, nor lift a hand to you again. And be content, and withal greedily covetous of grace, the interest and pledge of glory. If I did not believe your crop to be on the ground, and (your part of that heaven of the saints-heaven) white and ruddy, fair, fair, and beautiful Jesus were come to the bloom and the flower, and near your hook,** I would not write this. But, seeing time's thread is short, and ye are upon the entry of heaven's harvest, and Christ, the field of heaven's glory, is white and ripe-like, the losses that I wrote of to your Ladyship are but summer-showers that will only wet your garments for an hour or two, and the sun of the New Jerusalem shall quickly dry the wet coat; especially seeing rains of affliction

* From side to side; from end to end.

† Use discipline.

‡ Allow delay in asking payment. § Surety.

|| Acquisition by purchase.

¶ Bend.

** Sickle.

cannot stain the image of God, or cause grace to cast colour. And, since ye will not alter upon Him who will not change upon you, I durst, in my weakness, think myself no spiritual seer if I should not prophesy that daylight is near, when such a morning-darkness is upon you; and that this trial of your Christian mind towards Him (whom you dare not leave, howbeit He should slay you) shall close with a doubled mercy. It is time for faith to hold fast as much of Christ as ever ye had, and to make the grip* stronger, and to cleave closer to Him, seeing Christ loveth to be believed in and trusted to. The glory of laying strength upon one that is mighty to save is more than we can think. That piece of service, believing in a sinning Redeemer, is a precious part of obedience. Oh what glory to Him to lay over the burden of our heaven upon Him that purchased for us an eternal kingdom! O blessed soul, who can adore and kiss His lovely free grace!

The rich grace of Christ be with your spirit.

Yours, at all obedience in Christ Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Oct. 15, 1640.

CCC.—*To AGNES MACMATH, on the Death of a Child.*

[AGNES MACMATH was the daughter of Mr Macmath, a merchant in Edinburgh, and the sister of Rutherford's second wife.]

(REASON FOR RESIGNATION.)



DEAR SISTER,—If our Lord hath taken away your child, your lease of him is expired; and seeing that Christ would want him no longer, it is your part to hold your peace, and worship and adore the sovereignty and liberty that the Potter hath over the clay, and pieces of clay-nothings, that He gave life unto. And what is man to call and summon the Almighty to His lower court down here? “for He giveth account

* Grip.

of none of His doings." And if ye will take a loan of a child, and give him back again to our Lord laughing (as His borrowed goods should return to Him), believe that he is not gone away, but sent before ; and that the change of the country should make you think, that he is not lost to you who is found to Christ, and that he is now before you ; and that the dead in Christ shall be raised again. A going-down star is not annihilated, but shall appear again. If he hath casten his bloom and flower, the bloom is fallen in heaven, into Christ's lap. And as he was lent a while to time, so is he given now to eternity, which will take yourself. The difference of your shipping and his to heaven and Christ's shore, the land of life, is only in some few years, which weareth every day shorter ; and some short and soon-reckoned summers will give you a meeting with him. But what ! With him ? Nay, but with a better company ; with the Chief and Leader of the heavenly troops, that are riding on white horses, that are triumphing in glory.

If death were a sleep that had no wakening, we might sorrow : but our Husband shall quickly be at the bedsides of all that lie sleeping in the grave, and shall raise their mortal bodies. Christ was death's Cautioner,* who gave His word to come and loose all the clay-pawns,† and set them at His own right hand ; and our Cautioner, Christ, hath an act of law-surety upon death, to render back his captives. And that Lord Jesus, who knoweth the turnings and windings that are in that black trance‡ of death, hath numbered all the steps of the stair up to heaven. He knoweth how long the turnpike§ is, or how many pair of stairs high it is ; for He ascended that way Himself : " I was dead and am alive."¶ And now He liveth at the right hand of God, and His garments have not so much as a smell of death.

Your afflictions smell of the children's case ; the bairns of the house are so nurtured.¶ And suffering is no new life, it is but the

* Surety.

† Pledges of clay, viz., the bodies of His people.

‡ Passage ; *transitus*.

§ Winding stair.

¶ Rev. i. 18.

¶ Disciplined ; Heb. xii. 6, 7, 8.

rent of the fons ; bastards have not so much of the rent. Take kindly and heartsomely* with His cros, who never yet slew a child with the cros. He breweth your cup : therefore, drink it patiently and with the better will. Stay and wait on, till Christ loose the knot that fasteneth His cros on your back ; for He is coming to deliver. And I pray you, sister, learn to be worthy of His pains who correcteth. And let Him wring,† and be ye washen ; for He hath a Father's heart, and a Father's hand, who is training you up, and making you meet for the high hall. This school of suffering is a preparation for the King's higher house ; and let all your visitations speak all the letters of your Lord's summons. They cry—1. “O vain world !” 2. “O bitter sin !” 3. “O short and uncertain time !” 4. “O fair eternity that is above sickness and death !” 5. “O kingly and princely Bridegroom, hasten glory's marriage, shorten time's short-spun and soon-broken thread, and conquer sin !” 6. “O happy and blessed death, that golden bridge laid over by Christ my Lord, between time's clay-banks and heaven's shore !” And the Spirit and the Bride say, “Come !” and answer ye with them, “Even so, come, Lord Jesus ! come quickly !”

Grace be with you.

Your Brother, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Oct. 15, 1640.

CCCI.—To MR MATTHEW MOWAT.

(WORTHINESS OF GOD'S LOVE AS MANIFESTED IN CHRIST—
HEAVEN WITH CHRIST.)



EVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—What am I to answer you ? Alas ! my books are all bare, and show me little of God. I would fain go beyond books

* Cheerfully.

† Squeeze out the water.

into His house-of-love to Himself. Dear brother, neither you nor I are parties worthy of His love or knowledge. Ah ! how hath sin bemisted* and blinded us, that we cannot see Him. But for my poor self ; I am pained and like to burst, because He will not take down the wall, and fetch His uncreated beauty, and bring His matchless, white, and ruddy face out of heaven once-errand,† that I may have heaven meeting me, ere I go to it, in such a wonderful sight. Ye know that majesty and love do humble ; because homely‡ love to sinners dwelleth in Him with majesty. Ye should give Him all His own court-styles, His high and heaven-names. What am I, to shape conceptions of my highest Lord ? How broad, and how high, and how deep He is above and beyond what these conceptions are, I cannot tell : but for my own weak practice (which alas ! can be no rule to one so deep in love-sickness with Christ as ye are), I would fain add to my thoughts and esteem of Him, and make Him more high, and would wish a heart and love ten thousand times wider than the utmost circle and curtain that goeth about the heaven of heavens, to entertain Him in that heart, and with that love. But that which is your pain, my dear brother, is mine also. I am confounded with the thoughts of Him. I know that God is casten (if I may speak so) in a sweet mould, and lovely image, in the person of that Heaven's Jewel, the Man Christ ; and that the steps of that steep ascent and stairs to the Godhead is the flesh of Christ, the New and Living Way ; and there is footing for faith in that curious Ark of the humanity, wherein dwelleth the Godhead, married upon our humanity. I would be in heaven, suppose I had not another errand than to see that dainty§ golden Ark, and God personally looking out at ears and eyes and a body such as we sinners have, that I might wear my sinful mouth in kisses on Him for evermore. And I know all the Three blessed Persons would be well pleased that my piece of faint and created love should first coast || upon the Man Christ. I should see them all through Him.

* Enveloped in mist. † On purpose, for no other reason. ‡ Familiar.

§ Excellent ; that has worth in it.

|| To sail from port to port.

large a Volume, as Christ is, in that Divinity of Glory ! There is no more of Him let down now to be seen and enjoyed by His children, than as much as may feed hunger in this life, but not satisfy it. Your Ladyship is a debtor to the Son of God's cross, that is wearing out love and affiance in the creature out of your heart by degrees. Or rather the obligation standeth to His free grace who careth for your Ladyship in this gracious dispensation ; and who is preparing and making ready the garments of salvation for you ; and who calleth you with a new name, that the mouth of the Lord hath named ; and purposeth to make you a crown of glory, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God.* Ye are obliged to frist† Him more than one heaven ; and yet He craveth not a long day ; it is fast coming, and is sure payment. Though ye give no hire for Him, yet hath He given a great price and ransom for you ; and if the bargain were to make again, Christ would give no less for you than what He hath already given. He is far from ruing. I shall wish you no more (till time be gone out of the way), than the earnest of that which He hath purchased and prepared for you, which can never be fully preached, written, or thought of, since it hath not entered into the heart to consider it.

So, recommending your Ladyship to the rich grace of our Lord Jesus, I am, and rest, your Ladyship's at all respectful observance in Christ Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S.

CCCIII.—*For the Right Honourable my LADY BOYD.*

(*SIN OF THE LAND—READ PRAYERS—BROWNISM.*)



ADAM,—I doubt not but the debt of many more than ordinary favours to this land layeth guiltiness upon this nation. The Lord hath put us in His books as a fa-

* Ita. lxii. 2, 3.

† Postpone payment

voured people in the fight of the nations, but we pay not to Him the rent of the vineyard. And we might have had a gospel at an easier rate than this Gospel; but it would have had but as much life as ink and paper have. We stand obliged to Him who hath in a manner forced His love on us, and would but love us against our will.

Anent read prayers. Madam, I could never see precept, promise, or practice for them, in God's word. Our Church never allowed them, but men took them up at their own choice. The word of God maketh reading* and praying† two different worships. In reading, God speaketh to us;‡ in praying, we speak to God.§ I had never faith to think well of them. In my weak judgment, it were good if they were out of the service of God. I cannot think them a fruit or effect of the Spirit of adoption, seeing the user cannot say of such prayers, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer," which the servants of God ought to say of their prayers.¶ For such prayers are meditations set down in paper and ink, and cannot be his heart-meditations who useth them. The saints never used them, and God never commanded them; and a promise to hear any prayers, except the pouring out of the soul to God, we can never read.

As for separation from a worship for some errors of a church, the independency of single congregations, a church of visible saints, and other tenets of Brownists, ¶ they are contrary to God's word. I

* 1 Tim. iv. 3.

† 1 Thes. v. 17.

‡ 2 Kings. xxii. 10, 11.

§ Ps. xxii. 2, and xxviii. 1.

¶ Ps. xix. 14.

¶ The Brownists were a sect which owed their origin and designation to Robert Brown, who studied at Cambridge, holding that, according to Scripture, every single congregation ought to have the complete power of jurisdiction within itself. In the year 1581, he organized a sect according to those principles, and called it by his name. Brown, however, returned to the Church of England, and was presented to a living in Northamptonshire, of which he received the emoluments without discharging the duties. But the sect he formed remained, and in process of time the name of Brownists was merged in that of Congregationalists or Independents.

have a treatise at the press at London against these conceits, as things which want God's word to warrant them.* The Lord lay it not to their charge, who depart from the covenant of God with this land to follow such lying vanities.

I did see lately your daughter, the Lady Ardross.† The Lord hath given her a child and deliverance.

Now, recommending your Ladyship to the rich grace of Christ, I rest yours at all respectful observance in Christ,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S.

CCCIV.—To JAMES MURRAY'S WIFE.

(HEAVEN A REALITY—STEDFASTNESS TO BE GROUNDED ON CHRIST.)



MY VERY DEAR AND WORTHY SISTER,—

You are truly blessed in the Lord, however a four world gloom‡ and frown on you, if ye continue in the faith settled and grounded, and be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel. It is good that there is a heaven, and it is not a night-dream and a fancy. It is a wonder that men deny not that

* The treatise to which Rutherford here refers is, no doubt, his work entitled, "A Peaceable and Temperate Plea for Paul's Presbytery in Scotland, or a Modest Dispute of the Government of the Church of Scotland, wherein our Discipline is demonstrated to be the true Apostolic way of Divine Truth, and the arguments on the contrary are friendly dissolved, the grounds of separation, and the independency of particular congregations, in defence of Ecclesiastical Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, are examined and tried." It was printed at London in 1642. "This," says Murray, "is one of the most temperate, judicious, and best written works he ever gave to the world. It corresponds in every respect with the promise which its title holds out; with this exception, that it is much more learned, dispassionate, and conclusive than the promise implies. It must have had a very considerable effect on public sentiment, and have served to pave the way for that introduction of the Presbyterian system into England which soon took place."

† See notice on this lady prefixed to a subsequent Letter.

‡ Lour.

there is a heaven, as they deny there is any way to it but of men's making. You have learned of Christ that there is a heaven ; contend for it and for Christ. Bear well and submissively the hard thrust of this stepmother world, which God will not have to be yours. I confesse it is hard, and, would to God, I were able to lighten you of your burden ; but believe me, this world, which the Lord will not have to be yours, is but the dross, refuse, and scum of God's creation, the portion of the Lord's poor hired servants, the moveables, not the heritage, a hard bone cast to the dogs holden out of the New Jerusalem, whereupon they rather break their teeth than satisfy their appetite. It is your father's blessing and Christ's birthright that our Lord is keeping for you ; and persuade yourself also that (if it be good for them and you) your seed also shall inherit the earth ; for that is promised to them, and God's bond is as good as if He would give every one of them a bond for thousand thousands.

Ere ye were born, crosses in number, measure and weight, were written for you ; and your Lord will lead you through them. Make Christ sure, and the world and the blessings of the earth shall be at Christ's back and beck. I see many professors for the fashion, professors of glass ; I would make a little knock of persecution-ding* them in twenty pieces, and the world would laugh at the shreds. Therefore, make fast work ; see that Christ be the ground-stone† of your profession. The fore wind and rain will not wash away His building ; His work hath no less date than to stand for evermore. I should twenty times have perished in my affliction, if I had not laid my weak back and pressing burden, both, upon the Stone, the Corner-stone laid in Zion. I am not twice fain (as the proverb is), but once and for ever, of this Stone.‡ Now the God of peace establish you to the day of the appearance of Jesus Christ. Yours,

ST ANDREW'S.

S. R.

* Violently dash in pieces.

† Foundation-stone.

‡ Not fain to sit down and rise again, but glad to remain fixed for ever.

CCCV.—*For the Right Honourable Lady, my LADY KENMURE.*

(SINS OF THE TIMES—PRACTICAL ATHEISM.)



ADAM,—I am a little moved at your infirmity of body and health ; I hope it is to you a real warning. “ And if in this life only we had hope, we should be of all men the most miserable.” Sure the huge* generations of the seekers of the face of Jacob’s God must be in a life above the things that are now much taking† with us ; such as, to see the fun, to enjoy this life in health, and some good worldly accommodations too. And if we be making that‡ sure, it is our wisdom. The times would make any that love the Lord sick and faint, to consider how iniquity aboundeth, and how dull we are in observing sins in ourselves, and how quick-sighted to find them out in others, and what bondage we are in. And yet very often, when we complain of times, we are secretly flandering the Lord’s work and wise government of the world, and raising a hard report of Him. “ He is good, and doeth good,” and all His ways are equal.

Madam, I have been holding out to some others (oh, if I could to myself!) some more of this, to read and study God well, and make the serious thoughts of a Godhead, and a Godhead in Christ, the work, and the only work, all the day. Oh, we are little with God ! and do all without God ! We sleep and wake without Him ; we eat, we speak, we journey, we go about worldly business and our calling without God ! and, considering what deadness is upon the hearts of many, it were good that some did not pray without God, and preach and praise, and read and confer of God without God ! It is universally complained of, that there is a strange deadness upon the land, and on the hearts of His people. Oh, if we could help

* Must now be in possession of a life far superior to the things that attract us. “ *Huge*” may mean “ vast as to number ” (Isa. xlviii. 19), and also, great in other respects.

† Much prized. *Taking* is “ attractive.”

‡ If we are making sure this living above the world.

it ! But He that watereth every moment His garden of red wine must help it. I believe that He will burn the briers and the thorns that come against Him.

I desire to remember your Ladyship to God ; but little can I do that way. His everlasting goodness will be with you.

Yours, in the Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, July 24.

CCCVI.—To MR THOMAS WYLIE, *Minister of Borgue.*

[MR THOMAS WYLIE was first minister of Borgue, a parish in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in which are to be seen, close to the sea-shore, the remains of what is supposed to have been one of the old Culdee churches, *Kirk Andrews*. He was afterwards translated to Mauchline, a parish in Ayrshire ; but he remained there only a short time, having soon after his translation to it accepted a call to Kirkcudbright. But he was not allowed long to prosecute his useful labours in that place. Shortly after the restoration of Charles II., his fidelity to his Presbyterian principles rendering him obnoxious to the Government, he was, by a particular act of Privy Council, ejected from his charge, and banished to the north of Tay, with his family. In 1670 he went over to Ireland (where some of his relatives appeared to have resided), and officiated in a congregation at Coleraine for nearly three years, when he returned to Scotland, and was settled minister of Fenwick, in the Presbytery of Irvine, under the second indulgence. He died on July 20, 1676.]

(SUFFICIENCY OF DIVINE GRACE—CALL TO ENGLAND TO ASSIST AT WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY—FELT UNWORTHINESS.)



EVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I neither can nor drow write to you anent the business, in respect it is my case more as* yours, and ye write to me that which I should write to you. If grace pay not our debts and bond-surety for us, I see not how I shall make a reckoning for one soul, far less for multitudes ; only it is God's will that we put grace to the utmost,

* Than. The German "als."

and engage Christ for His own work. If He refuse charges to His own factors, the lost bankruptcy will redound to Him. But He must not be a loser, nor can His glory suffer. But I must entreat you for the help of your prayers, as you will do anything out of heaven for me, and possible to you. I am now called for to England; the government of the Lord's house in England and Ireland is to be handled.* My heart beareth me witness, and the Lord who is greater knoweth, my faith was never prouder than to be a common rough country barrowman in Anwoth; and that I could not look at the honour of being a mason to lay the foundation for many generations, and to build the waste places of Zion in another kingdom, or to have a hand or finger in that carved work in the cedar and almug trees in that new temple. I desire but to lend a shut,† and cry, "Grace, grace upon the building." I hope ye will help my weakness in this; and seek help to me from others as if I had named them, and intercede for the favour of my Father's seas, winds, and tides, and for the victory of strong and prevailing truth.

Grace be with you.

Yours in Christ,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, 20th Oct. 1643.

* On the 18th of August 1643, the General Assembly appointed a committee to proceed to London, to consult, treat, and conclude with the Assembly of Divines then sitting at Westminster, in all matters which might further the union of the churches of Scotland and England in one form of church government, one confession of faith, one catechism, and one directory for the worship of God. Of this committee Rutherford was one. The others were—Mr Alexander Henderson, Mr Robert Douglas, Mr Robert Baillie, and Mr George Gillespie, ministers; John Earl of Cassilis, John Lord Maitland, and Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston, elders.

† To push forward. In a sermon preached at Kirmabreck, 1630, on Zech. xiii. 7, he introduces an ill-bred man among nobles, thrusting aside this one and that one; "He shutes him, and he shutes him," etc.



CCCVII.—*To a young man in Anwoth.*

[This letter is from the *Christian Instructor* of January 1839, furnished by one who was in possession of the MS. It was written at *St Andrew's*, but both date and address are lost. It is supposed to have been addressed to one of his former parishioners, a young man in Anwoth, of some influence.]

(NECESSITY OF GODLINESS IN ITS POWER.)



WORTHY SIR,—I am heartily glad that you have any mind of me, or my ministry while I was with you. I wish you the fruit of it. I trust that you strive for the power of godliness, that has been so preached in the land; for salvation cometh not to every man's door, and the way to heaven is a straiter and narrower passage than each man thinketh. And you are now in the most glassy part of your life, when it is easy to follow, and when the lusts of youth are rank and strong. And happy are you that can pass through these dangers with a good conscience. So my real advice is, that you acquaint yourself with prayer, and with searching the Scriptures of God, that He may show you that good way that bringeth rest to the soul. The ordinary faith and the country godliness will not save you. There must be more nor* the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees ere ever a man enter the kingdom of God. And I shall desire that you will take to heart the worth and price of an immortal soul, and the necessity of dying, and the fearful account of judgment at the back of death, that you may be saved.

As for my ministry among you again, I can easier desire it than see through it. The Lord of the harvest take care for you, and send you a pastor according to God's heart; and that's as rare as ever, for† all our reformation.

Remember my heart's love and respect to your mother and sister. Grace be with you.

Your sometime pastor and still friend in God,

ST ANDREW'S.

S. R.

* Than.

† Notwithstanding.

CCCVIII.—*For the Right Honourable, my Lady* VISCOUNTESS OF KENMURE.

(WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY—RELIGIOUS SECTS.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I am glad to hear that your Ladyship is in any tolerable health; and shall pray that the Lord may be your Strength and Rock. Sure I am, that He took you out of the womb; and you have been casten on Him from the breasts. I am confident that He will not leave you till He crown the work begun in you.

There is nothing here but divisions in the Church and Assembly;* for beside Brownists and Independents† (who, of all that differ from us, come nearest to walkers with God), there are many other sects here, of Anabaptists,‡ Libertines who are for all opinions in religion, fleshly and abominable Antinomians,§ and Seekers,|| who are

* The Assembly of Divines at Westminster.

† The Independents are well known. Their founder is considered to be one Mr John Robinson, who, leaving Norwich, became a rigid Brownist; but he was admitted pastor of the English church at Leyden, and afterwards modified his views, retaining only some of Brown's opinions. This minister dying, many of his congregation went from Leyden into New England, and planted at New Plymouth, whither they carried his opinions, which spread widely there, and by letters and other means were conveyed into Old England.

‡ The Anabaptists of England at that time are not to be confounded with the fanatics of the same name who appeared in Germany in 1521, and particularly at Munster, soon after the dawn of the Reformation. Their peculiar opinions were, that baptism ought to be administered only to adults, and that the mode of it ought to be by immersion, or dipping. They were divided into *General* and *Particular*, the former holding Arminian views of Christian doctrine, while the latter were strictly Calvinistic.

§ The Antinomians professed to hold doctrinal sentiments rigidly Calvinistic; but they deduced from them conclusions deeply injurious to the interests of religion and morality.

|| Of the *Seekers* or *Expecters*, Pagitt has given the following account:—
“They deny that there is any true church, or any true minister, or any ordi-

for no church-ordinances, but expect apostles to come and reform churches; and a world of others, all against the government of presbyteries.* Luther observed, when he studied to reform, that two-and-thirty fundry sects arose; of all which I have named but a part, except those called Seekers, who were not then arisen. He said, God should crush them, and that they should rise again: both which we see accomplished. In the Assembly, we have well near ended the government, and are upon the power of synods, and I hope near at an end with them; and so I trust to be delivered from this prison shortly. The King hath dissolved the treaty of peace at Uxbridge, and adhereth to his sweet prelates, and would abate nothing but a little of the rigour of their courts, and a suspending of laws against the ceremonies, not a taking away of them.† The not prospering of your armies there in Scotland is ascribed here to the sins of the land, and particularly to the divisions and backslidings of many from the cause, and the not executing of justice against bloody malignants.

My wife here, under the physicians, remembereth her service to your Ladyship. So recommending you to the rich grace of Christ, I rest, your Ladyship's, at all obedience in Christ,

S. R.

LONDON, *March 4, 1644.*

nances: some of them affirm the church to be in the wilderness, and they are asking for it there; others say that it is in the smoke of the temple, and that they are groping for it there." *Herefography*, p. 141.

* Thomas Edwards, in his *Gangræna*, enumerates sixteen sorts of sectaries of that time. 1. Independents; 2. Brownists; 3. Chiliafts, or Millenaries; 4. Antinomians; 5. Anabaptists; 6. Manifestarians, or Arminians; 7. Libertines; 8. Familists; 9. Enthusiafts; 10. Seekers and Waiters; 11. Perfectists; 12. Socinians; 13. Arians; 14. Antitrinitarians; 15. Antiscripturists; 16. Sceptics and Questionists, who question everything in matters of religion. Of these different sects there were many subdivisions.

† In the contest between Charles I. and his English Parliament, Charles was induced to make proposals of a treaty to the Parliament. Uxbridge was fixed on as the place for conducting the treaty; and commissioners from the King, the Parliament, and Scotland, were appointed. But they found it impracticable to come to any agreement.

CCCIX.—*For the Right Honourable, my LADY BOYD.*

(PROCEEDINGS OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I received your letter on May 19th.

We are here debating, with much contention of disputes, for the just measures of the Lord's temple. It pleaseth God, that sometimes enemies hinder the building of the Lord's house; but now friends, even gracious men (so I conceive of them), do not a little hinder the work. Thomas Goodwin,* Jeremiah Burroughs,† and some others, four or five, who are for the Independent way, stand in our way, and are mighty opposites to presbyterial government. We have carried through some propositions for the Scripture right of presbytery, especially in the church of Jerusalem,‡ and the church of Ephesus, and are going on upon other grounds of truth; and by the way have proven, that ordination of pastors belongeth not to a single congregation, but to a college of presbyters, whose it is to lay hands upon Timothy and others.§ We are to prove that one single congregation hath not power to excommunicate, which is opposed not only by Independent men, but by many others. The truth is, we have at times grieved spirits with the work; and for my part, I often despair of the reformation of

* Thomas Goodwin, a distinguished Puritan divine, and latterly pastor of a church in London, styled by Anthony Wood "one of the Atlases and patriarchs of Independency." He was in high favour with Cromwell. He was born at Rolesby, in Norfolk, in 1600, and died in 1679. His works extended to five volumes folio, and are invaluable. In his exposition of the first and part of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, there is an admirable defence of Calvinism.

† Jeremiah Burroughs, another eminent Puritan divine, was also a minister in London. He was born in 1599, and died 1646. He is the author of numerous theological works, which, if not important, are useful. It is said that the divisions of the times broke his heart.

‡ Acts ii. iv. v. vi. and xv.

§ 1 Tim. iv. 14; 1 Tim. v. 17; Acts xiii. 1, 2, 3, Acts vi. 5, 6.

this land, which saw never anything but the high places of their fathers, and the remnants of Babylon's pollutions; and except that, "not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord," I should think God hath not yet thought it time for England's deliverance. For the truth is, the best of them almost have said, "A half reformation is very fair at the first;" which is no other thing than, "It is not time yet to build the house of the Lord." And for that cause, many houses, great and fair in the land, are laid desolate.

Multitudes of Anabaptists, Antinomians, Familists,* Separatists,† are here. The best of the people are of the Independent way. As for myself, I know no more if there be a sound Christian (setting aside some, yea, not a few learned, some zealous and faithful ministers whom I have met with) at London (though I doubt not but there are many), than if I were in Spain; which maketh me bless God that the communion of saints, how desirable soever, yet is not the thing, even that great thing, Christ and the remission of sins. If Jesus were unco,‡ as His members are here, I should be in a sad and heavy condition.

* The sect of the *Familists*, or *Family of Love*, have been associated with one David George of Delft, who, in 1544, fled out of Holland to Basle, giving it out that he was banished out of the Low Countries, and changed his name, calling himself John of Brugg. He affirmed that he was the true David whom God had promised to send to restore again the kingdom of Israel, and wrote various books in support of his pretensions. He died on the 16th of September 1556. After him rose up one Henry Nicholas, born in Amsterdam, who maintained the same doctrine, but applied it to himself and not to David George. One Christopher Vivet, a joiner dwelling in Southwark, who had been in Queen Mary's days an Arian, translated out of Dutch into English several of the books of Henry Nicholas, among which was his *Evangelium Regni*. The claims of Nicholas were those of a fanatic, and his system was a lie. *Pagitt's Herefiography*, pp. 81-91.

† The *Separatists* were a kind of Anabaptists, so called because they pretended to be separate from the rest of the world. They condemned fine clothes. To them that laughed they would cry, "Woe be to you that laugh, for hereafter ye shall mourn." They did look sadly, and fetched deep sighs; they avoided marriage meetings, feasts, music, and condemned bearing of arms, and covenants. *Pagitt's Herefiography*, p. 30.

‡ Strange.

The House of Peers are rotten men, and hate our Commissioners and our cause both. The life that is in the House of Commons, and many of them also have their religion to choose. The sorrows of a travelling woman are come on the land. Our army is lying about York, and have blocked up them of Newcastle,* and six thousand Papists and Malignants, with Mr Thomas Sydserf, and some Scottish prelates; and if God deliver them into their hands (considering how strong the Parliament's armies are, how many victories God hath given them since they entered into covenant with Him, and how weak the King is), it may be thought the land is near a deliverance. But I rather desire it than believe it.

We offered this day to the Assembly a part of a directory for worship, to shoulder out the service-book. It is taken into consideration by the Assembly.

You son Lindsay† is well: I receive letters from him almost every week.

Yours at all obedience in God,

S. R.

LONDON, May 25, 1644.

CCCX.—To MISTRESS TAYLOR, on her son's death.

(SUGGESTIONS FOR COMFORT UNDER SORROW.)



MISTRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—Though I have no relation worldly or acquaintance with you, yet (upon the testimony and importunity of your elder son now at London, where I am, but chiefly because I esteem Jesus Christ in you to be in place of all relations) I make bold, in

* In the end of the year 1643, the Scottish army raised by the Convention of Estates for the assistance of the English Parliament, marched into England, and having joined the Parliamentary forces, blockaded Newcastle, as Rutherford here describes.

† Afterwards Earl of Crawford. See notice of, Let. 231.

Christ, to speak my poor thoughts to you concerning your son lately fallen asleep in the Lord, who was sometime under the ministry of the worthy servant of Christ, my fellow-labourer, Mr Blair, by whose ministry I hope he reaped no small advantage. I know that grace rooteth not out the affections of a mother, but putteth them on His wheel who maketh all things new, that they may be refined : therefore, sorrow for a dead child is allowed to you, though by measure and ounce-weights. The redeemed of the Lord have not a dominion, or lordship, over their sorrow and other affections, to lavish out Christ's goods at their pleasure. "For ye are not your own, but bought with a price ;" and your sorrow is not your own. Nor hath He redeemed you by halves ; and therefore, ye are not to make Christ's crosses no crosses. He commandeth you to weep : and that princely One, who took up to heaven with Him a man's heart to be a compassionate High Priest, became your fellow and companion on earth by weeping for the dead.* And, therefore, ye are to love that crosses, because it was once at Christ's shoulders before you : so that by His own practice, He hath over-gilded and covered your crosses with the Mediator's lustre. The cup ye drink was at the lip of sweet Jesus, and He drank of it ; and so it hath a smell of His breath, and I conceive that ye love it not the worse that it is thus sugared. Therefore, drink, and believe the resurrection of your son's body. If one coal of hell could fall off the exalted head, Jesus (Jesus the Prince of the kings of the earth !), and burn me to ashes, knowing I were a partner with Christ, and a fellow-sharer with Him (though the unworthiest of men), I think that I should die a lovely death in that fire with Him. The worst things of Christ, even His crosses, have much of heaven from Himself ; and so hath your Christian sorrow, being of kin to Christ in that kind. If your sorrow were a bastard (and not of Christ's house because of the relation ye have to Him, in conformity to His death and sufferings), I should the more compassionate your condition ; but the kind and compassionate Jesus, at every sigh you give for the loss of your now

* John xi. 35.

glorified child (so I believe, as is meet), with a man's heart crieth, "Half mine."

I was not a witness to his death, being called out of the kingdom; but, if you will credit those whom I do credit (and I dare not lie), he died comfortably. It is true, he died before he did so much service to Christ on earth, as I hope and heartily desire that your son Mr Hugh (very dear to me in Jesus Christ) will do. But that were a real matter of sorrow if this were not to counterbalance it, that he hath changed service-houses, but hath not changed services or Master. "And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him."* What he could have done in this lower house, he is now upon that same service in the higher house; and it is all one: it is the same service and the same Master, only there is a change of conditions. And ye are not to think it a bad bargain for your beloved son, where he hath gold for copper and brass, eternity for time.

I believe that Christ hath taught you (for I give credit to such a witness of you as your son Mr Hugh) not to sorrow because he died. All the knot† must be, "He died too soon, he died too young, he died in the morning of his life." This is all; but sovereignty must silence your thoughts. I was in your condition; I had but two children, and both are dead since I came hither.‡ The supreme and absolute Former of all things giveth not an account of any of His matters. The good Husbandman may pluck His roses, and gather in His lilies at mid-summer, and, for aught I dare say, in the beginning of the first summer month; and He may transplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the sun, and a more free air, at any season of the year. What is that to you or me? The goods are His own. The Creator of time and winds did a merciful injury (if I dare borrow the word) to nature, in landing the passenger so early. They

* Rev. xxii. 3.

† Difficulty.

‡ He had lost two children before going to London, and the above is in reference to the death of other two after he came thither.

love the sea too well who complain of a fair wind, and a desirable tide, and a speedy coming ashore, especially a coming ashore in that land where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads. He cannot be too early in heaven. His twelve hours were not short hours. And withal if ye consider this; had ye been at his bed-side, and should have seen Christ coming to him, ye would not, ye could not, have adjourned Christ's free love, who would want him no longer.

And dying in another land, where his mother could not close his eyes, is not much. Who closed Moses' eyes? And who put on his winding-sheet? For aught I know, neither father, nor mother, nor friend, but God only. And there is as expeditious, fair, and easy a way betwixt Scotland and heaven, as if he had died in the very bed he was born in. The whole earth is his Father's; any corner of his Father's house is good enough to die in.

It may be that the living child (I speak not of Mr Hugh) is more grief to you than the dead. Ye are to wait on, if at any time God will give him repentance. Christ waited as long possibly on you and me, certainly longer on me; and if He should deny repentance to him, I could say something to that. But I hope better things of him.

It seemeth that Christ will have this world your stepdame. I love not your condition the worse. It may be a proof that ye are not a child of this lower house, but a stranger. Christ seeth not good only, but your only good, to be led thus to heaven. And think this a favour, that He hath bestowed on you free, free grace, that is, mercy without hire: ye paid nothing for it. And who can put a price upon anything of royal and princely Jesus Christ? And God hath given to you to suffer for Him the spoiling of your goods. Esteem it as an act of free grace also. Ye are no loser, having Himself; and I persuade myself, that if ye could prize Christ, nothing could be bitter to you.

Grace, grace be with you.

Your brother and well-wisher,

CCCXI.—*To* BARBARA HAMILTON.

[BARBARA HAMILTON was the wife of Mr John Mein, merchant, Edinburgh, noticed before (see Let. 151), and sister to the first wife of the famous Mr Robert Blair. She was a woman of eminent piety, and also distinguished for her public spirit. As an evidence of this last feature of her character, the following anecdote may be given. Mr Blair, and several other Presbyterian ministers, who had been deposed by the bishops in Ireland for nonconformity, had come over to Scotland in 1637. Finding that Blair was threatened with still harsher treatment from the Scottish prelates, she suggested a petition to the Privy Council, for liberty to himself, and other ministers in similar circumstances, to preach the Gospel publicly, engaging that she and some other like-minded women would put it into the hands of the Treasurer as he went into the Council. Blair having done so, she proceeded without delay to carry her purpose into effect. She convened no inconsiderable number of the religious matrons of Edinburgh, who drew up in a line from the Council-house door to the street; and the oldest matron was appointed to present the petition to the Treasurer. The Treasurer, suspecting that it was something which would be disagreeable to the Council, put the aged petitioner aside, and went quickly from her towards the Council-house door. Observing this, Barbara Hamilton immediately stepped forward, and, taking the paper out of the old feeble woman's hand, came up to the Treasurer, and "did with her strong arm and big hand fast grip his gardie" (*i.e.*, arm), saying, "Stand, my Lord! in Christ's name, I charge you, till I speak to you." His Lordship, looking back, replies, "Good woman, what would you say to me?" "There is," said she, "a humble supplication of Mr Blair's. All that he petitions for, is that he may have liberty to preach the Gospel. I charge you to befriend the matter, as you would expect God to befriend you in your distress, and at your death!" He replied, "I shall do my endeavour, and what I can in it." The result was, that Blair's supplication was granted by the Council. The following letter, which Rutherford addresses to this lady, was written on the occasion of the death of her son-in-law, probably Mr William Hume, minister, who was married to her daughter Barbara Mein. (See Let. 312.)]

(ON DEATH OF HER SON-IN-LAW—GOD'S PURPOSES.)



WORTHY FRIEND,—Grace be to you. I do unwillingly write unto you of that which God hath done concerning your son-in-law; only, I believe ye look not below Christ, and the highest and most supreme act of Provi-

dence, which moveth all wheels. And certainly, what came down enacted and concluded in the great book before the throne, and signed and subscribed with the hand which never did wrong, should be kissed and adored by us.

We see God's decrees when they bring forth their fruits, all actions, good and ill, sweet and sour, in their time ; but we see not presently the after-birth of God's decree, namely, His blessed end, and the good that He bringeth out of the womb of His holy and spotless counsel. We see His working, and we sorrow ; the end of His counsel and working lieth hidden, and underneath the ground, and therefore we cannot believe. Even amongst men, we see hewn stones, timber, and an hundred scattered parcels and pieces of an house, all under-tools,* hammers, and axes, and saws ; yet the house, the beauty and use† of so many lodgings and ease-rooms, we neither see nor understand for the present ; these are but in the mind and head of the builder, as yet. We see red earth, unbroken clods, furrows, and stones ; but we see not summer, lilies, roses, the beauty of a garden.

If ye give the Lord time to work (as often‡ he that believeth not maketh haste, but not speed), His end is under ground, and ye shall see it was your good, that your son hath changed dwelling-places, but not his Master. Christ thought good to have no more of his service here ; yet, "His servants shall serve Him."§ He needeth not us nor our service, either on earth or in heaven. But ye are to look to Him who giveth the hireling both his leave|| and his wages, for his naked aim and purpose to serve Christ, as well as for his labours. It is put up in Christ's account, that such a labourer did sweat forty years in Christ's vineyard ; howbeit he got not leave to labour so long, because He who accepteth of the will for the deed counteth so. None can teach the Lord to lay an account.

* Lesser tools.

† "Ease," in old editions.

‡ *Q. d.*, You need this advice, as it too often happens that even believers make haste.

§ Rev. xxii. 3.

|| Discharge.

He numbereth the drops of rain, and knoweth the stars by their names ; it would take us much studying to give a name to every star in the firmament, great or small.

See Lev. x. 3, "And Aaron held his peace." Ye know his two sons were slain, whilst they offered strange fire to the Lord. Command your thoughts to be silent. If the foldiers of Newcastle had done this, ye might have stomached ; but the weapon was in another hand. Hear the rod what it preacheth, and see the name of God,* and know that there is somewhat of God and heaven in the rod. The majesty of the unfearchable and bottomless ways and judgments of God is not seen in the rod ; and the seeing of them requireth the eyes of the man of wisdom. If the sufferings of some other with you in that loss could ease you, ye want them not. But He can do no wrong. He cannot halt ; His goings are equal who hath done it. I know our Lord aimeth at more mortification ; let Him not come in vain to your house, and lose the pains of a merciful visit. God, the Founder, never melteth in vain ; howbeit to us He seemeth often to lose both fire and metal. But I know ye are more in this work than I can be. There is no cause to faint or be weary.

Grace be with you ; and the rich consolations of Jesus Christ sweeten your cross, and support you under it. I rest,

Yours, in his Lord and Master,

S. R.

LONDON, Oct. 15, 1645.

CCCXII.—*To MISTRESS HUME, on her Husband's Death.*

[This lady, it is highly probable, was Barbara Mein, the daughter of Barbara Hamilton, noticed above, and the wife of Mr William Hume, minister, who had gone to England with the Covenanters' army, and who had died at Newcastle, probably from wounds inflicted by the enemy. In the Index of the unprinted Acts of the General Assembly of 1645, there is an Act entitled, "Recommendation of Barbara Mein's Petition to the Parliament ;" and in the Index of the unprinted Acts of the General Assembly of 1646,

Micah vi. 9.

there is an Act entitled, “ Act in favours of Barbara Mein, relict of umwhile Mr William Hume, minister.” The object of this letter is to administer comfort to Mrs Hume under that painful bereavement.

(GOD’S VOICE IN THE ROD.)



LOVING SISTER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. —If ye have anything better than the husband of your youth, ye are Jesus Christ’s debtor for it. Pay not then your debts with grudging. Sorrow may diminish from the sweet fruit of righteousness ; but quietness, silence, submission, and faith, put a crown upon your sad losses. Ye know whose voice the voice of a crying rod is.* The name and majesty of the Lord is written on the rod ; read and be instructed. Let Christ have the room of the husband. He hath now no need of you, or of your love ; for he enjoyeth as much of the love of Christ as his heart can be capable of. I confess that it is a dear-bought experience, to teach you to undervalue the creature ; yet it is not too dear if Christ think it so. I know that the disputing of your thoughts against his going thither, the way and manner of his death, the instruments, the place, the time, will not ease your spirits ; except ye rise higher than second causes, and be silent because the Lord hath done it. If we measure the goings of the Almighty, and His ways (the bottom whereof we see not), we quite mistake God. Oh, how little a portion of God do we see ! He is far above our ebb† and narrow thoughts. He ruled the world in wisdom, ere we, creatures of yesterday, were born ; and will rule it when we shall be lodging beside the worm and corruption. Only learn heavenly wisdom, self-denial, and mortification, by this sad loss. I know that it is not for nothing (except ye deny God to be wise in all He doeth) that ye have lost one in earth. There hath been too little of your love and heart in heaven, and therefore the jealousy of Christ hath done this. It is a mercy that He contendeth with you and all your lovers. I should desire no greater favour for myself than that

* Micah vi. 9.

† Shallow.

Christ laid a necessity, and took on such bonds upon Himself : “Such a one I must have, and such a soul I cannot live in heaven without.”* And, believe it ; it is incomprehensible love† that Christ saith, “If I enjoy the glory of My Father and the crown of heaven, far above men and angels, I must use all means, though ever so violent, to have the company of such a one for ever and ever.” If, with the eyes of wisdom, as a child of wisdom, ye justify your mother, the Wisdom of God (whose child ye are), ye will kiss and embrace this loss, and see much of Christ in it. Believe and submit ; and refer the income of the consolations of Jesus, and the event of the trial, to your heavenly Father, who numbereth all your hairs. And put Christ into His own room in your love ; it may be He hath either been out of His own place, or in a place of love inferior to His worth. Repair‡ Christ in all His wrongs done to Him, and love Him for a Husband ; and He that is a Husband to the widow will be that to you which He hath taken from you.

Grace be with you.

Your sympathizing brother,

S. R.

LONDON, Oct. 15, 1645.

CCCXIII.—*To the* VISCOUNTESS KENMURE.

(CHRIST'S DESIGNS IN SICKNESS AND SORROW.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to your Ladyship. —Though Christ lose no time, yet, when sinful men drive His chariot, the wheels of His chariot move slowly. The woman, Zion, as soon as she travailed, brought forth her children ; yea, “before she travailed, she brought forth ; before her pain came, she was delivered of a man-child :”§ yet the deli-

* John x. 16.

† It is incomprehensibly great love for Christ to say.

‡ Make amends to Christ.

§ Isa. lxvi. 7.

verance of the people was with the woman's going with child seventy years. That is more than nine months. There be many oppositions in carrying on the work ; but I hope that the Lord will build His own Zion, and evidence to us that it is done, "not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord."

Madam, I have heard of your infirmities of body, and sickness. I know the issue shall be mercy to you, and that God's purpose, which lieth hidden under ground to you, is to commend the sweetness of His love and care to you from your youth. And if all the sad losses, trials, sicknesses, infirmities, griefs, heaviness, and inconstancy of the creature, be expounded (as sure I am they are) * the rods of the jealousy of an Husband in heaven, contending with all your lovers on earth, though there were millions of them, for your love, to fetch more of your love home to heaven, to make it single, unmixed, and chaste, to the Fairest in heaven and earth, to Jesus the Prince of ages, ye will forgive (to borrow that word) every rod of God, and "not let the sun go down on your wrath" against any messenger of your afflicting and correcting Father. Since your Ladyship cannot but see that the mark at which Christ hath aimed these twenty-four years and above, is, to have the company and fellowship of such a sinful creature in heaven with Him for all eternity ; and, because He will not (such is the power of His love) enjoy His Father's glory, and that crown due to Him by eternal generation, without you, by name,† therefore, Madam, believe no evil of Christ : listen to no hard reports that His rods make of Him to you. He hath loved you, and washed you from your sins ; and what would ye have more ? Is that too little, except He adjourn all crosses, till ye be where ye shall be out of all capacity to sigh or be crossed ? I hope that ye can desire no more, no greater, nor more excellent fruit, than Christ and the fellowship of the Lamb for evermore. And if that desire be answered in heaven (as I am sure it is, and ye cannot deny but it is made sure to you), the want of these poor accidents, of a living husband, of many children, of an

* Expounded to be the rods.

† John xvii. 24 ; x. 16 ; xiv. 3.

healthful body, of a life of ease in the world, without one knot in the rush, are nobly made up, and may be comfortably borne.

Grace, grace be with your Ladyship.

Your Ladyship's, at all obedience in Christ,

LONDON, Oct. 16, 1645.

S. R.

CCCXIV.—*To BARBARA HAMILTON, on her Son-in-law slain in battle.* [Let. 312.]

(GOD DOES ALL THINGS WELL, AND WITH DESIGN.)



LOVING SISTER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.

—I have heard with grief that Newcastle hath taken one more in a bloody account than before, even your son-in-law and my friend. But I hope you have learned that* much of Christ as not to look to wheels rolled round about on earth. Earthen vessels are not to dispute with their Former. Pieces of shining clay may, by reasoning and contending with the potter, mar the work of Him “who hath His fire in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem;” as bullocks sweating and wrestling in the furrow make their yoke more heavy. In quietness and rest ye shall be saved. If men do anything contrary to your heart, we may ask both, “Who did it?” and “What is done?” and “Why?” When God hath done any such thing, we are to inquire, “Who hath done it?” and to know that this cometh from the Lord, who is “wonderful in counsel;” but we are not to ask, “What?” or “Why?” If it be from the Lord (as certainly there is no evil in the city without Him†), it is enough; the fairest face of His spotless way is but coming, and ye are to believe His works as well as His word. Violent death is a sharer with Christ in His death, which was violent. It maketh not much what way we go to heaven: the happy home is all, where the roughness of the way shall be forgotten. He is gone home to

* So much.

† Amos iii. 6.

a Friend's house, and made welcome, and the race is ended : time is recompensed with eternity, and copper with gold. God's order is in wisdom ; the husband goeth home before the wife. And the throng of the market shall be over ere it be long, and another generation be where we now are, and at length an empty house, and not one of mankind shall be upon the earth, within the sixth part of an hour after the earth and works that are therein shall be burnt up with fire. I fear more that Christ is about to remove, when He carrieth home so much of His plenishing* beforehand.

We cannot teach the Almighty knowledge. When He was directing the bullet against His servant to fetch out the soul, no wise man could cry to God, "Wrong, wrong, Lord, for he is Thine own !" There is no mist over His eyes who is "wonderful in counsel." If Zion be builded with your son-in-law's blood, the Lord (deep in counsel) can glue together the stones of Zion with blood, and with that blood which is precious in His eyes. Christ hath fewer labourers in His vineyard than He had, but more witnesses for His cause and the Lord's covenant with the three nations. What is Christ's gain is not your loss. Let not that, which is His holy and wise will, be your unbelieving sorrow.

Though I really judge that I had interest in His dead servant, yet, because he now liveth to Christ, I quit the hopes which I had of his successful labouring in the ministry. I know he now praiseth the grace that he was to preach ; and if there were a better thing on his head now in heaven than a crown, or anything more excellent than heaven, he would cast it down before His feet who sitteth on the throne. Give glory, therefore, to Christ, as he now doeth, and say, "Thy will be done."

The grace and consolation of Christ be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1645.

* Furniture of the house.

CCCXV.—*To a Christian Friend, upon the death of his Wife.*

(GOD THE FIRST CAUSE—THE END OF AFFLICTION.)



WORTHY FRIEND,—I desire to suffer with you, in the loss of a loving and good wife, now gone before (according to the method and order of Him of whose understanding there is no searching out) whither ye are to follow. He that made yesterday to go before this day, and the former generation, in birth and life, to have been before this present generation, and hath made some flowers to grow and die and wither in the month of May, and others in June, cannot be challenged* in the order He hath made of things without souls; and some order He must keep also here, that one might bury another. Therefore I hope ye shall be dumb and silent, because the Lord hath done it.

What creatures or under-causes do, in sinful mistakes, are ordered in wisdom by your Father, at whose feet your own soul and your heaven lieth; and so the days of your wife. If the place she hath left were any other than a prison of sin, and the home she is gone to any other than where her Head and Saviour is King of the land, your grief had been more rational. But I trust your faith of the resurrection of the dead in Christ to glory and immortality, will lead you to suspend your longing for her, till the morning and dawning of that day when the archangel shall descend with a shout, to gather all the prisoners out of the grave, up to Himself. To believe this is best for you, and to be silent, because He hath done it, is your wisdom.

It is much to come out of the Lord's school of trial wiser, and more experienced in the ways of God; and it is our happiness, when Christ openeth a vein, that He taketh nothing but ill blood from His sick ones. Christ hath skill to do; and (if our corruption mar not) the art of mercy in correcting. We cannot of ourselves take away the tin, the lead, and the scum that remaineth in us; and if

* Found fault with.

Christ be not Master-of-work, and if the furnace go its lone* (He not standing nigh the melting of His own vessel), the labour were lost, and the Founder should melt in vain. God knoweth some of us have lost† much fire, sweating, and pains to our Lord Jesus; and the vessel is almost marred, the furnace and rod of God spilled, the daylight‡ burnt, and the reprobate metal not taken away, so as some are to answer to the Majesty of God for the abuse of many good crosses, and rich afflictions lost without the quiet fruit of righteousness. It is a sad thing when the rod is cursed, that never fruit shall grow on it. And except Christ's dew fall down, and His summer-sun shine, and His grace follow afflictions to cause them to bring forth fruit to God, they are so fruitless to us, that our evil ground (rank and fat enough for briars) casteth up a crop of noisome weeds. "The rod" (as the prophet saith) "blossometh, pride buddeth forth, violence riseth up into a rod of wickedness."§ And all this hath been my case under many rods since I saw you.

Grace be with you.

Yours, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

LONDON, 1645.

S. R.

CCCXVI.—*To a Christian Brother, on the death of his Daughter.*

(CONSOLATION IN HER HAVING GONE BEFORE—CHRIST THE
BEST HUSBAND.)



EVEREND AND BELOVED IN THE LORD,—

It may be that I have been too long silent, but I hope that ye will not impute it to forgetfulness of you.

* By itself.

† "Lost," in the sense of costing labour in vain.

‡ The allusion is to Jer. vi. 29. "Daylight" is an odd variation from our common version. Could Rutherford have been reading Jeremiah in the Septuagint Greek version? There the word is *φωστήρ*, "blowpipe," or "*bel-lows*," but we might suppose that his eye mistook the word for *φωστήρ*, "lightgiver," and sometimes "*window-light*." The Scotch phrase, "to burn daylight," means to waste time and opportunity.

§ Ezek. vii. 10, 11.

As I have heard of the death of your daughter with heaviness of mind on your behalf, so am I much comforted that she hath evidenced to yourself and other witnesses the hope of the resurrection of the dead. As sown corn is not lost (for there is more hope of that which is sown than of that which is eaten*), so also is it in the resurrection of the dead : the body "is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory."† I hope that ye wait for the crop and harvest; "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."† Then they are not lost who are gathered into that congregation of the first-born, and the general assembly of the saints. Though we cannot outrun nor overtake them that are gone before, yet we shall quickly follow them; and the difference is, that she hath the advantage of some months or years of the crown before you and her mother. As we do not take it ill if our children outrun us in the life of grace, why then are we sad if they outstrip us in the attainment of the life of glory? It would seem that there is more reason to grieve that children live behind us, than that they are glorified and die before us. All the difference is in some poor hungry accidents of time, less or more, sooner or later. So the godly child, though young, died an hundred years old; and ye could not now have bestowed her better, though the choice was Christ's, not yours.

And I am sure, Sir, ye cannot now say that she is married against the will of her parents. She might more readily, if alive, fall into the hands of a worse husband; but can ye think that she could have fallen into the hands of a better? And if Christ marry with your house, it is your honour, not any cause of grief, that Jesus should portion any of yours, ere she enjoy your portion. Is it not great love? The patrimony is more than any other could give; as good a husband is impossible; to say a better is blasphemy. The King and Prince of ages can keep them better than ye can do. While she was alive, ye could entrust her to Christ, and recommend her to His

* 1 Cor. xv. 42, 43.

† 1 Thess. iv. 14.

keeping ; now, by an after-faith, ye have resigned her unto Him in whose bosom do sleep all that are dead in the Lord. Ye would have lent her to glorify the Lord upon earth, and He hath borrowed her (with promise to restore her again *) to be an organ of the immediate glorifying of Himself in heaven. Sinless glorifying of God is better than sinful glorifying of Him. And sure your prayers concerning her are fulfilled. I shall desire, if the Lord shall be pleased the same way to dispose of her mother, that ye have the same mind. Christ cannot multiply injuries upon you. If the fountain be the love of God (as I hope it is), ye are enriched with losses.

Ye knew all I can say better, before I was in Christ, than I can express it. Grace be with you.

Yours, in Christ Jesus,

S. R.

LONDON, Jan. 6, 1646.

CCCXVII.—*To a Christian Gentlewoman.*

(VIEWS OF DEATH AND HEAVEN—ASPIRATIONS.)



MISSRESS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—If death, which is before you and us all, were any other thing than a friendly dissolution, and a change, not a destruction of life, it would seem a hard voyage to go through such a sad and dark trance, † so thorny a valley, as is the wages of sin. But I am confident the way ye know, though your foot never trod in that black shadow. The loss of life is gain to you. 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. And since ye have had a communion with Him in this life, and He hath a pawn or pledge of yours, even the largest share of your love and heart, ye may look death in the face with joy.

* 1 Cor. xv. 53 ; 1 Thess. iv. 15, 16.

† Passage.

If the heart be in heaven, the remnant of you cannot be kept the prisoner of the second death. But though He be the same Christ in the other life that ye found Him to be here, yet He is so far in His excellency, beauty, sweetness, irradiations, and beams of majesty, above what He appeared here, when He is seen as He is, that ye shall misken* Him, and He shall appear a new Christ. And His kisses, breathings, embracements, the perfume, the ointment of His name poured out on you, shall appear to have more of God, and a stronger smell of heaven, of eternity, of a Godhead, of majesty and glory, there than here; as water at the fountain, apples in the orchard and beside the tree, have more of their native sweetness, taste, and beauty, than when transported to us some hundred miles.

I mean not that Christ can lose any of His sweetness in the carrying, or that He, in His Godhead and loveliness of presence, can be changed to the worse, betwixt the little spot of the earth that ye are in, and the right hand of the Father far above all heavens. But the change will be in you, when ye shall have new senses, and the soul shall be a more deep and more capacious vessel, to take in more of Christ; and when means (the chariot, the Gospel, that He is now carried in, and ordinances that convey Him) shall be removed. Sure ye cannot now be said to see Him face to face; or to drink of the wine of the highest fountain, or to take in seas and tides of fresh love immediately, without vessels, midses,† or messengers, at the Fountain itself, as ye will do a few days hence, when ye shall be so near as to be with Christ.‡

Ye would, no doubt, bestow a day's journey, yea, many days' journey on earth, to go up to heaven, and fetch down anything of Christ; how much more may ye be willing to make a journey to go in person to heaven (it is not lost time, but gained eternity) to enjoy the full Godhead! And then, in such a manner as He is there! not in His week-day's apparel, as He is here with us, in a drop or the tenth part of a night's dewing of grace and sweetness; but He

* Overlook, not know.

† Means, mediums.

‡ Luke xxiii. 43; John xvii. 24; Phil. i. 23; 1 Thess. iv. 17.

is there in His marriage-robe of glory, richer, more costly, more precious, in one hem or button of that garment of Fountain majesty than a million of worlds. Oh, the well is deep ! Ye shall then think that preachers, and sinful ambassadors on earth, did but spill and mar His praises, when they spoke of Him and preached His beauty.

Alas ! we but make Christ black and less lovely, in making such insignificant, and dry, and cold, and low expressions of His highest and transcendent super-excellency to the daughters of Jerusalem. Sure I have often, for my own part, sinned in this thing. No doubt angels do not fulfil their task, according to their obligation, in that Christ keeps their feet from falling with the lost devils ; though I know they are not behind in going to the utmost of created power. But there is sin in our praising, and sin in the quantity, besides other sins. But I must leave this ; it is too deep for me. Go and see, and we desire to go with you ; but we are not masters of our own diet. If, in that last journey, ye tread on a serpent in the way, and thereby wound your heel, as Jesus Christ did before you, the print of the wound shall not be known at the resurrection of the just. Death is but an awefome* step, over time and sin, to sweet Jesus Christ, who knew and felt the worst of death, for death's teeth hurt Him. We know death hath no teeth now, no jaws, for they are broken. It is a free prison ; citizens pay nothing for the grave. The jailor who had the power of death is destroyed : praise and glory be to the First-begotten of the dead.

The worst possible that may be is, that ye leave behind you children, husband, and the Church of God in miseries. But ye cannot get them to heaven with you for the present. Ye shall not miss them, and Christ cannot miscount one of the poorest of His lambs. No lad, no girl, no poor one shall be a-missing, ere† ye see them again, in the day that the Son shall render up the kingdom to His Father.

The evening and the shadow of every poor hireling is coming.

* Full of awe, solemn.

† None shall be lost in the interval between this present time and ere.

The fun of Christ's Church in this life is declining low. Not a foul of the militant company will be here within a few generations ; our Husband will send for them all. It is a rich mercy that we are not married to time longer than the course be finished.

Ye may rejoice that ye go not to heaven till ye know that Jesus is there before you ; that when ye come thither, at your first entry ye may feel the smell of His ointments, His myrrh, aloes, and cassia. And this first salutation of His will make you find it is no uncomfortable thing to die. Go and enjoy your gain ; live on Christ's love while ye are here, and all the way.

As for the Church which ye leave behind you, the government is upon Christ's shoulders, and He will plead for the blood of His saints. The Bush hath been burning above five thousand years, and we never yet saw the ashes of this fire. Yet a little while, and the vision shall not tarry : it will speak, and not lie. I am more afraid of my duty, than of the Head Christ's government. He cannot fail to bring judgment to victory. Oh that we could wait for our hidden life ! Oh that Christ would remove the covering, draw aside the curtain of time, and rend the heavens, and come down ! Oh that shadows and night were gone, that the day would break, and that He who feedeth among the lilies would cry to His heavenly trumpeters, " Make ready, let us go down and fold together the four corners of the world, and marry the bride ! " His grace be with you.

Now, if I have found favour with you, and if ye judge me faithful, my last suit to you is that ye would leave me a legacy ; and that is, that my name may be, at the very last, in your prayers : as I desire also, it may be in the prayers of those of your Christian acquaintance with whom ye have been intimate.

Your brother, in his own Lord Jesus,

S. R.

LONDON, Jan. 9, 1646.



CCCXVIII.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(CHRIST NEVER IN OUR DEBT—RICHES OF CHRIST—EXCELLENCE OF THE HEAVENLY STATE.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—It is the least of the princely and royal bounty of Jefus Christ to pay a king's debts, and not to have His servants at a losf. His gold is better than yours, and His hundred-fold is the income and rent of heaven, and far above your revenues. Ye are not the first who have casten up your accounts that way. Better have Christ your factor than any other ; for He tradeth to the advantage of His poor servants. But if the hundred-fold in this life be so well told (as Christ cannot pay you with miscounting or deferred hope), oh, what must the rent of that land be which rendereth (every day and hour of the years of long eternity) the whole rent of a year, yea, of more than thousand thousands of ages, even the weighty income of a rich kingdom, not every summer once, but every moment.

That sum of glory will take you and all the angels telling.* To be a tenant to such a Landlord, where every berry and grape of the large field beareth no worse fruit than glory, fulness of joy, and pleasures that endure for evermore ! I leave it to yourself to think what a summer, what a foil, what a garden must be there ; and what must be the commodities of that highest land, where the sun and the moon are under the feet of the inhabitants ! Surely the land cannot be bought with gold, blood, banishment, losf of father and mother, husband, wife, children. We but dwell here because we can do no better. It is need, not virtue, to be sojourners in a prison ; to weep and sigh, and, alas ! to sin sixty or seventy years in a land of tears. The fruits that grow here are all seasoned and salted with sin.

Oh how sweet is it that the company of the first-born should be

* Will require all your power, and that of angels too, to unfold.

divided into two great bodies of an army, and some in their country, and some in the way to their country! If it were no more than once* to see the face of the Prince of this good land, and to be feasted for eternity with the fatness, sweetness, dainties of the rays and beams of matchless glory, and incomparable fountain-love, it were a well-spent journey to creep hands and feet through seven deaths and seven hells, to enjoy Him up at the well-head. Only let us not weary: the miles to that land are fewer and shorter than when we first believed. Strangers are not wise to quarrel with their host, and complain of their lodging. It is a foul way, but a fair home. Oh that I had but such grapes and clusters out of the land as I have sometimes seen and tasted in the place whereof your Ladyship maketh mention! But the hope of it in the end is a heartsome convoy† in the way. If I see little more of the gold‡ till the race be ended, I dare not quarrel. It is the Lord! I hope His chariot will go through these three kingdoms, after our sufferings shall be accomplished.

Grace be with you.

Your Ladyship's, in Jesus Christ,

S. R.

LONDON, Jan. 26, 1646.

CCCXIX.—To MR J. G. §

(PROSPECTS FOR SCOTLAND—HIS OWN DARKNESS—ABILITY OF CHRIST.)



EVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I shall with my foul desire the peace of these kingdoms, and I do believe it will at last come, as a river and as the mighty

* Some time or other; sooner or later.

† Cheerful accompaniment.

‡ In a sermon preached at Kirkcudbright, in 1634, on Heb. xii. 1-3, he says, "This condemns those who will not run one foot in the race except the gold be in their hand."

§ Perhaps Mr James Guthrie.

waves of the sea ; but oh that we were ripe and in readines to receive it ! The preserving of two or three, or four or five berries, in the utmost boughs of the olive-tree, after the vintage, is like to be a great matter ere all be done ; yet I know that a cluster in both kingdoms shall be saved, for a blessing is in it. But it is not, I fear, so near to the dawning of the day of salvation but the clouds must send down more showers of blood to water the vineyard of the Lord, and to cause it to blossom. Scotland's scum is not yet removed ; nor is England's dross and tin taken away ; nor the filth of our blood "purged by the spirit of judgment, and the spirit of burning." But I am too much on this sad subject.

As for myself, I do esteem nothing out of heaven, and next to a communion with Jesus Christ, more than to be in the hearts and prayers of the faints. I know that He feedeth there among the lilies, till the day break ; but I am at low ebb, as to any sensible communion with Christ ; yea, as low as any soul can be, and do scarce know where I am ; and do now make it a question, if any can go to Him, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, through nothing but darkness. Sure, all that come to heaven have a stock in Christ ; but I know not where mine is. It cannot be enough for me to believe the salvation of others, and to know Christ to be the Honeycomb, the Rose of Sharon, the Paradise and Eden of the faints, and First-born written in heaven, and not to see afar the borders of that good land.

But what shall I say ? Either this is the Lord, making grace a new creation, where there is pure nothing and sinful nothing to work upon, or I am gone. I should count my soul engaged to yourself, and others there with you, if ye would but carry to Christ for me a letter of cyphers* and nonsense (for I know not how to make language of my condition), only showing that I have need of His love ; for I know many fair and washed ones stand now in white before the throne, who were once as black as I am. If Christ pass His word to wash a sinner, it is less to Him than a word

* Nothings.

to make fair angels of black devils ! Only let the art of free grace be engaged. I have not a cautioner* to give surety, nor doth a Mediator, such as He is in all perfection, need a mediator. But what I need, He knoweth ; only, it is His depth of wisdom to let some pass millions of miles over score in debt, that they may stand between the winning and the losing, in need of more than ordinary free grace.

Christ hath been multiplying grace by mercy above these five thousand years ; and the later born heirs have so much greater guiltiness, that† Christ hath passed more experiments and multiplied essays of heart-love on others, by misbelieving (after it is past all question, many hundreds of ages), that Christ is the undeniable and now uncontroverted treasurer of multiplied redemptions. So now He is saying, “The more of the disease there is, the more of the physician’s art of grace and tenderness there must be.” Only, I know that no sinner can put infinite grace to it,‡ so as the Mediator shall have difficulty, or much ado, to save this or that man. Millions of hells of sinners cannot come near to exhaust infinite grace.

I pray you (remembering my love to your wife, and friends there), let me find that I have solicitors there amongst your acquaintance ; and forget not Scotland.

Your brother in Jesus Christ,

LONDON, Jan. 30, 1646.

S. R.

CCCXX.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(TRIALS CANNOT INJURE SAINTS—BLESSEDNESS IN SEEING CHRIST.)



ADAM,—It is too like that the Lord’s controversy with these two nations is but yet beginning, and that we are ripened and white for the Lord’s sickle.

For the particular condition your Ladyship is in, another might speak (if they would say all) of more sad things. If there was not

* Surety.

† Seeing that.

‡ “*To put one to it,*” is a phrase equivalent to, “Cause him to be at a loss how to act.”

a fountain of free grace to water dry ground, and an uncreated wind to breathe on withered and dry bones, we were gone. The wheels of Christ's chariot (to pluck us out of the womb of many deaths) are winged like eagles. All I have is, to desire to believe that Christ will shew all good-will to save; and as for your Ladyship, I know that our Lord Jesus carrieth on no design against you, but seeketh to save and redeem you. He lieth not in wait for your falls, except it be to take you up. His way of redeeming is ravishing and taking. There are more miracles of glorified sinners in heaven than can be on earth. Nothing of you, Madam, nay, not even your leaf, can wither.

Verily, it is a king's life to follow the Lamb. But when ye see Him in His own country at home, ye will think ye never saw Him before: "He shall be admired of all them that believe."* Ye may judge how far all your now sad days, and tossings, changes, losses, wants, conflicts, shall then be below you. Ye look to the cross: now it is above your head, and seemeth to threaten death, as having a dominion; but it shall then be so far below your thoughts, or your thoughts so far above it, that ye shall have no leisure to lend one thought to old-dated† crosses, in youth, in age, in this country or in that, from this instrument or from another, except it be to the heightening of your consolation, being now got above and beyond all these.

Old age, and "waxing old as a garment," is written on the fairest face of the creation.‡ Death, from Adam to the Second Adam's Appearance, playeth the king, and reigneth over all. The prime Heir died; His children, whom the Lord hath given, follow Him. And we may speak freely of the life which is here; were it heaven, there were not much gain in godliness. But there is a rest for the people of God. Christ-man§ possesseth it now one thousand six hundred years before many of His members; but it weareth not out.

Grace be with you.

Your Ladyship's, in Christ Jesus,

LONDON, *Feb.* 16, 1646.

S. R.

* 2 Thess. i. 10.

† Antiquated; out of date.

‡ Ps. cii. 26.

§ Christ as man; as one of those who were once weary.

CCCXXI.—*To the LADY ARDROSS, in Fife.*

[LADY ARDROSS, whose maiden name was Helen Lindfay, was the daughter of Lady Christian Hamilton, eldest daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, by her first husband Robert, ninth Lord Lindfay of Byres. She was married to Sir William Scot of Ardross, son of Sir W. Scott of Elie. Her daughter, Euphemia, Countess of Dundonald, some thirty years after this, attended the field conventicles, and entertained the field preachers at her house. (*Douglas' Peerage*, vol. i., p. 386.) This letter was written to her on the occasion of the death of her mother, who was then Lady Boyd, having married for her second husband, Robert, sixth Lord Boyd. (See notice of Lady Boyd, Let. 77.)]

(ON HER MOTHER'S DEATH—HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN, AND
BLESSEDNESS OF DYING IN THE LORD.)



MADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—It hath seemed good, as I hear, to Him that hath appointed the bounds for the number of our months, to gather in a sheaf of ripe corn, in the death of your Christian mother, into His garner. It is the more evident that winter is near, when apples, without the violence of wind, fall of their own accord off the tree. She is now above the winter, with a little change of place, not of a Saviour; only she enjoyeth Him now without messages, and in His own immediate presence, from whom she heard by letters and messengers before.

I grant that death is to her a very new thing; but heaven was prepared of old. And Christ (as enjoyed in His highest throne, and as loaded with glory, and incomparably exalted above men and angels, having such a heavenly circle of glorified harpers and musicians above, compassing the throne with a song) is to her a new thing, but so new as the first summer-rose, or the first fruits of that heavenly field; or as a new paradise to a traveller, broken and worn out of breath with the sad occurrences of a long and dirty way.

Ye may easily judge, Madam, what a large recompense is made to all her service, her walking with God, and her sorrows, with the

first cast of the foul's eye upon the shining and admirably beautiful face of the Lamb, that is in the midst of that fair and white army which is there, and with the first draught and taste of the fountain of life, fresh and new at the well-head ; to say nothing of the enjoying of that face without date, for more than this term of life which we now enjoy. And it cost her no more to go thither, than to suffer death to do her this piece of service : for by Him who was dead, and is alive, she was delivered from the second death. What, then, is the first death to the second ? Not a scratch of the skin of a finger to the endless second death. And now she sitteth for eternity mail-free,* in a very considerable† land, which hath more than four summers in the year. Oh, what spring-time is there ! Even the smelling of the odours of that great and eternally blooming Rose of Sharon for ever and ever ! What a singing life is there ! There is not a dumb bird in all that large field ; but all sing and breathe out heaven, joy, glory, dominion to the high Prince of that new-found land. And, verily, the land is the sweeter that Jesus Christ paid so dear a rent for it. And He is the glory of the land : all which, I hope, doth not so much mitigate and allay your grief for her part (though truly this should seem sufficient), as the unerring expectation of the dawning of that day upon yourself, and the hope you have of the fruition of that same King and kingdom to your own soul. Certainly the hope of it, when things look so dark-like on both kingdoms, must be an exceedingly great quickening to languishing spirits, who are far from home while we are here. What misery, to have both a bad way all the day, and no hope of lodging at night ! But He hath taken up your lodging for you.

I can say no more now ; but I pray that the very God of peace may establish your heart to the end. I rest, Madam,

Your Ladyship's, at all respective‡ obedience in the Lord,

S. R.

LONDON, *Feb. 24, 1646.*

* Rent free.

† Worthy of regard, as in *Let. 331* ?

‡ Respectful.

CCCXXII.—T^o M. O.

[Perhaps, as Let. 149, some of Provost Osburn's family.]

(GLOOMY PROSPECTS FOR THE BACKSLIDING CHURCH—THE
MISUNDERSTANDINGS OF BELIEVERS CAUSE OF GREAT
GRIEF—THE DAY OF CHRIST.)



IR,—I can write nothing for the present concerning these times (whatever others may think), but that which speaketh wrath and judgment to these kingdoms. If ever ye, or any of that land, received the Gospel in truth (as I am confident ye and they did), there is here a great departure from that faith, and our sufferings are not yet at an end. However, I dare testify and die for it, that once Christ was revealed in the power of His excellency and glory to the saints there, and in Scotland, of which I was a witness. I pray God that none deceive you, or take the crown from you. Hell, or the gates of hell, cannot ravel, mar, nor undo what Christ hath once done amongst you. It may be that I am incapable of new light, and cannot receive that spirit whereof some vainly boast, but that “which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled,” even “the word of life,”* hath been declared to you. Thousands of thousands, walking in that light and that good old way, have gone to heaven, and are now before the throne. Truth is but one, and hath no numbers. Christ and Antichrist are both now in the camp, and are come to open blows. Christ's poor ship faileth in the sea of blood; the passengers are so sea-sick of a high fever, that they miscall† one another. Christ, I hope, will bring the broken bark to land. I had rather swim for life and death on an old plank, or a broken board, to land with Christ, than enjoy the rotten peace we have hitherto had. It is like that the Lord will

* 1 John i. 1.

† Call each other abusive names.

take a severe course with us, to cause the children of the family to agree together. I conceive that Christ hath a great design of free grace to these lands; but His wheels must move over mountains and rocks. He never yet wooed a bride on earth, but in blood, in fire, and in the wilderness. A cross of our own choosing, honeyed and sugared with consolations, we cannot have. I think not much of a cross when all the children of the house weep with me and for me; and to suffer when we enjoy the communion of the saints is not much; but it is hard when saints rejoice in the suffering of saints, and redeemed ones hurt (yea, even go nigh to hate) redeemed ones.

I confess I imagined there had no more been such an affliction on earth, or in the world, as that one elect angel should fight against another; but, for contempt of the communion of saints, we have need of new-born crosses, scarce ever heard of before. The saints are not Christ: there is no misjudging in Him; there is much in us; and a doubt it is, if we shall have fully one heart till we shall enjoy one heaven. Our star-light hideth us from ourselves, and hideth us from one another, and Christ from us all. But He will not be hidden from us. I shall wish that all the sons of our Father in that land were of one mind, and that they be not shaken nor moved from the truth once received. Christ was in that Gospel, and Christ is the same now that He was in the prelates' time. That Gospel cannot sink; it will make you free, and bear you out. Christ, the subject of it, is the chosen of God; and cometh from Bozrah, with garments dyed in blood. Ireland and Scotland both must be His field, in which He shall feed and gather lilies. Suppose (which yet is impossible) that some had an eternity of Christ in Ireland, and a sweet summer of the Gospel, and a feast of fat things for evermore in Ireland, and that one should never come to heaven, it should be a desirable life! The King's spikenard, Christ's perfume, His apples of love, His ointments, even down in this lower house of clay, are a choice heaven. Oh! what then is the King in His own land, where there is such a throne, so many King's palaces, ten thousand thousands of crowns of glory

that want heads yet to fill them? Oh, so much leifure as shall be there to sing! Oh, such a tree as groweth there in the midst of that Paradise, where the inhabitants sing eternally under its branches! To look in at a window, and see the branches burdened with the apples of life, to be the last man that shall come in thither, were too much for me.

I pray you to remember me to the Christians there; and remember our private covenant. Grace be with you.


Your friend in the Lord Jesus,

S. R.

LONDON, *April 17, 1646.*

CCCXXIII.—*To* EARLSTON ELDER.

(CHRIST'S WAY OF AFFLICTING THE BEST—OBLIGATION TO
FREE GRACE—ENDURING THE CROSS.)

IR,—I know that ye have learned long ago, ere I knew anything of Christ, that if we had the cross at our own election, we would either have law-surety for freedom from it, or then* we would have it honeyed and sugared with comforts, so as the sweet should overmaster the gall and wormwood. Christ knoweth how to breed the sons of His house, and ye will give Him leave to take His own way of dispensation with you; and, though it be rough, forgive Him. He desieth you to have as much patience to Him as He hath borne to you. I am sure that there cannot be a dram-weight of gall less in your cup; and ye would not desire He should both afflict you and hurt your soul. When His people cannot have a providence of silk and roses, they must be content with such an one as He carveth for them. Ye would not go to heaven but with company; and ye may perceive that the way of those who went before you was through blood, sufferings, and

* Otherwise; else.

many afflictions. Nay, Christ, the Captain, went in over the door-threshold of Paradise bleeding to death. I do not think but* ye have learned to stoop (though ye, as others, be naturally stiff), and that ye have found that the apples and sweet fruits, which grow on that crabbed tree of the cros, are as sweet as it is four to bear it; especially considering that Christ hath borne the whole complete cros, and that His faints bear but bits and chips; as the Apostle saith, “the remnants,” or “leavings,” of the cros.†

I judge you ten thousand times happy, that ever ye were grace's debtor; for certainly Christ hath engaged you over head and ears to free grace. And take the debt with you to eternity, Immanuel's highest land, where ye find before you a houseful of Christ's everlasting debtors; the less shame to you. Yea, and this lower kingdom of grace is but Christ's hospital, and guest-house of sick folks, whom the brave and noble Physician, Christ, hath cured, upon a venture of life and death. And, if ye be near the water-side (as I know ye are), all that I can say is this, Sir, that I feel by the smell of that land which is before you, that it is a goodly country, and it is well paid for to your hand. And He is before you who will heartily welcome you. Oh, to suck those breasts of full consolation above, and to drink Christ's new wine up in His Father's house, is some greater matter than is believed; since it was brewed from eternity for the Head of the house, and so many thousand crowned kings. Rubs in the way, where the lodging is so good, are not much.

He that brought again from the dead the Great Shepherd of the sheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, establish you to the end.

Your friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

S. R.

LONDON, May 15, 1646.

* I entertain no other thought than that you have learned.

† Col. i. 24.

CCCXXIV.—*To his Reverend and worthy Brother, MR GEORGE GILLESPIE.**

(PROSPECT OF DEATH—CHRIST THE TRUE SUPPORT IN DEATH.)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I cannot speak to you. The way ye know ; the passage is free and not stopped ; the print of the footsteps of the Fore-runner is clear and manifest ; many have gone before you. Ye will not sleep long in the dust, before the daybreak. It is a far shorter piece of the hinder-end of the night to you than to Abraham and Moses. Beside all the time of their bodies resting under corruption, it is as long yet to their day as to your morning-light of awaking to glory, though their spirits, having the advantage of yours, have had now the fore-start of the shore before you.

I dare say nothing against His dispensation. I hope to follow quickly. The heirs that are not there before you are posting with haste after you, and none shall take your lodging over your head. Be not heavy. The life of faith is now called for ; doing was never reckoned in your accounts, though Christ in and by you hath done more than by twenty, yea, an hundred grey-haired and godly pastors. Believing now is your last.† Look to that word, “ Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.”‡ Ye know the *I* that liveth, and the *I* that liveth not ; it is not single *Ye* that live.§ Christ by law liveth in the broken debtor ; it is not a life by doing or holy walking, but the living of Christ in you. If ye look to yourself as divided from Christ, ye must be more than heavy. All your wants, dear brother, be upon Him : ye are His debtors ; grace must sum and subscribe your accounts as paid. Stand not upon items, and small or little sanctification. Ye know that *inherent* holiness

* Gillespie was lying on his death-bed when this letter was written to him by Rutherford, who had heard of the dangerous illness of his friend. He died on the 17th of December following.

† Your believing now is your last believing ; closing the whole course.

‡ Gal. ii. 20.

§ It is not you by yourself.

muſt ſtand by, when *imputed* is all. I fear the clay houſe is a-taking down and undermining : but it is nigh the dawning. Look to the eaſt, the dawning of the glory is near. Your Guide is good company, and knoweth all the miles, and the ups and downs in the way. The nearer the morning, the darker. Some travellers ſee the city twenty miles off, and at a diſtance ; and yet within the eighth part of a mile they cannot ſee it. It is all keeping that ye would now have, till ye need it ; and if ſenſe and fruition come both at once, it is not your loſs. Let Chriſt tutor you as He thinketh good ; ye cannot be marred, nor miſcarry, in His hand. Want is an excellent qualification ; and “ no money, no price,” to you (who, I know, dare not glory in your own righteouſneſs) is fitneſs warrantable enough to caſt yourſelf upon Him who juſtifieth the ungodly. Some ſee the gold* once, and never again till the race’s end. It is coming all in a ſum together, when ye are in a more gracious capacity to tell it than now. “ Ye are not come to the mount that burneth with fire, or unto blackneſs, darkneſs, and tempeſt ; but ye are come to Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jeruſalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general aſſembly and church of the firſt-born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the Mediator of the New Covenant, and to the blood of ſprinkling,” &c.

Ye muſt leave the wife to a more choice Huſband, and the children to a better Father.

If ye leave any teſtimony to the Lord’s work and Covenant, againſt both Malignants and Seſtaries (which I ſuppoſe may be needful), let it be under your hand, and ſubſcribed before faithful witneſſes.†

Your loving and afflicted brother,

ST ANDREW’S, Sept. 27, 1648.

S. R.

* See Let. 318.

† In this matter Gilleſpie complied with Rutherford’s advice, having left behind him a teſtimony againſt both Malignants and Seſtaries, ſubſcribed by his own hand, on the 15th of December, only two days before he died.

CCCXXV.—*To* SIR JAMES STEWART, *Lord Provost of*
*Edinburgh.**

[SIR JAMES STEWART of Kirkfield and Cultnefs, to whom this letter is addrefsed, was a man of high Chriftian excellence. “Sir James Stewart,” faid the celebrated George Gillefpie, “has more fterling religion in ready cafh than any man ever I knew; he is always agreeably compofed and recollected, in a permanent devout frame of fpirit, and fuch as I fhould wifh to have in my laft moments.” (*Coltnes Collections*, p. 15.) He was a zealous Covenanter, and fuffered confiderably for his principles during the perfecution of Charles II. He died March 31, 1681, at his own houfe at Edinburgh, in the feventy-third year of his age, in the full affurance of faith. Rutherford wrote this letter on occafion of his own election to be Profeffor of Divinity in the College of Edinburgh.]

Richt honorable



HE mater of my tranfportation is fo poor a contraverfie I truely not beeing defyrous to be the fubject of any dine† in the Generall Affembly of the Kirk of Scotland whoe have greater buffines to doe, and haveing fuffered once the paine of tranfportation, moift humbly intreat your w. [worfhips] that favour as to caft yor thoughts vpon fome fitter man; for as it is vnbeefeeming me to lie or diflemblee, fo I muft friely fhew you it will but mak me the fubject of fuffereing and paffive obedience, and I truſt your w. [worfhips] intend not that hurt to me, and I am perfuaded it is not yor mind, it fhall be my prayer to God, to

* As an accurate fac-fimile of this letter from the original, among the papers of the Town Council of Edinburgh, is inferted here, it has been thought proper, in this inſtance, to retain Rutherford's orthography.

† *Din*, noiſe. The ſuperfluous “e,” at the end of ſeveral of theſe words, may poſſibly have been a daſh in the writing. “Dine,” for *din*; “whoe,” for “who;” “humblee,” for “humble.” Compare “honorable,” on the addreſs of the letter with the ſame word in the commencement.

send that worthie societie an hable* and pious man. Grace be with you.

S Andrews the
Laft of Junii
1649

Yours at all-humblée
obfervance in the Lord
SAMUEL RUTHERFURD

for the richt honorable my varie
good lord, Sr James Steuart
proveift of Edinbrugh and re-
manent magistrats Counfellers of
the Citie.

CCCXXVI.—*To MISTRESS GILLESPIE, Widow of George Gillespie.*

(ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD—GOD AFFLICTS IN ORDER TO
SAVE US FROM THE WORLD.)



DEAR SISTER,—I have heard how the Lord hath visited you, in removing the child Archibald. I hope ye see that the setting down of the weight of your confidence and affection upon any created thing, whether husband or child, is a deceiving thing; and that the creature is not able to bear the weight, but sinketh down to very nothing under your confidence. And, therefore, ye are Christ's debtor for all providences of this kind, even in that He buildeth an hedge of thorns in your way: for so ye see that His gracious intention is, to save you (if I may say so) whether ye will or not.

It is a rich mercy that the Lord Christ will be Master of your will and of your delights, and that His way is so fair, for landing of husband and children before-hand in the country whitherto ye are journeying. No matter how little ye be engaged to the

* From French, "habile," in which we see the etymology of "able."

world, since ye have such experience of cross-dealing in it. Had ye been a child of the house, the world would have dealt more warmly with its own. There is less of you out of heaven, in that the child is there and the husband is there; but much more that your Head, Kinsman, and Redeemer doth fetch home such as are in danger to be lost. And from this time forward, fetch not your comforts from such broken cisterns and dry wells. If the Lord pull at the rest, ye must not be the creature that will hold when He draweth.

Truly, to me your case is more comfortable than if the fireside were well plenished* with ten children. The Lord saw that ye were able, by His grace, to bear the loss of husband and child; and that ye are that† weak and tender as not to be able to stand under the mercy of a gracious husband, living and flourishing in esteem with authority, and in reputation for godliness and learning. For He knoweth the weight of these mercies would crush you and break you. And as there is no searching out of His understanding, so He hath skill to know what providence will make Christ dearest to you; and let not your heart say, “It is an ill-waled‡ dispensation.” Sure Christ, who hath seven eyes, had before Him the good of a living husband and children for Margaret Murray, and the good of a removed husband and children translated to glory. Now that He hath opened His decree to you, say, “Christ hath made for me a wife and gracious choice, and I have not one word to say to the contrary.” Let not your heart charge anything, nor unbelief libel injuries upon Christ because He will not let you alone, nor give you leave to play the adulterers with such as have not that right to your love that Christ hath. I should wish that, at the reading of this, ye may fall down and make a surrender of those that are gone, and of those that are yet alive, to Him. And for you, let Him have all; and wait for Himself, for He will come, and will not tarry. Live by faith, and the peace of God guard your heart. He cannot die whose ye are.

* Filled.

† So.

‡ Ill-selected.

My wife suffereth with you,* and remembereth her love to you.
Your brother in Christ,

ST ANDREW'S, *Aug.* 14, 1649.

S. R.

CCCXXVII.—*To the* EARL OF BALCARRAS.

[ALEXANDER LINDSAY, second Lord Balcarras, and first Earl of Balcarras, to whom this letter is addressed, was a man of superior talents, and espoused the cause of the Covenant. He commanded a troop of horse in the Covenanters' army at the battle of Alford, 2d July 1645, when General Baillie was defeated by Montrose. He was one of the Commissioners despatched by the Parliament of Scotland, 19th December 1646, to King Charles I., with their last proposals, which his Majesty rejected; upon which the Scottish army surrendered him to the English Parliament, and retired from England. When, in 1648, troops were raised with the design of rescuing the King from the English Parliament, and restoring him to liberty and power, without requiring from him any concessions to his subjects, which was called "The Engagement," Balcarras took an active part in this enterprise, for which Rutherford, by the way, tenders to him a reproof. On the arrival of Charles II. in Scotland, 1650, he repaired to his Majesty, by whom he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Balcarras. He was High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland which met at St Andrew's, 16th July 1651. In 1652 he settled with his family at St Andrew's, keeping up a correspondence with his exiled sovereign; and in 1653 again took arms, and joined in an ineffectual attempt to uphold the Royal cause against Cromwell. His estate, after this, being sequestrated, he withdrew to the Continent. His Lordship did not live to see the Restoration of Charles, having died of consumption in the prime of life, at Breda, on the 30th of August 1659. His mortal remains were brought over to Scotland, and interred at Balcarras. *Douglas' Peerage of Scotland*. This letter is given from the original, among the Balcarras Papers, Vol. IX., No. 135. Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.]

(REGARDING SOME MISUNDERSTANDING.)



Y VERY HONOURABLE LORD,—I am sorry that your Lordship should be offended at any sinister information concerning your supposed discountenancing

* Rutherford was married a second time on 24th March 1649, about five months previous to the date of this Letter, to Jean M'Math.

of ministers. For the general I can say nothing, being utterly ignorant thereof. I hope your Lordship will make the best use of it may be. For myself, I owe no thanks to any that have named me as the object of any discountenancing; for, truly, I value not any of these when, as the conscience of my innocence sheweth me (and, for aught known to me, truly) that I offended no nobleman in the kingdom, far less my Lord Balcarras, whose public deservings have been such as I esteem him to have been most instrumental in this work of God. I hope, my Lord, you will pardon me to make a little exception in the matter of the late sinful engagement. And therefore, my Lord, I entreat you to forget that business; for since your Lordship said of me, in your letter to Mr David Forret,* more than I deserve, I shall be satisfied with it as an expiation, more than any discountenancing of me can amount unto by millions of degrees. And therefore entreat your Lordship to accept of this for anything that any could say to your Lordship of that business. If I had thought so much of myself as the discountenancing of me had been a sinful neglect (whereas I know there is little ground for the contrary), I should have spoken to your Lordship myself. So trusting your Lordship will rest satisfied, I am, your Lordship's, at power in the Lord.

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Dec. 24, 1649.



CCCXXVIII.—*To the worthy and much honoured* COLONEL GILBERT KER.

[COLONEL GILBERT KER was a leading man among the Covenanters. He was one of the officers of the west country army, and adhered with great

* Mr David Forret, or Forrest, was minister of Kilconquhar. He had formerly been minister of Deninno, where he appears in 1639. He was translated thence to Forgan in 1640; and to Kilconquhar, May 27, 1646. He refused to conform to Prelacy in 1662, but was not ejected, and died February 26, 1672.

zeal to the Western Remonstrance, sent by that army to the Committee of Estates, which, among other things, condemned the treaty with the King, accused many of the Committee of Estates of covetousness and oppression, and opposed the invasion of England, or forcing a king upon that kingdom. In the year 1655 he was named Justice of Peace for Roxburghshire, but declined to accept; stating as his reasons, that he considered the employment sinful, not allowed by the word of God, contrary to the Solemn League and Covenant, and an encroachment on the liberty of Christ's church.

At the restoration of Charles II., when those concerned in the Western Remonstrance were particularly marked out for the vengeance of the Government, he left the country, but was allowed by the Privy Council to return in the beginning of the year 1671. He died previous to October 5, 1677, as at that date Mr James Row, merchant in Edinburgh, his son-in-law, presents a petition to the Privy Council, praying that he might obtain the remission of a fine of five hundred merks, which had been imposed on the deceased Colonel Gilbert Ker upon account of a conventicle, and for the payment of which the petitioner had become cautioner, in respect the deceased had no estate or means by which he might obtain relief. This fine was remitted. *Register of Acts of Privy Council.*]

(SINGLENESS OF AIM—JUDGMENT IN REGARD TO
ADVERSARIES.)



MUCH HONOURED AND TRULY WORTHY,—
I hope I shall not need to show you that ye are in greater hazard from yourself, and your own spirit (which should be watched over, that your actings for God may be clean, spiritual, purely for God, for the Prince of the kings of the earth), than ye can be in danger from your enemies. Oh how hard is it to get the intentions so cut off from and raised above the creature, as to be without mixture of creature and carnal interest, and to have the soul, in heavenly actings, only, only eyeing Himself, and acting from love to God, revealed to us in Jesus Christ! Ye will find yourself, your delights, your solid glory (far above the air and breathings of mouths, and the thin, short, poor applauses of men), before you in God. All the creatures, all the swords, all the hosts in Britain, and in this poor globe of the habitable world, are but under Him single cyphers making no number; the product

being nothing but painted men, and painted fwords in a brod,* without influence from Him. And oh what of God† is in Gideon's fword, when it is the fword of the Lord !

I with a fword from heaven to you, and orders from heaven to you to go out ; and as much peremptorinefs of a heavenly will as to fay, and abide by it, “ I will not, I fhall not go out, unlefs Thou goeft with me.” I defire not to be rash in judging ; but I am a ftranger to the mind of Chrift, if our adverfaries, who have unjuftly invaded us, be not now in the camp of thofe that make war with the Lamb. But the Lamb fhall overcome them at length ; for He is the Lord of lords, and King of kings, and they who are with Him are called, and chofen, and faithful. And though ye and I fee but the dark fide of God's difpenfations this day towards Britain, yet the fair, beautiful, and defirable clofe of it muft be the confederacy of the nations of the world with Britain's Lord of armies. And let me die in the comforts of the faith of this, that a throne fhall be fet up for Chrift in this ifland of Britain (which is, and fhall be, a garden more fruitful of trees of righteoufnefs, and which payeth and fhall pay more thoufands to the Lord of the vineyard than is paid in thrice the bounds of Great Britain upon earth), and there can be neither Papift, Prelate, Malignant, nor Sectary, who dare draw a fword againft Him that fitteth upon the throne.

Sir, I fhall with a clean‡ army, fo far as may be, that the shout of a King who hath many crowns may be among you ; and that ye may fight in faith, and prevail with God firft. Think it your glory to have a fword to act, and fuffer, and die (if it please Him), fo being ye may add anything to the declarative glory of Chrift, the Plant of Renown, Immanuel, God with us. Happy and thrice bleffed are they by whose actings, or blood, or pain, or lofs, the diadems and rubies of His higheft and moft glorious crown (whose ye are) fhall glifter and fhine in this quarter of the habitable world. Though He need not Gilbert Ker, nor his fword, yet this honour

* Board.

† How much of divine power.

‡ Free from malignants. See note Let. 330.

have ye with His redeemed foldiers, to call Chrift High Lord-General, of whom ye hope for pay and all arrears well told. Go on, worthy Sir, in the courage of faith, following the Lamb. Make not hafte unbelievingly ; but in hope and filence keep the watch-tower, and look out. He will come in His own time ; His falvation fhall not tarry. He will place falvation in Britain's Zion for Ifrael's glory.

His good-will who dwelt in The Bush and it burned not, be yours, and with you.

I am yours, in his fweet Lord Jefus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *Aug. 10, 1650.*

CCCXXIX.—*To the worthy and much honoured* COLONEL
GILBERT KER.

(*COURAGE IN DAYS OF REBUKE—GOD'S ARRANGEMENTS ALL
WISE.*)



MUCH HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,—What I wrote to you before, I fpake not upon any private warrant. I am where I was. Cromwell and his army (I fhall not fay but there may be, and are, feveral fober and godly among them, who have either joined through mifinformation, or have gone alongft with the reft in the fimplicity of their hearts, not knowing anything) fight in an unjuft caufe, againft the Lord's fecret ones. And now to the trampling of the worship of God, and perfecuting the people of God in England and Ireland, he hath brought upon his fcore the blood of the people of God in Scotland. I entreat you, dear Sir, as ye defire to be ferviceable to Jefus Chrift, whole free grace prevented* you when ye were His enemy, go on without fainting, equally efchewing all mixtures with Sectaries† and

* Got the ftart in coming to your foul.

† The Independents.

Malignants.* Neither of the two shall ever be instrumental to save the Lord's people, or build His house. And without prophesying, or speaking further than He, whose I am and whom I desire to serve, in the Gospel of His Son, shall warrant, I desire to hope and to believe there is a glory and a majesty of the Prince of the kings of the earth, that shall shine and appear in Great Britain, which shall darken all the glory of men, confound Sectaries and Malignants, and rejoice the spirits of the followers of the Lamb, and dazzle the eyes of the beholders.

Sir, I suppose that God is to gather Malignants and Sectaries, ere all be done, as sheaves in a barn-floor ; and to bid the daughters of Zion arise, and thresh. I hope that ye will mix with none of them. I am abundantly satisfied, that our army, through the sinful miscarriage of men, hath fallen ; and dare say it is a better and a more comfortable dispensation, than if the Lord had given us the victory and the necks of the reproachers of the way of God ; because He hath done it. For, 1. More blood, blasphemies, cruelty, treachery, must be upon the accounts of the men whose land the Lord forbade us to invade. 2. Victory is such a burdening and weighty mercy, that we have not strength to bear it as yet. 3. That was not the army, nor Gideon's three hundred, by whom He is to save us ; we must have one of our Lord's carving. 4. Our enemies on both sides are not enough hardened, nor we enough mortified to multitude, valour, and creatures.

Grace, grace be with you.

Your friend and servant, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *Sept.* 5, 1650.

* The Cavaliers.



CCCXXX.—*To MR WILLIAM GUTHRIE, when the army was at Stirling, after the defeat at Dunbar,* and the godly in the West were falsely branded with intended compliance with the usurpers, about the time when those debates and that difference concerning the Public Resolutions arose.†*

[WILLIAM GUTHRIE was born at Pitforthly, in the shire of Angus, in the year 1620. He was the eldest son of the Laird of Pitforthly, a cadet of the old family of Guthrie, and by his mother's side was descended from the ancient house of Easter-Ogle. He attended the literary and philosophical classes at the University of St Andrew's, and studied theology under Rutherford. On the 7th of November 1644, he was ordained minister of Fenwick. There he continued successfully to discharge his ministry till the 24th of July 1664, when, for non-conformity, he was suspended from and discharged to exercise his ministry, and his church declared vacant, by order of Bishop Burnet. He died at Brechin on the 10th of October 1665.

It may be mentioned here that William Guthrie, cousin to this same James Guthrie, was brought to Christ by Samuel Rutherford's ministry at St Andrew's, one of his first fruits there. (*Life by Wodrow.*) He wrote "The Trial of a Saving Interest in Christ," so well known.]

(DEPRESSION UNDER DARK TRIALS—DANGER OF COMPLIANCE.)



EVEREND BROTHER,—I did not dream of such shortness of breath, and fainting in the way toward our country. I thought that I had no more to do than die

* The battle was fought between Cromwell and the Scots, and the latter were completely defeated, with great loss. It was fought on the 3d September 1650.

† After the battle of Dunbar, it was proposed that the restraints by which such as had, by various Acts of Parliament, been excluded from places of power and trust in the army and state, on account of their Malignancy, or opposition to the Covenant and liberties of the nation, should be removed. This was at first refused; but after the defeat at Hamilton, the Commission agreed to certain resolutions, for admitting into places of power and trust in the army and state such as had been excluded by the Acts of Parliament referred to. These were called "Public Resolutions," and they became a source

in my nest, and bow down my sinful head, and let Him put on the crown, and so end. I have suffered much ; but this is the thickest darkness, and the straightest step of the way I have yet trodden. I see more suffering yet behind, and, I fear, from the keepers of the vine. Let me obtain of you, that you would press upon the Lord's people that they would stand far off from these merchants of souls come in amongst you. If the way revealed in the word be that way, we then know that these soul-cowpers* and traffickers show not the way of salvation. Alas, alas ! poor I am utterly lost, my share of heaven is gone, and my hope is poor ; I am perished, and I am cut off from the Lord, if hitherto out of the way ! But I dare not judge kind Christ ; for, if it may be but permitted (with reverence to His greatness and highness be it spoken), I will, before witnesses, produce His own hand that He said, " This is the way, walk thou in it." And He cannot except against His own seal. I profess that I am almost broken and a little sleepy, and would fain put off this body. But this is my infirmity, who would be under the shadow and covert of that Good Land, once† to be without the reach and blast of that terrible One. But I am a fool : there is none that can overbid, or take my lodging over my head, since Christ hath taken it for me.

Dear brother, help me, and get me the help of their prayers who are with you in whom is my delight. You are much suspected of intended compliance ; I mean, not of you only, but of all the people of God with you. It is but a poor thing the fulfilling of my joy ; but let me obtest all the serious seekers of His face, His secret sealed ones, by the strongest consolations of the Spirit, by

of much dissension in the Church. At last they were formally approved of by the General Assembly held in July 1651, at St Andrew's, and adjourned to Dundee. At the last sederunt at St Andrew's, Rutherford, who was strongly opposed to the Resolutions, gave in a protestation against the lawfulness of that Assembly. It was subscribed by twenty-one besides himself. Hence those opposed to the Public Resolutions were called " Protesters," and those friendly to them, " Resolutioners."

* Soul-jobbers.

† One time or other ; once for all.

the gentleness of Jesus Christ, that Plant of Renown, by your last accounts and appearing before God, when the White Throne shall be set up, be not deceived with their fair words. Though my spirit be astonished at the cunning distinctions which are found out in the matters of the Covenant, that help may be had against these men; yet my heart trembleth to entertain the least thought of joining with those deceivers.

Grace, grace be with you. Amen.

Your own brother, in our common Lord and Saviour,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S.

CCCXXXI.—*To the worthy and much honoured* COLONEL GILBERT KER.

(*COURAGE IN THE LORD'S CAUSE—DUTY IN REGARD TO PROVIDENCE TO BE OBSERVED—SAFETY IN THIS.*)



MUCH HONoured AND WORTHY SIR,—It is considerable* that the Lord may, and often doth call to a work and yet hide Himself, and try the faith of His own. If I conceive aright, the Lord hath called you to act against that enemy; and the withdrawers of their sword (in my weak apprehension) add their zeal unto, and take upon them the guilt of that unjust invasion of this land made by Cromwell's army, and of the blood of the Lord's people in this kingdom; since the sword, put into the hand of His children, is to execute wrath and vengeance upon evil-doers. The Lord's time of appearing for His broken land is reserved to the breathings of the Spirit of the Lord, such as came upon Gideon and Samson; and that is an act of princely and royal sovereignty in God. Ye are, Sir, to lay hold on opportunities of Providence, and to wait for Him.

As for your particular treating by yourselves with the invaders

* Worthy of consideration.

of our land, I have no mind to it, and do look upon their way as a carrying on of the mystery of iniquity ; for Babylon is a feat of many names. Sir, let* this controversy stand undecided till the Second Appearance of Jesus Christ, and our appeal lie before the throne undiscussed till that day, I hope to lie down in the grave in the faith of the justness of our cause. I speak nothing of the maintaining the greatness of men, not subordinate to the Prince of the kings of the earth. I judge that the blood of the witnesses of Jesus is found upon the skirts of this society, as well as in Babylon's skirts. I believe that the way of the Lord is Colonel Gilbert Ker's strength and glory ; and I should be content to want my part of him (which is, I confess, precious and dear in Christ), so that he be spent in the service of Him who will anon make inquisition for the blood of the truly godly ; which these men have shed, after fair warning that they were the godly of Scotland.

Worthy Sir, believe ; faint not. Set your shoulder under the glory of Jesus that is misprised in Scotland, and give a testimony for Him. He hath many names in Scotland, who shall walk with Him in white. This despised covenant shall ruin Malignants, Sectaries, and Atheists. Yet a little while, and behold He cometh, and walketh† in the greatness of His strength, and His garments dyed with blood. Oh, for the sad and terrible day of the Lord upon England, their ships of Tarshish, their fenced cities, &c., because of a broken covenant !

A conference with the enemy, not to hinder acting (Oh that the Lord would thereby, or by some other way, remove the cloud that is over you !), if authority should concur, were to be desired ; but it can hardly be expected. However, in the way of duty, and in the silence of faith, go on. If ye perish, ye are the first of the creation with whom the Lord hath taken that dispensation. I should humbly desire you, Sir, to look to that : “ Dying, and, behold, we

* Supposing that this controversy remains undecided.

† The Hebrew of Isa. lxiii. 1 is alluded to (הִצָּוֶה): “ *marching on* in the greatness of His strength.” Rutherford, in the latter part of his life, studied Isaiah very closely. See Sketch of his Life.

live; killed all the day long, and yet more than conquerors." There shall be the heat and warmness of life in your graves and buried bones. But look not for the Lord's coming the higher way only, for He may come the lower way. Oh, how little of God do we see, and how mysterious is He! Christ known is amongst the greatest secrets of God. Keep yourself in the love of God; and, in order to that, as far in obedience and subjection to the King (whose salvation and true happiness my soul desireth), and to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, and to the fundamental laws of this kingdom, as your Lord requireth. Sir, ye are in the hearts and prayers of the Lord's people in this kingdom, and in the other two.* The Lord hath said, "There is blessing in the cluster of grapes; destroy it not."

Grace, grace be upon the head of him that is separated from his brethren, and the good-will of Him that dwelt in The Bush be with you.

Your servant, in his sweet Lord Jesus,

S. R.

PERTH, Nov. 23, 1650.

CCCXXXII.—*To the much honoured and truly worthy* COLONEL
GILBERT KER.

(CHRIST'S CAUSE DESERVES SERVICE AND SUFFERING FROM
US.)

"For the vision be yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it."—HAB. ii. 3, 4.



MUCH HONoured AND WORTHY SIR,—Your chains now shine as much for Christ (the cause being His) as your sword was made famous in acting for that cause; and blessed are such as can willingly tender to Christ both action and blood, doing and suffering. Resisting unto blood is little

* England and Ireland.

for that precious and never-enough exalted Redeemer, who, when ye were a-buying, gave blood somewhat dearer than ye gave for Him, even the blood of God.* I know a man, who, upon the receipt of a letter that ye were killed and the people of God destroyed, wished that he might be quickly under the wall of the higher palace from under the dint† of the storm, and who longed to have the weather-beaten and crazy bark safely landed in that harbour of eternal quietness.

What further service Christ hath for you, I know not; it is enough that in your captivity‡ ye offer your service to Christ. But if I see anything, it looketh like a merciful defeat. I see the nobles and the state falling off from Christ, and the night coming upon the prophets; which we should pray to prevent, because it is a rare thing to see a fallen star win§ ever up again to the firmament to shine. And what if this be the thick darkness going before the break of day? Sure, Sir, the sun shall rise upon Scotland; but if I shall see it, or how near is it to that day, I leave that to Him, even unto Jehovah, who “createth upon every dwelling-place in Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and a smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night.” But, Sir, “the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as a rose:” and happy he who hath a bone, or an arm, to put the crown upon the head of our highest King, whose chariot is paved with love. Were there ten thousand millions of heavens created above these highest heavens, and again as many above them, and as many above them till angels were wearied with counting, it were but too low a seat to fix the princely throne of that Lord Jesus (whose ye are) above them all. Created heavens are too low a seat of majesty for Him. Since, then, there is none equal to your Master and Prince who hath chosen out for you (amongst many sufferings

* Acts xx. 28.

† Force.

‡ On the 1st of December 1650, being Sabbath, the west country forces of the Covenanters were scattered at Hamilton by a party of English, under the conduct of Lambert. Several of them were killed, and Colonel Ker was wounded and taken — *Lamont's Diary*, p. 24.

§ Get up.

for sin) that only cros which cometh nearest in likenes to His own cros, watered * with consolation, take courage, and comfort yourself in Him who hath chosen you to glory hereafter and to conformity with Him here. We fools would have a cros of our own choosing, and would have our gall and wormwood sugared, our fire cold, and our death and grave warmed with heat of life ; but He who hath brought many children to glory, and lost none, is our best Tutor. I wish that, when I am sick, He may be keeper and comforter. I judge it a blessed Fall that we are forfeited heirs, broken and out of credit, and that Christ is become a Tutor in the place of free-will, and that we are no more our own. I am broken and waisted with the wrath that is on the land, and have been much tempted with a design to have a pass from Christ ; which, if I had, I would not stay to be a witness of our defection for no man's intreaty. But I know it is my softness and weakness, who would ever be ashore when a fit of sea-sickness cometh on ; though I know I shall come soon enough to that desirable country, and shall not be displaced : none shall take my lodging.

Sir, many eyes are upon you, and the godly are exceedingly refreshed that ye listen not to the ways of many about you, who with fair words make merchandise of souls. Sir, if the way you are in be not the way of Christ, then wo to me, for I am eternally lost. But truly, the Lord Christ's dealings with Colonel Gilbert Ker hath proven to me, that the New Testament and the covenant of grace is a piece that a solemn meeting and assembly of all created angels (join all their wits together) could not have devised. Since, Sir, ye paid nothing for the change that Christ made, and ye will take that debt of free grace to heaven with you (for what was Christ Jesus indebted to you, more than to all your kindred and name !), therefore, since ye are made His own, follow no other way. What is my salvation, though I should lay it in pawn (it is but a poor pledge), that this, this only is the way ! But Christ is

* This may mean "plated," as in Let. 284 ; or it may be taken in the common sense.

surety Himself that it is the way. The Forerunner went before you, and He is safely landed : and there is a fair company before you of such as “ have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,” to whom these promises are now performed : “ He that overcometh shall eat of the tree of life, that is in the midst of the paradise of God ;” and, “ God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain”—“ He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them ; they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat ; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters.”

I may, Sir, possibly keep you from better work. The God of peace, that brought again from the dead the Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the eternal covenant, make you perfect.

Yours, in Jesus Christ,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Jan. 7, 1651.

CCCXXXIII.—*To the much honoured and truly worthy COLONEL GILBERT KER, when taken prisoner.*

(COMFORTING THOUGHTS TO THE AFFLICTED—DARKNESS OF THE TIMES—FELLOWSHIP IN CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS—SATISFACTION WITH HIS PROVIDENCES.)



MUCH HONoured AND WORTHY SIR,—I have heard of your continued captivity in England, as well as in this afflicted land. But, go where ye will, ye cannot go from under your Shadow, which is broader than many kingdoms. Ye change lodging and countries ; but the same Lord is before you, if ye were carried away captive to the other side of the sun, or as far as the rising of the morning star. It is spoken to

your mother (who hath yet received no bill of divorce), which was written to Judah, “Be in pain, and labour to bring forth, O daughter of Zion, like a woman in travail : for now shalt thou go forth out of the city, and thou shalt dwell in the field, and thou shalt go even to Babylon ; there shalt thou be delivered : there the Lord shall redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies.”* England shall be accountable for you, to render you back : “I will say to the north, ‘ Give up ;’ and to the south, ‘ Keep not back.’”† It is a sermon that flesh and blood laugheth at : “ Prophecy upon these dry bones, and say unto them, ‘ O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord !’ ” It is a preaching to the cold grave : “ Thus saith the Lord unto the bones, ‘ Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live ; and I will lay sinews upon you, and bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live.’ ”‡ “ And the sea gave up the dead that were in it.”§ Berwick must render back the Scottish captives, and Colonel Gilbert Ker with them. “ For thus saith the Lord, your Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, For your sake I have sent to Babylon, and have brought down all their nobles, and the Chaldeans whose cry is in the ships.”||—“ If any of thine be driven out to the utmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will He fetch thee.”¶ “ Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Behold, I will save My people from the east country and from the west country, and I will bring them, and they shall dwell in the midst of Jerusalem, and they shall be My people, and I will be their God, in truth and in righteousness.”** Sir, ye are both booked by the Lord who writeth up the people,†† and counted to the Lord as one of the house and stock.‡‡ Fear not, faint not ; all your hairs are numbered.

It is the desire of the people of God, that, as your bonds hitherto have been exemplary to the strengthening of the feeble and to the

* Micah iv. 10.

† Isa. xliii. 6.

‡ Ezek. xxxvii. 4, 5, 6.

§ Rev. xx. 13.

|| Isa. xliii. 14.

¶ Deut. xxx. 4.

** Zech. viii. 7, 8.

†† Ps. lxxxvii. 5, 6.

‡‡ Ps. xxii. 30.

stopping of the mouth of the adversary, without any declining to the right or left hand ; so your sufferings in the place ye now go to, may be (as we are confident in the Lord of you, and in humility boast of His grace in you) favoury, convincing, and like unto this honourable cause, that will prevail in Britain, contrary to all the machinations and counsels of devils and men. And though there were no other ink in the pen I now write with but some dewing* of my last cooling blood, this I purpose (His grace, whose I am, enabling me) to stand to. Sir, we desire to adore no instruments ; yet we conceive the shining and rays of grace from the Fountain, Jesus Christ, the fulness of the Godhead, bestowed on sinful men, hold forth the good thoughts of Christ to this poor land, whose multiplied graves, and whose souls under the altar, slain by Sectaries and Malignants, cry aloud to heaven.

I see nothing, Sir, if the Lord be not near (though I dare not say how soon) to awake for the year of Zion's controversy. "For my sword shall be bathed in heaven."† Behold, it shall come down upon England, and on the residue of His enemies in Scotland. Wo is me for England ! That land shall be soaked with blood, and their dust made fat with fatness ; that pleasant land shall be a wilderness, and the dust of their land pitch ; a judgment upon their walled towns, their pleasant fields, their strong ships, &c., if they do not repent.

Ye have not, I conceive, seen such searching and trying times as now these are. And yet the question will be drawn to a more narrow state,‡ and multitudes will yet leave the cause ; for we took all into the covenant that offered to build with us. But Christ must have but a small remnant (few nobles, if any ; few ministers ; few professors), though our way standeth unchanged. "By honour and dishonour, by good report and evil report : as deceivers and yet true ; as unknown, yet well known ; as dying, and behold we live ; as chastened, and yet not killed."§ Neither is this your con-

* Moistening.

† Point, or way of putting it.

† Isa. xxxiv. 5.

§ 2 Cor. vi. 8, 9.

dition alone, but the experienced lot of all the saints that have gone before you. It is one and the same cross of Christ; but there be sundry faces and diverse circumstances in the same remnant,* the sufferings of Christ and yours. Sir, to be delivered to soldiers, and in captivity, looketh like His suffering of whom Isaiah saith, "He was taken from prison, and from judgment:"† yea, and taken bound.‡ When the cause is the truth of God, the lustre and face of suffering is so much the more lovely that it hath the hue and colour of Christ's sufferings, who endured contradiction of sinners and despised the shame. Oh it is a great word, "Christ shamed, and Christ abased!" But thus was the Head, and so are the members, dealt with in the world; and truly anything of Christ, even the worst of Him (to speak so), His reproach and shame, are lovely. Though superstitious love to the material cross He suffered upon be foolery, and doting upon the holy grave§ be cursed idolatry; yet is there a communion with Him in His sufferings most desirable. "But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings:"|| in which sense, the cup that His lip touched hath the sweeter taste, even though death were in it; the grave, because He did lie in it, is so much the softer and the more refreshful¶ a bed of rest; and that part of the sky and clouds that the Beloved shall break through, and come to judgment, is as lovely a piece of the created heaven as any is, if we may love the ground He goeth on the better. But all this is to be understood in a spiritual manner. The Lord calleth you, Sir, upon whom the Spirit of God and His glory resteth, to put your soul's AMEN to this dispensation; and requireth of us, that our desires follow the now-declared decree of God concerning the desolation of our sinful land, so many ways guilty of a despised Gospel, and a broken Covenant; and that with all submission. Certainly, no man hath failed more in this thing, than he who writeth to you. For I have brought my health into great hazard,

* "That which is behind of the afflictions of Christ," Col. i. 24.

† Isa. liii. 8. ‡ John xviii. 12. § The Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

|| 1 Pet. iv. 13.

¶ Full of refreshment.

and tormented my spirit with excessive grief, for our present provocations, and the rendings of our kirk ; and I see it is a challenging* of, and a bold pleading against, Him upon whose shoulder the government is.† The Father hath put a glorious trust upon Christ : “ And I will fasten Him as a nail in a sure place, and He shall be for a glorious throne to His Father’s house ; and they shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father’s house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups even to all the vessels of flagons.”‡ Our unbelieving apprehensions do so quarrel at the prosperity of enemies in an evil cause, that we wrestle with defeats, spoiling, captivity of the godly, killing of His people, the wasting of our land, starving and famishing of the kingdom, which is worse than the sword. But this is a sinful contradicting of the Lord’s revealed decree. His wisdom saith, “ Spoiling and desolation is best for Scotland ;” and we say, “ Not,” and so accuse Christ of misgovernment, and of not being true to the trust put upon Him. But since He doth not drag the government at His heels, but hath it upon His shoulder, and since the Nail fastened in a sure place cannot be broken,§ nor can the smallest vessel fail to find sweet security in dependence upon Him, since all the weight of heaven and earth, of redeemed saints and confirmed angels, is upon His shoulder, I am a fool, and brutish to imagine that I can add anything to Christ’s special care of and tenderness to His people. He who keepeth the basins and knives of His house, and bringeth the vessels again to the second temple,|| must have a more tender care of His redeemed ones than of a spoon, or of Peter’s old shoes,¶ which yet must not be lost in His captivity. Oh for grace to suffer Christ to tutor His own minors and young heirs ! But we cannot endure to be under the actings of His government ; we love too much to be our own. Oh, how sweet to be wholly Christ’s, and wholly in Christ ! to be out of the creature’s owning, and

* Accusing, upbraiding.

† Isa. xxii. 22.

‡ Isa. xxii. 23, 24.

§ Isa. xxii. 25 is alluded to, where the Hebrew is either “ broken,” or cut down. See note p. 359.

|| Ezra. i. 8, 9, 10.

¶ Acts. xii. 8.

made complete in Christ ! to live by faith in Christ, and to be, once for all, clothed with the uncreated majesty and glory of the Son of God, wherein He maketh all His friends and followers sharers ! to dwell in Immanuel's high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air where no wind bloweth but the breathings of the Holy Ghost, no seas nor floods flow but the pure water of life, that proceedeth from under the throne and from the Lamb ! no planting but the Tree of life that yieldeth twelve manner of fruits every month ! What do we here but sin and suffer ? Oh, when shall the night be gone, the shadows flee away, and the morning of that long, long day, without cloud or night, dawn ? The Spirit and the bride say, "Come." Oh, when shall the Lamb's wife be ready, and the Bridegroom say, "Come !"

Worthy Sir, I mind* you to the Hearer of prayer. Oh help me in that kind.

The Spirit of Jesus be with your spirit.

Yours, in his only Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, May 14, 1651.

CCCXXXIV.—*To the worthy and much honoured* COLONEL GILBERT KER.

(COMFORT UNDER THE CLOUD HANGING OVER SCOTLAND—
DISSUASION FROM LEAVING SCOTLAND.)



MUCH HONoured AND WORTHY SIR,—I know not why the people of God should not take notice of the bonds of any who have blood in readiness to be let out for His cause; and I judge it was not of you that ye died not in the undecided controversy which the Lord of the whole earth hath with the men whom He hath sent against us.

Dear and much honoured in the Lord, let me entreat you to be

* Remember to speak of you.

far from the thoughts of leaving this land. I see it, and find* it, that the Lord hath covered the whole land with a cloud in His anger. But though I have been tempted to the like, I had rather be in Scotland beside angry Jesus Christ, knowing that He mindeth no evil to us, than in any Eden or garden in the earth; if we can remain united with the Lord's remnant in the land.† He layeth up wrath for all sorts of adversaries in Britain. Though I should never see the glory of His glistering sword in Britain, I would be solaced in the innocent thoughts (far from revenge) that the saints shall dip their feet in the blood of the slain of the Lord. And truly, Sir, I suppose that ye cannot but come to these thoughts and weak desires before the Hearer of prayer, for as little as ye think of and value yourself. For me, if I could mind you in your bonds, I purpose not to stand to the account you give, or thoughts ye have of yourself; though I know ye are not a whit, more or less, before Him who weigheth His own according to the weight of imputed righteousness, for my apprehensions. Christ cannot mistake you, men may; and the calculation and esteem of free grace maketh you to be what you are. I hope to see you an everlastingly obliged debtor to Him whom ye shall praise but never pay. And truly ye have no riches but that debt: and I know that ye love to be engaged to Jesus Christ, the most excellent of creditors. Much joy and sweetness may ye have; in standing written in His book. I desire to do it myself, and I would have you also highly to esteem the design of Christ, who hath raised the riches of the glory of so much grace above the circle of the heaven of heavens, out of very nothings; and contrived His thoughts of love, so that lumps of glorified clay should stand before Him, for all ages, the burdened and loaden debtors of

* Experience it.

† Rutherford here refers to a call which he had received (on the death of De Maets, or Dematius) to fill the chair of Divinity in the University of Utrecht, to which he was elected without being consulted. He, however, declined to accept the invitation. The call was conveyed to him first verbally, by his brother James, then an officer in a regiment lying at Grave in Brabant; and next formally in writing.

free, eternally free grace. Sir, ye cannot cast the count of the rents of your so great inheritance of glory.

Grace be with you.

Your servant, in his own Lord Jesus,

EDINBURGH, May 18, 1651.

S. R.

CCCXXXV.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(*DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WHAT IS MAN'S AND CHRIST'S, AND
BETWEEN CHRIST HIMSELF AND HIS BLESSINGS.*)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—We are fallen in winnowing and trying times. I am glad that your breath serveth you to run to the end, in the same condition and way wherein ye have walked these twenty years past. It is either the way of peace, or we are yet in our sins, and have missed the way. The Lord, it is true, hath stained the pride of all our glory; and now, last of all, the sun hath gone down upon many of the prophets. But stumble not; men are but men, and God appeareth more and more to be God, and Christ is still Christ.

Madam, a stronger than I am had almost stumbled me and cast me down. But oh what mercy is it to discern between what is Christ's and what is man's, and what way the hue, colour, and lustre of gifts of grace dazzle and deceive our weak eyes! Oh to be dead to all things that are below Christ, were it even a created heaven and created grace! Holiness is not Christ; nor are the blossoms and flowers of the Tree of Life the tree itself. Men and creatures may wind themselves between us and Christ; and, therefore, the Lord hath done much to take out of the way all betwixt Him and us. There are not in our way now, kings, nor armies, nor nobles, nor judicatories, nor strongholds, nor watchmen, nor godly professors. The fairest things, and most eminent in Britain, are stained, and have lost their lustre; only, only Christ keepeth His greenness and beauty, and remaineth what He was. Oh, if He were more and more excellent to our apprehensions than ever He was

(whose excellency is above all apprehensions), and still more and more sweet to our taste! I care for nothing, if so be that I were nearer to Him. And yet He fleeth not from me: I flee from Him, but He pursueth.

I hear that your Ladyship hath the same esteem of the despised cause and covenant of our Lord that ye had before. Madam, hold you there. I dare and would gladly breathe out my spirit in that way, with a nearer communion and fellowship with the Father and the Son, and would seek no more but that I might die believing. And also I would hope, that the earth should not cover the blood of the godly, slain in Scotland, but that the Lord will make inquisition for their blood when the sufferings of the faints in these lands shall be fulfilled.

The good-will of Him that dwelt in The Bush be with you.

Your Ladyship's, at all observance, in the Lord Jesus,

GLASGOW, Sept. 28, 1651.

S. R.

CCCXXXVI.—To LADY RALSTON.*

[LADY RALSTON, whose maiden name was Urfala Mure, was daughter to William Mure of Glanderston, a respectable family in the county of Renfrew, and wife of William Ralston of that ilk. Mr Alexander Dunlop, minister of Paisley, was married to one of her sisters, and Mr John Carstairs to another. Lady Ralston was a woman of distinguished piety. Mr Dunlop, who "was most single and impartial in his judgment of persons of worth, without respect of persons," spoke in the highest terms of her Christian character. One day, commending her to Mrs Hastie, wife of Mr Alexander Hastie, minister of Glasgow, he spoke so much to her commendation that Mr Hastie said to him, "I wonder to hear you speak so much to the praise of that lady; I think you speak more of her than of your own wife." He answered, "Sanders, I love truly to be just to everybody. I think my wife is truly a good woman, and all the rest of the sisters are good women; but I must say, Lady Ralston is a person more than ordinary. I know very few come her length; yea, Sanders, I truly think shame to even myself to be a Christian beside her, when I look to her carriage. She is a very odd [singular] woman."—(*Wodrow's Analecta*.) Mr John Carstairs also bears testimony to her Christian excel-

* Wodrow MSS., vol. xlv., 8vo, No. 13. "This letter," says Wodrow, "is taken from a copy; but is certainly Mr Rutherford's to Lady Ralston of that ilk, which I have from her grandchild, and, as far as I can see, is not printed."

lence, and to the kindness she had shewn to him and his family, particularly after his ejection from his church in Glasgow, in 1662, for conscience' sake.]

(DUTY OF PREFERRING TO LIVE RATHER THAN DIE—WANT OF UNION IN THE JUDGMENTS OF THE GODLY.)

RIGHT WORTHY ESTEEMED IN YOUR EXCELLENT LORD JESUS,—With much desire I have longed to hear how you were, since I heard of your being so near the harbour, as seemed; and now, to my great satisfaction, I am informed of your recovery. As for yourself, I grant, to have entered in at the ports* of the mansions of glory had been best by far; but, yet to stay a little longer here is much more comfortable to yours. Therefore, Mistress, dearly respected in the Lord, you are even heartily welcome, though† to share yet further with Zion in her manifold tribulations. Yea, I believe yourself thinks it no disadvantage, but rather one great addition of honour, to come back and bear His reproach yet more, in a world of opposition to Him. For (to speak so) it is an advantage that is not to be had in heaven itself; for, although the inhabitants of that land agree in one to sing the song of the Lamb's praise and commendation, so it is here-away,‡ and here only, where we have occasion to endure shame and contradiction for His worthy sake. Considering, therefore, the honour of the cross with the glory of the life to come, the saints are hereby rendered completely happy and honourable. It's much selfishness (as I judge it when I get seen best into the mystery of our Lord's cross) to make post haste to be in the land of rest, when a storm of persecution is rising for Christ; for the sluggard and peevish spirit loves rest upon any terms, though never so dishonourable. It is in effect, then, far more honourable to seek conformity to Christ in His cross, than to§ precipitate in desiring to be like Him in glory, and despise and fly away from His sufferings. We use to say they are very evil-worthy|| of the sweet who will not endure the four. I think Christ's pilgrim weeds (He being a Man of sorrows

* The gates.

† Though it be to share.

‡ This part of the universe.

§ Too?

|| Unworthy; ill-worthy.

and griefs) are more honourable than ever it became the like of us* to wear ; especially considering our poor base descent, whom He will have honoured with conformity to Himself. Woe's me that I, and many the like of me* within the land, look so frowardly on Christ's cross, as though it were not His love-allowance to all His followers ! It's plainly our gross ignorance that is the cause thereof. Faith, I grant, would suffer affliction for Him with good-will, rather than the least iniquity should be committed ; but sense loves no bands. For faith, keeping the sway, puts oft-times the carnal man in bondage, and that occasions strife betwixt the flesh and the spirit. The spirit smells no freedom or deliverance but that which comes from above ; the flesh would aye have deliverance, without examination of the terms, or wherefrom it comes. As it is the mark of Christ's sheep, that they will hear His voice, and will not acknowledge a stranger, so it is the mark of faith, that it will only receive orders from heaven. When He declares His mind for bands, it submits to bands, not replying objections to the contrary ; and again, when He says, "Show yourselves the prisoners of hope," it discovers time and way, and obeys to come forth, but not till then. But the flesh maketh ever haste, and the first and nearest ease is aye its best choice. The Lord keep His dear people from wanting of any exercise that is measured out by Him to them, now when He hides His face, lest we be turned aside to strange gods ! And when He shows Himself again (as He will assuredly do), we ken our change.† It is far safer to dwell a little in faith's prison than in sense's fairest liberty. I see nothing so comfortable an evidence of God's staying into,‡ and healing of, this broken and poor land, than that faithful testimony of His precious servants (and strengthened only by Him) against the late and sore defection.§ Yet, if the Lord had not left us a remnant, we had been as Sodom and like to Gomorrah. And exalted be our God, only wise and free in His

* Such as we are.

† Come to know how much we are changed.

‡ Still remaining in ; "into" for "in."

§ Rutherford alludes to the opposition made by the Protesters to the Public Resolutions

love, that ever any testimony was given ! for the hour of temptation was very dark to all once. But to some He showed much light, and helped them with a little help. Others, also, able and dear to Him, He hath letten, as yet, remain under the cloud. But the mystery of His wisdom is so high in this, that I profess it may render all flesh humble in the dust, and to glory henceforth in nothing but in His upholding strength and free love. Always,* when His due time comes, He will make His servants see that which they do not now see. But, alas ! in the meantime, there is no harder matter of our trouble to be looked to than the grievous differences of judgments and affections among the Lord's servants ; which I know is much pondered by you. And I trust that all our worthy dear friends will labour to the utmost, according to Christ's command, to have the breach made up again, that Satan get not advantage therethrough ; for I think nothing makes more for his ends than the defacing of union amongst the Lord's dear ones. I think it should be amongst our many requests to Him " in whom all the building useth to be fitly framed together in love ;" yea, the obtaining of this request were a great advantage to the poor kirk. And if the Lord take pleasure in us, there is yet hope in Israel concerning this thing ; but if not, it is like to prove a probable token, amongst some others, of Christ's taking down His tabernacle in this land : which, if He do, we will have sad days. But the consideration of His pitiful compassion holds forth ground to believe otherwise ; upon which ground it is like that He will give us a door of hope, though He do not give full deliverance yet. For our hope is not perished yet from the Lord, because men and carnal reason say so ; for none of these are bands or rules to the Almighty ! Yea, Zion's lowest ebb shall be the first step to her rise. I have no other reason to give but " the zeal of the Lord of hosts [will] perform it ;"† and in confidence of it, I remain,

Yours in all trouble,

October 1651.

S. R.

* Notwithstanding. Fr. toutfois.

† Isai. ix. 7.

Tender my respects to your dear husband, who is indeed precious in the account of the honest here, for his faithfulness in the hour of temptation.

CCCXXXVII.—*To a Minister of Glasgow.**

[Wodrow annexes to this letter the following note: "To one of the ministers of Glasgow, who probably was deposed by the Resolutionists, or at least a sufferer for the protestation,—Mr M'Ward perhaps, or Mr Patrick Gillespie." The letter bears internal evidence of having been written to a minister of Glasgow who had been censured by the General Assembly which met at Dundee in 1651, for his opposition to the public resolutions. By that Assembly three ministers, Mr James Guthrie of Stirling, Mr Patrick Gillespie of Glasgow, and Mr James Simpson of Airth, were deposed, and one, Mr James Nafmith of Hamilton, suspended, on the ground of their having protested against the lawfulness of that Assembly.—(*Life of Robert Blair*, p. 278.) There seems, then, little doubt that Mr Patrick Gillespie is the person to whom this letter was addressed. It could not have been Mr Robert M'Ward, for he was licensed only in 1655, and did not become a minister of Glasgow till 1656, when he succeeded Mr Andrew Gray in the Outer High Kirk; nor, though he enlisted himself on the side of the Protesters, does he appear to have suffered on that account. Mr Patrick Gillespie was the son of Mr John Gillespie (second minister of the collegiate charge of Kirkaldy), and brother of the celebrated George Gillespie. He was born at Kirkaldy in 1617, and was for some time minister of that parish, previous to his translation to Glasgow. After the death of Charles I., he favoured the Commonwealth, and was appointed by Cromwell Principal of the University of Glasgow, into which office he was installed after encountering much opposition. At the Restoration, he was ejected from the Principalship, in which he was succeeded by the celebrated Robert Baillie. He was also imprisoned successively in the Castles of Edinburgh and Stirling; and upon the sitting of the Parliament in 1661, was impeached of high treason, on the alleged ground of his having compiled "The Western Remonstrance," approved the pamphlet entitled "The Causes of God's Wrath," and kept correspondence with Cromwell. But, having made concessions, he was shortly after liberated,

* From a copy among the Wodrow MSS., vol. xlv., 8vo, No. 14. "I had it," says Wodrow, "from the Laird of Ralston. It's a double, only written on the same sheet with the former to Lady Ralston, perhaps about the same time."

and confined to Ormiston and six miles around it. "His works speak for him," says Wodrow, "and evidence him a person of great learning, solidity, and piety, particularly his excellent treatises upon 'The Covenants of Grace and Redemption.'"]

*(ENCOURAGING WORDS TO A SUFFERING BROTHER—WHY
MEN SHRINK FROM CHRIST'S TESTIMONY.)*



SIR,—I long to see you, since you gave a public testimony for your Master, and are become a sufferer for Him. Until I shall be able to see you, I thought it duty to write to you that I remember you as I am able. Your zeal and faithfulness for our Master and your mother Church have made your name honourable and precious among many here; yea, have exceedingly refreshed the bowels of the saints. Upon my word, Sir, I say the truth, you have their hearts and their approbation to what you have done; and that you are approved of God, I doubt not: the seal whereof, I hope, shall be in your heart, to feast your conscience with peace, and to cause your face shine in innocency. What you have done with your fellow-witnesses, companions in tribulation, shall turn to you for a testimony. Sir, when this General Assembly are gathered together to their fathers, and you wearing your crown up at the throne, and following the Lamb, your name shall be precious and have a favour of life amongst the saints. You shall have your mother's blessing, I mean the Church of Scotland, when you are dead and rotten. Though now you seem to be a man of strife and contention, yet you are no otherways for strife and contention than your Master before you, who came not to send peace, but rather division and contention* with the malignant party. And union in judgment, with men not tender of our Lord's interest, is a conjunction and union I hope you shall never think desirable. Sectarian separation, I am confident, you never loved; though men, who are become transgressors in destroying what they have formerly been building, give it forth so. Woe's me, Sir, that amongst so many hundred ministers in the Church of Scotland, so

* Luke xii. 51.

few are like to be found willing to give or approve of your and others' faithful testimony. I think that, besides the evil of blindness that is in the mind of some, and the idolizing of man's interest by others, an uncrucified world and over-loved stipends shall hinder many from coming your length. We are debtors to you, and to our Lord Jesus Christ, that hath given to you to care for "Zion, whom no man seeks after;"* not caring for your own things, but the things of God. Fair fall you† that have quit all things to follow Him. To you, and to others that will continue with Christ, in this hour of tribulation, is appointed a kingdom. Sir, you had more credit and worldly greatness to lose than many honest ministers; and thanks be to God that you have so learned Christ [as] to be made a man for Christ of no reputation, for Him. Your despised Master, who made Himself while He was amongst us a man of no reputation, is now exalted in glory. There is none now to gibe Him by bowing the knee, none now to spit in His face, none now to bring Him under mocking of the purple robe, none to put on His head a crown of thorns. And as you now partake of His sufferings, so shall you hereafter of His glory. You shall sit honourably on thrones; and when the Chief Shepherd appears, you shall receive the crown. I am convinced that it is for conscience toward God that you suffer. The bottom of your testimony and suffering is not so narrow as some think, who study more to decline the cross than to be tender for every truth. School-heads‡ talk of fundamentals and non-fundamentals; and, say they, "The present controversy is not about fundamentals: ministers may keep their places, peace, and stipends, and make less din."§ But are non-fundamentals nothing? I would choose rather not be brought up at school, than to grow so subtle and wily by school distinctions, [as] to decline the cross. Sir, you divide not from others for nothing; you contend not for nothing; you suffer not for nothing. They that will be unfaithful in little will be unfaithful in much. Mistake

* Jer. xxx. 17.

† Good betide you.

‡ Men who pretend to be wise in this world's learning.

§ Less noise about the matter.

me not, as if I thought the ground of your testimony a little thing and a trifle. I think you, and all that be faithful to God, are bound to follow it to bonds and to blood. That Christ ought to be a King in Scotland, and the people ought to employ* the liberty that Christ hath bought to them with His blood, is among fundamentals with me; and whether the way man gives and allows to men that have fought against the truth be not naturally, and by interpretation, against this, judge. Sir, your Master did put you in His vineyard. You have a testimony from many of a faithful and diligent labourer. I hear that you are now violently thrust out. I think the Spirit of Christ would teach men sobriety and forbearance. I wish (and know you will join with me) that men's violent dealing with you provoke not the Lord, to make this the last General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Always,† I acknowledge you one of the stars which the Lord hath in His hand, one of the angels of the Church of Scotland, a faithful minister of the Gospel at Glasgow. You have given a testimony for your Master; you shall get a meeting when He comes in the clouds. And though there should not be a General Assembly henceforth in the Church of Scotland, judicially to acknowledge you His minister, yet, in the General Assembly of angels and men, that your Master in the latter day shall call in the clouds, you shall get a testimony of a minister of the Gospel; and from the Shepherd and the Lord, the righteous Judge, you shall receive the crown. I think there is a necessity laid on you to preach the Gospel, and to call people to the covenant of grace, wherever you can safely do it. I know there are many that will yet receive you as an angel of God, and yet will be followers of you and of Christ, "receiving the word in much affliction, with joy in the Holy Ghost." The Lord give you in all things to "approve yourself as the minister of God, in much patience and affliction, in necessities, distresses, in stripes, in imprisonment, in labour, and watching, and fasting,—by honour and dishonour, in good report and ill report."‡ For, now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord.

* Enjoy?

† Notwithstanding.

‡ 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5, 6.

And the God of all peace, who hath called you to His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that you have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, and settle you. Remember me to those that are your companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, and to your wife, that will be a faithful helper to you in this time of your affliction.

Because I am not able to see you yet, and fearing that when I come to Glasgow I shall not find you there, I thought good to write.

CCCXXXVIII.—*For the Right Honourable and Christian Lady, the*
LADY KENMURE.

(A WORD TO CHEER IN TIMES OF DARKNESS.)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—The Lord is gracious who keepeth your Ladyship in the furnace, when many put out their hand to iniquity one way or other. We are now shoudering and casting down one another in the dark, and the godly are hidden from the godly. We make our own chains heavier by joining with the Lord's enemies; hence new sufferings to all that dare not say “a confederacy to those to whom this people say a confederacy, nor fear their fear.”* As that is my exercise now, who am not very far from being my lone† (though I know in whom I have believed, at least I should know) in this place; so I am afraid that the godly there comply with those declared enemies of God. It will be our strength to walk between enemies and malignants on either side. This is the day of Jacob's trouble; yet these dry bones can, and must live. I know not if I shall see it, but I hope to take this quietness and silence of faith, in the midst of the noises of the alarm for war, to the grave with me, that the Lord will build upon the Church of Britain and Ireland a palace of silver, inclosed with boards of cedar.

Dear Madam, faint not; the night is almost gone; “for the vision

* Isa. viii. 12.

† By myself, unsympathized with.

is yet for an appointed time ; but at the end it shall speak, and not lie : though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, and not tarry." Madam, weary not ; none can outbid your lodging in heaven ; there is more given for it, by Him who hath bespoken it for Jean Campbell, and taken it for her, than any can offer. The ransom of blood standeth.

My wife remembereth her respects to your Ladyship. The child is well. Mrs Gillepie is well, we hear, but is not here.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours, in his own Lord Jesus Christ,

ST ANDREW'S, Jan. 28, 1653.

S. R.

CCCXXXIX.—*For* GRIZZEL FULLERTON. [Let. 5.]

(EXHORTATION TO FOLLOW CHRIST FULLY WHEN OTHERS
ARE COLD.)



MISTRESS,—Remembering well what relation I had to your dear mother (now blessed and perfected with glory),* and being confident that yourself looketh that way (which, except I be eternally lost, is the way of peace and of life), I should be ungrateful to forget those, whom, by the covenant of the Lord, I cannot but remember to God.

I shall speak nothing to you of the present sad differences ;† but if I have, or ever had, any nearness to God, that other way (which I trust I shall never follow) is the way of man. And for the present powers,‡ I suffer from them, and look for more. God hath a controversy with them ; and, my soul, enter not into their secrets ! Only, I would beseech, request, and obtest you in the Lord, and by your appearance before Christ, to follow the way of the Lord and the steps trod by the gracious in that place, which the Lord

* Marion M'Naught, her mother, died 1643.

† The differences on account of the Public Resolutions. Let. 329, note.

‡ The Government of Cromwell.

followed with life and power. My heart is filled with sorrow, considering what communion with God some of that country had, and how much they were in edifying and helping one another, in His way; and how little of that there is now in that country. Your mother kept in life in that place, and quickened many about her to the seeking of God. My desire to you is, that you should succeed her in that way, and be letting a word fall to your brethren and others, that may encourage them to look toward the way of God. you will have need of it ere it be long. See how you may have a gracious minister, and no neutral there, to succeed and follow the servant of God now asleep in the Lord.* There is a great and wide difference between a name of godliness and the power of god-

* Refers probably to J. M'Lellan, who had come from Ireland, and been admitted minister in Kirkcudbright in 1638, where he continued to live and labour till his death in 1650. He was a man early acquainted with God and His ways, a most upright and zealous Protestant, and one who knew not what it was to be afraid in the cause of God. Livingston says, that he was thought by many to have had somewhat of the spirit of prophecy; he foretold many sad events that would come on England. A little before his death, he composed the following epitaph on himself:—

“Come, stingless death, have o’er; lo! here’s my pass,
 In blood character’d, by His hand who was,
 And is, and shall be. Jordan, cut thy stream,
 Make channels dry; I bear my Father’s name
 Stamped on my brow. I’m ravished with my crown;
 I shine so bright, down with all glory, down,
 That world can give. I see the peerless Port,*
 The Golden Street, the blessed soul’s Refort,
 The Tree of Life. Floods gushing from the Throne,
 Call me to joys. Begone, short woes begone;
 I lived to die, but now I die to live;
 I do enjoy more than I did believe.
 The Promise me into Possession sends
 Faith in fruition, hope in having ends.”

Livingston’s Characteristics, and Nicholson’s Galloway, vol. ii.

* The gate of the city.

linefs. That is hottest when there are fewest witnesses. The dead-
ness upon many, and the defection of the land, is great. Blessed
are they who seek the Lord and His face.

I shall entreat you to remember me to your husband, and all
friends. I desire to forget none who are in Christ.

Your brother in the Lord,

EDINBURGH, *March 14, 1653.*

S. R.

CCCXL.—*To* MR THOMAS WYLIE.*

(REGARDING A LETTER OF EXPLANATION.)



RIGHT REVEREND,—I look on it as a significant ex-
pression of your respect to me, and above all deserving
in me, that you take notice of any appearance of clouds,
or alienation of mind among brethren; and am glad of your testimony
of my brother. I had no interest but brotherly advice, and hearty
desire of the real prospering of the work of the Gospel. Nor was it
either necessary or expedient, that your w[ifdoms] should be troubled
and put to any presbyterial testimony, upon the ground of a private
missive letter, written by misinformation. I give credit to your tes-
timony, and judge much ought to be laid upon it, and shall think
myself obliged to your w[ifdoms], and look on it as a testimony of
your affectionate zeal to the work of God. The Lord of the har-
vest thrust out labourers to His vineyard, and blefs His work in
your hands! Excuse me, dear and reverend, for my troubling
you with any private misunderstanding. I am not a little refreshed
to hear of your care and zeal for the house of God.

The Lord be with your spirit.

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel,

ST ANDREW'S, *March 23, 1653.*

S. R.

* From the original, among the Wodrow MSS., vol. xxix., 4to, No. 66. This letter is addressed on the back, "For his Reverend and dear Brother, Mr Thomas Wylie, Minister of the Gospel at Kirkcudbright, and Moderator of the Presbytery there."

CCCXLI.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(*PRESENT NEED HELPED BY PAST EXPERIENCE.*)



ADAM,—Grace, mercy, and peace be to you.—I know that ye think of an outgoing, and that your quartering in time, and your abode in this life, is short; “for we flee away as a shadow.” The declining of the sun, and the lengthening of the shadow, say that our journey is short and near the end. I speak it, because I have warnings of my removal. Madam, I know not any against whom the Lord is not: for He is against “the proud and lofty; the day of the Lord is upon all the cedars, upon all the high mountains, upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall, upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all pleasant pictures.”* I know not anything comparable to a nearness and spiritual communion with the Father and the Son Christ. There is much deadness and witheredness upon many spirits sometime near to God; and I wish the Lord have not more to say and to do against the land.

Ye have, Madam, in your accounts, mercies, deliverances, rods, warnings, plenty of means, consolations (when “refuge failed, when ye looked on the right hand, and behold no man would know you, nor care for your soul,” when young and weak), manifestations of God, the outgoings of the Lord for you, experiences, answers from the Lord; by all which, ye may be comforted now, and confirmed in the certain hope, that grace, free grace, in a fixed and established Surety, shall perfect that good work in you. Happy they who see not and yet believe.

Grace, grace, eternally in our Lord Jesus be with you.

Yours, in the Lord Jesus,

S. R.

EDINBURGH, *May* 27, 1653.

* Isa. ii. 12-16.

CCCXLII.—*For the Right Honourable, and truly worthy* COLONEL
GILBERT KER.

(*DEADNESS—HOPES OF REFRESHMENT—DISTANCE FROM
GOD—NEARNESS DELIGHTED IN.*)



MUCH HONOURED IN THE LORD,—How it is with you may appear by your letters to some with us ; but it is the complaint of not a few of such as were in Christ before me, that most of us inhabit and dwell in a parched land. The people of the Lord are like a land not rained upon. Though some dare not deny that this is the garden of the Beloved, and the vineyard that the Lord doth keep and water every moment, yet, oh ! where are the sometime* quickening breathings and influences from heaven that have refreshed His hidden ones ?

The causes of His withdrawals are unknown to us. One thing cannot be denied, but that ways of high sovereignty and dominion of grace are far out of the sight of angels and men ; yea, and so above the fixed way of free promises (such as, “ This do, and He shall breathe and blow upon His garden”), as He hath put forth a declaration to His hidden ones in Scotland, that smarting, wrestlings, prayings, complaining, gracious missing, cannot earn the visits from on high, nor fetch down showers upon the desert. It may be, when we are laying in our graves, “ Our bones are dry, and our hope gone,” that temporal and spiritual deliverance may come both together ; and that He will cause us feel, both the one way and the other, the good of his reign who shortly cometh to the throne. “ He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth.” “ In His days shall the righteous flourish ; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.” “ He shall deliver the needy when he crieth ; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.” “ He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence :

* Former.

and precious shall their blood be in His sight.”* And though we cannot pray home a sweet season that way, yet Christ must bring summer with Him when He cometh. “There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains ; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.”

I know not if† I apply prophecies as I would, rather than as they are. When the one Shepherd is set over them, even He who shall stand (oh how much do we *lie* !) and feed in the strength of the Lord, the isles (and this the greatest of them), which wait for His law, are to look for that ; “ And I will make them, and the places round about My hill, a blessing ; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season : there shall be showers of blessing.”‡ How desirable must every drop of such a shower be ! And ; “ I will be as the dew to Israel : he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon.”§ And ; “ Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree ; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.”|| “ I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the oil-tree.”¶ “ I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground : I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring.” And it shall be no lost labour or fruitless husbandry ; “ They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses.”** But *when* this shall be in Scotland (and it must be) is better to believe than prophecy ; and quietly to hope and sit still (for that is yet our strength), than to quarrel with Him, that the wheels of this chariot move leisurely.

Yet this can hardly say anything to us who do so much please ourselves in our deadness, and are almost gone from godly thirst and missing too, being half-satisfied with our witheredness. No doubt we have marred His influences, and have not seconded nor

* Ps. lxxii. 6, 7, 12, 14-16.

† But that.

‡ Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

§ Hosea xiv. 5, 6. || Isa. lv. 13.

¶ Isa. xli. 19.

** Isa. xlv. 3, 4.

smiled upon His actings upon us. Nor have we been much of his strain who doth eight times breath out that fuit, “Quicken me, quicken me.”* So much are we desirous to be acted upon by the Lord as blocks and stones; and so prodigal are we of His motions, as if they were no better to be husbanded. But it is good that it is not in our power to blast and undo His breathings; but His wind bloweth where He listeth. Could we but lean, and cast a quiet spirit under the dewings and showerings of Him that every moment water-eth His vineyard, how happy and blessed were we! We neither open nor discern His knocking, nor do we feel His hand put in through the keyhole, nor can we give any spiritual account of the walkings and motions of Christ, *when* He standeth behind the wall, *when* He cometh skipping over the mountains, *when* He cometh to His garden and feasteth, *when* He feedeth among the lilies, *when* His spikenard casteth a smell, *when* He knocketh and withdraweth, and is nowhere to be found. Oh, how little a portion of God do we see! How little study we God! How rarely read we God, or are versed in the lively apprehensions of that great unknown All in All, the glorious Godhead, and the Godhead revealed in Christ! We dwell far from the well, and complain but dryly of our dryness and dullness. We are rather dry than thirsty.

Sir, there may be artificial pride in this humility; but for me, I neither know what He is, nor His Son’s name, nor where He dwelleth. I hear a report of Christ great enough, and that is all. Oh! what is nearness to Him? What is that, to be “in God,” to “dwell in God?” What a house must that be!† How far are some from their house and home? how ill acquaint‡ with the rooms, mansions, safety, and sweetness of holy security to be found in God! Oh, what estrangement! what wandering! what frequent conversing with self and the creature! Is not here “the bed shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it? and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it?”§ When shall we attain to a living in only, only God! and be estranged from all the

* Ps. cxix. † 1 John iv. 13. ‡ Acquainted with. § Isa. xxviii. 20.

poor created nothings, the painted shadow-beings of yesterday, which, an hour and less before creation, were dark waste negatives and empty nothings, and should so have been for eternity, had the Lord suffered them to lie there for ever !

It is He, the great “ He, who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers, that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in, that bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.”* And He, the only He, and there is no He beside Him.† Men or angels, they are not any of them a *he* to Him ! But a living, breathing, dying nothing is *man* at his best, a sick clay-vanity ; and the *angel*, to Him, but a more excellent, living and understanding nothing. Yet we live at a distance from Him ; and we die and wither when we are out of God. Oh, if we knew how nothing we are without Him !

Sir, we desire to mind your bonds ; and are cheered and refreshed that we hear of any of His manifestations, and His outgoings, which are prepared as the morning to you. We hope, nor need we desire you not to faint, and are confident that the anointing that abideth in you teacheth you so much. Wait upon the speaking vision : “ Behold, He cometh ! behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him !”‡

The only wise God strengthen you with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.

Yours, at all observance, in the Lord Jesus,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, July 1653.

* Isa. xl. 22, 23.

† Isa. xliii. 10, 11, 13-25.

‡ Isa. xl. 10.



CCCXLIII.—*For the truly honourable* COLONEL GILBERT KER.*

(*THE STATE OF THE LAND.*)



MUCH HONOURED,—I bleſs the Lord for His good hand, who declares that His ſovereign preſence is alike in England and all places, and ſways hearts as pleaſes Him. The book of holy providence is good marginal notes on His revealed will, in His word, and ſpeaks much to us, could we read and underſtand what He writes, both in the one and the other. You ſee He is not wanting to you; houſes and lands are His. The Lord led Abraham from his own country to a land he knew not. It would appear He hath not opened His mind to you for leaving of this land, though I be much afraid of a ſick ſtate, a ſleeping miniſtry, a covenant-breaking land, a number of dead profeſſors; all theſe are gray hairs here and there on Ephraim. Sure,† our ruin is ſure if God let us alone; we ſhall rot in our lies. But what am I to determine of concluſions of mercy revealed to none, and thoughts of peace in the heart of the Lord towards an undeſerving land? I ſhould be glad to ſee you, and ſhall deſire He may lead you in the matter of your reſidence whom ye deſire to be your Guide and Counſellor. For me, I am, as to my body, moſt weak and under daily ſummons; but I fit ſtill and read not the ſummons: as to my ſpirit, much out of court, becauſe out of communion with the Lord, and far from what ſometime hath been; deadneſs, ſecurity, unbelief, and diſtance from God in the uſe of means, prevail more than ever.‡ I ſhall

* From a copy among the Wodrow MSS., vol. lix., folio, No. 5. There is probably an error as to the date of this letter. From an alluſion in it to a vacancy in one of the profeſſorſhips of St Mary's or the New College of St Andrew's, explained in the following note, it appears to have been written in or ſubſequent to the year 1657.

† Undoubtedly.

‡ Rutherford was now Principal of St Mary's or the New College of St Andrew's, a ſituation to which he was elevated about the cloſe of the year 1647; and a vacancy having occurred in the Profeſſorſhip of Eccleſiaſtical

desire your help for getting a third Professor. I am in this College between wind and weather. Dr Colville* is for Mr James Sharp;† I am for Mr William Rait, but know not the event.‡ My wife remembers her respects to you. Grace be with you.

Yours at all obedience in God,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *April 2, 1654.*

Remember my love in Christ to Mr Livingstone.

CCCXLIV.—*For MR JOHN SCOT, at Oxnam.*

[MR JOHN SCOT, minister of Oxnam, zealously adhered to the Protesters; and Rutherford's letters to him have chiefly a reference to the proceedings of that party. After the restoration of Charles II., Scot was imprisoned for some time, but suffered less than some others of his brethren. On being set at liberty, he was allowed to return to his parish, and to resume the exercise of his ministry. We find him continuing there down to 1664, when he was brought before the short-lived High Commission Court, erected in the beginning of that year, for having assisted at Communion which were reckoned contrary to law. How he was dealt with, by that Court, is not now known. In 1669 he became indulged minister of Oxnam. He must have died previous to 1684, as in that year the name of "Elizabeth Rae, relict of Mr John Scot, late minister of Oxnam," occurs among a list of names in the parish of Kelfo, delated by the curate of that parish to the Committee of Privy Council

History, by the translation of Mr James Wood to be Principal of St Salvator's or the Old College of St Andrew's, in 1657, Rutherford was very desirous of seeing that situation filled by a suitable person.

* Dr Alexander Colville, who had been Professor of Divinity in the Protestant University of Sedan, was inducted one of the masters in the New College of St Andrew's in 1642. He conformed to Prelacy in 1662; became Principal of that College upon Rutherford's death; and died in 1666.

† Afterwards Archbishop of St Andrew's.

‡ Rutherford was strenuous in his exertions to secure the appointment of Mr Rait, but without success. His colleague, Dr Colville, succeeded in obtaining the appointment of Sharp to the vacant office, into which he was inducted on the 22d of February 1661, about a month before Rutherford's death. Mr Rait afterwards became minister of Dundee.

which met at Jedburgh, with the view of proceeding against those guilty of "church disorders," that is, against those who deserted their own parish church, and attended conventicles. (*Warrants of Privy Council.*)]

(*EXCUSE FOR ABSENCE FROM DUTY.*)



REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—No man oweth more to the church of God with you, than poor and wretched I. But when weakness of body, and the Lord by it, did forbid me to undertake a lesser journey to Edinburgh, I am forbidden far more to journey thither. And believe it, nothing besides this doth hinder. I am unable to overtake what the Lord hath laid upon me here; and, therefore, I desire to submit to sovereignty, and must be silent. If my prayers and best desires to the Lord could contribute anything for promoting of His work, my soul's desire is that the wilderness, and that place to which I owe my first breathing,* in which I fear Christ was scarce named, as touching any reality or power of godliness, may blossom as a rose.

So desiring, and praying that His name may be great among you, and entreating that you may believe that the names of the Lord's adversaries shall be written in the earth, and that "whoso will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem, to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, even upon them shall be no rain," and that the Lord "will create glory upon every assembly in Mount Zion," I rest, your own brother in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *June 15, 1655.*

* This seems to refer to Nisbet, formerly a separate parish, but now annexed to Crailing, in the Presbytery of Jedburgh, and shire of Roxburgh. It is within two miles of the parish of Oxnam; and some thirty years ago, a house there used to be pointed out, by an old villager, as that in which, according to tradition, Rutherford was born.



CCCXLV.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(THOUGHTS FOR A TIME OF SICKNESS, ABOUT THE LIFE TO COME.)

MADAM,—I have been so long silent, that I am almost ashamed now to speak. I hear of your weakly condition of body, which speaketh some warning to you to look for a longer life, where ye shall have more leisure to praise than time can give you here. It shall be loss to many; but sure yourself, Madam, shall be only* free of any loss. And truly, considering what days we are now fallen into, if failing were not serving of the Lord (which I can hardly attain to), a calm harbour were very good when storms are so high. The Forerunner, who hath landed first, must help to bring the sea-beaten vessel safe to the port, and the sick passengers who are following the Forerunner safe ashore. Much deadness prevaileth over some; but there is much life in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life to quicken. Oh, what of our hid life is without us, and how little and poor a stock is in the hand of some! The only wife God supply what is wanting. The more ye want, and the more your joy hath run on, the more is owing to you by the promise of grace. Bygones† of waterings from heaven, which your Ladyship wanted in Kenmure, Rusco, the West, Glasgow, Edinburgh, England, &c., shall all come in a great sum together. The marriage supper of the Lamb must not be marred with too large four-hours'‡ refreshment. Know, Madam, that He, who hath tutored you from the breasts, knoweth how to time His own day-shinings and love-visits.

Grace, that runneth on, be with you.

Yours, in the Lord, at all observance,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S.

* Nothing but free.

† Debts of the past.

‡ The afternoon's slight meal.

CCCXLVI.—*To* SIMEON ASHE.

[MR ASHE was a Puritan minister in London during the time of the civil wars. He died in 1662.]

(VIEWS OF THE PRESBYTERIANS AS TO ALLEGIANCE TO THE PROTECTOR.)

REVEREND WORTHY SIR,—I would recommend to you the bearer, Mr James Simpson,* a faithful preacher of the Gospel. Be pleased to hear him. I trust he shall give you a true and faithful relation of our affairs. You may be pleased to believe me, that men who have borrowed your ear to blacken the godly in the land, and who have now both deserted us and the Covenant, and joined feet with the Malignant party, and now have owned the present powers, and brought the intrants to the ministry to give under their hand a subscription, an engagement (the writ calls it, a resolution to live peaceably and unoffensively under the present Government), so that no holy man can get any maintenance in the land but such as will sinfully comply (and such as cannot, what an entry they have to that holy calling to embrace it!), these men seek more their own things, than the things of Jesus Christ. And being backed by the whole multitude of the promiscuous generality, throughout the land, who are for their way, as of old the prelatie conformists did, they do persecute the godly, and in pulpits and presbyteries declaim against us as implacable and separa-

* Mr James Simpson was minister of Airth. He subscribed the protestation which Rutherford gave in against the lawfulness of the Assembly held at St Andrew's in July 1651; for which he was deposed from the ministry by the adjourned meeting at Dundee. After the Restoration, he was accused in Parliament, by the King's advocate, of seditious practices, and banished by Parliament, without being heard. He removed to Holland, where he died. Simpson at this time had been sent up to London by the Protesters, to represent their cause to Cromwell and the ministers of the city, in opposition to Mr James Sharp, afterwards Archbishop of St Andrew's, who had been sent up by the Resolutioners.

tists. You may, Sir, by this, and what the bearer will make known to you, perceive what wrong the compliance of these men hath done to the cause of God. But I spare, and do beg the favour of your other care. The grace of God be with you.

I am your loving brother in Christ,

1656.

S. R.

CCCXLVII.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(*UNKINDNESS OF THE CREATURE—GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY IN
PERMITTING HIS CHILDREN TO BE INJURED BY MEN.*)



ADAM,—I confess that I have cause to be grieved at my long silence or laziness in writing. I am also afflicted to hear, that such who were debtors to your Ladyship for better dealing have served you with such prevarication. Ye know that crookedness is neither strong, nor long enduring; and ye know likewise, that these things spring not out of the dust. It is sweet to look upon the lawless and sinful stirrings of the creature, as ordered by a most holy hand in heaven. Oh, if some could make peace with God! It would be our wisdom, and afford us much sweet peace, if oppressors were looked on as passive instruments, like the saw or axe in the carpenter's hand. They are bidden (if such a distinction may be admitted), but not commanded of God as Shimei was,* to do what they do.

Madam, these many years the Lord hath been teaching you to read and study well the book of holy, holy, and spotless sovereignty, in suffering from some nigh-hand,† and some far off. Whoever be the instruments, the replying of clay to the Potter, the Former of all, is unbeseeming the nothing-creature. I hope that He will clear you: but, when Zion's public evils lie not nigh some of us, and leave no impression upon our hearts, it is no wonder that we be exercised with domestic troubles. But I know that ye are taught

* 2 Sam. xvi. 10.

† Nigh at hand.

of God to prefer Jerusalem to your chiefest joy. Madam, there is no cause of fainting : wait upon the not-tarrying vision, for it will speak.

The only wife God be with you, and God, even your own God, blefs you.

Yours, at all observance, in God,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *June 1657.*

CCCXLVIII.—*To my LADY KENMURE.*

(*GOD'S DEALINGS WITH THE LAND.*)



ADAM,—I should not forget you ; but my deadness under a threatening stroke, both of a falling Church (a broken covenant, a despised remnant) and a craziness of body, that I cannot get a piece sickly clay carried about from one house or town to another, lieth most heavy on me. The Lord hath removed Scotland's crown, for we owned not His crown. We fretted at His catholic government of the world, and fretted that He would not be ruled and led by us, in breaking our adversaries : and He maketh us to suffer and pine away in our iniquities, under the broken government of His house. It is like,* that it would be our snare, to be tried with the honour of a peaceable Reformation : we might mar the carved work of His house, worse than those against whom we cry out. It is like, that He hath bidden us lie on our left side three hundred and ninety days ; and yet so astonishing is our stupidity, that we moan not our fore side. Our gold is become dim, the visage of our Nazarites is become black, the sun is gone down on our seers ; the crown is fallen from our heads ; we roar like bears. Lord save us from that, “He that made them will not have mercy on them.”† The heart of the scribe meditateth terror. Oh, Madam, if the Lord would help us to more self-

* Probable, likely.

† Isa. xxvii. 11.

judging, and to make sure an interest in Christ ! Ah, we forget eternity, and it approaches quickly. Grace be with you.

Your Ladyship's, at all obedience in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Nov. 20, 1657.

CCCXLIX.—*For* MR JOHN SCOT, *at Oxnam.*

(PROTESTERS' TOLERATION.)



EVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I saw from C. K. a testimony of your Presbytery against toleration, in which ye have been instrumental. The Lord give strength to do more. I think it both rare and necessary, and would account it a great mercy, if there were an addition of a postscript from divers ministers and elders, out of all the shires of Scotland. It is really the mind of all the godly and tender in this land. It is believed by some, that the Protesting party hath quite given over the cause. I hope it is not so ; but the Lord shall be yet victorious in His most despised ones. Our darkness is great and thick, and there is much deadness ; yet the Lord will be our light.

Thus recommending you to His grace whose ye are, I am, your own brother, in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, April 2, 1658.

CCCL.—*For* MR JOHN SCOT, *at Oxnam.*

(GLOOMY TIMES—MEANS OF PROMOTING GODLINESS.)



DEAR BROTHER,—Faint not ; but be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. I look on it as a rich mercy that the Lord is with you, strengthening you to quicken fainters, to warm and warn any that are cold or

dead, or who deaden others. Believe that it will be your peace in the end. The times are sad; yet I persuade myself that the vision will not tarry, but will speak. The Lord will loose our captive bonds. Oh, blessed he, though alone, who is found fast and constant for the desirable interest of Christ.

My humble advice would be, that you see to the placing* of the deacon and the ruling elder, or to anything that may weaken the Discipline. Our Second Book of Discipline should be heeded: Sessions purged. Oh! catechising and personal visiting, and speaking to them *figillatim*† concerning their interest in Christ and a state of conversion, is little in practice. The practice of family fasts is scarce known to be an ordinance of God. It were good that ye should confer with godly brethren in private, concerning the promoting of godliness, concerning Christian conference, and praying together, worshipping of God in families, and solitary fasts.

To His grace who can direct, quicken, and strengthen you, I commend you, and am your loving brother,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S.

CCCLI.—To MR JAMES DURHAM, *Minister of the Gospel at Glasgow, some few days before his Death.*


[MR JAMES DURHAM was ordained minister of Blackfriars Church, Glasgow, in November 1647. In September 1651 he was translated to the Inner High Church, Glasgow. He was a man at once distinguished for ardent piety and great talents. Robert Baillie counted him "one of the most gracious, wise, and able preachers in this isle." "He is the minister of my family," the same writer says, "and almost the only minister in this place [Glasgow] of whom my soul gets good, and whom I respect in some things above all men I know." Durham was cut off in the prime of life. He died at Glasgow on the 25th of June 1658,—ten days after this letter was written

* This seems to mean, the place assigned to the respective offices of elder and deacon.

† One by one.

to him,—in the 36th year of his age, much regretted by all. (See Let. 91.) He wrote on the “Book of Revelation,” “Christ Crucified,” and some other excellent pieces.]

(MAN'S WAYS NOT GOD'S WAYS.)

IR,—I would ere now have written to you, had I not known that your health, weaker and weaker, could scarce permit you to hear or read. I need not speak much. The Way ye know, and have preached to others the skill of the Guide, and the glory of the home beyond death. And when He saith, “Come and see,” it will be your gain to obey, and go out and meet the Bridegroom. What accession is made to the higher house of His kingdom should not be our loss, though it be real loss to the Church of God. But we count one way, and the Lord counteth another way. He is infallible, and the only wise God, and needeth none of us. Had He needed the staying in the body of Moses and the prophets, He could have taken another way. Who dare bid you cast your thoughts back on wife or children, when He said, “Leave them to Me, and come up hither?” Or who can persuade you to die or live, as if that were arbitrary to us, and not His alone who hath determined the number of your months? If so it seem good to Him, follow your Forerunner and Guide. It is an unknown land to you, who were never there before; but the land is good, and the company before the throne desirable, and He who sitteth on the throne is His lone* a sufficient heaven.

Grace, grace be with you.

Yours in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, June 15, 1658.

* Himself alone, without any other.



CCCLII.—*For* MR JOHN SCOT, *at Oxnam.*

(*ADHERENCE TO THE TESTIMONY AGAINST TOLERATION.*)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter that came unto me, of August 2nd, to be at Edinburgh upon August 2nd, was unknown to me by the subscription. But since it was written for so honorable and warrantable a truth of Christ, as a testimony against Toleration, if my health would have permitted, and my daily menacing gravel, I should have come to Edinburgh. What either counsel, countenance, or clearing, ye could have had from the like of me, I cannot say; nor dare I speak much, but with a reserve of the help of His grace. I desire to desire, and purpose by strength from above, to own that cause, and to join with you and some in this Church, besides your Presbytery, who will own that cause. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. This cloud will over,* could we live by faith, and wait on a speaking, and a seemingly delaying vision.† The Lord will not tarry.

Grace be with you. Many are with you, but there is One who is above millions.

Your own brother,

ST ANDREW'S, *August 8, 1658.*

S. R.

CCCLIII.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(*TRIALS—DEADNESS OF SPIRIT—DANGER OF FALSE SECURITY.*)

MADAM,—I am ashamed of my long silence to your Ladyship. Your tossings and wanderings are known to Him upon whom ye have been cast from the breasts, and

* Pass over.

† Heb. ii. 3.

who hath been your God of old. The temporal los of creatures, dear to you there,* may be the more easily endured, that the gain of One "who only hath immortality" groweth.

There is an universal complaint of deadness of spirit on all that know God. He that writeth to you, Madam, is as deep in this as any, and is afraid of a strong and hot battle, before time be at a close. But no matter, if the Lord crown all with the victorious triumphing of faith. God teacheth us by terrible things in righteousness. We see many things, but we observe nothing. Our drink is sour. Grey hairs are here and there on us. We change many lords and rulers; but the same bondage of soul and body remaineth. We live little by faith, but much by sense, according to the times, and by human policy. The watchmen sleep, and the people perish for lack of knowledge. How can we be enlightened when we turn our back on the sun? and must we not be withered when we leave the fountain? It should be my only desire to be a minister, gifted with the white stone, and the new name written on it. I judge it were fit (now when tall professors and when many stars fall from heaven, and God poureth the isle of Great Britain from vessel to vessel, and yet we sit, and are settled on our lees) to consider (as sometimes I do, but ah! rarely), how irrecoverable a woe it is to be under a beguile† in the matter of eternity. And what if I, who can have a subscribed testimonial‡ of many who shall stand at the right hand of the Judge, shall miss Christ's approving testimony, and be set upon the left hand among the goats?§ There is such a beguile;† and it befalleth many; and what if it befall me, who have but too much art to cozen my own soul and others, with the flourish of ministerial, or country,|| holiness!

Dear lady, I am afraid of prevailing security. We watch little (I have relation mainly to myself), we wrestle little. I am like one

* The loss of dear friends, who are now in yonder world, may be borne more easily when we consider that they are a gain to their God.

† Delusion.

‡ Certificate in my behalf.

§ Matt. vii. 22, xxv. 8-12 and 33; Luke xiii. 25-27.

|| Common, in contrast to something fine.

travelling in the night, who feeth a spirit, and sweateth for fear, and careth not to tell it to his fellow, for fear of increasing his own fear. However, I am sure, when the Master is nigh His coming, it were safe to write over a double,* and a new copy, of our accounts of the sins of nature, childhood, youth, riper years, and old age. What if Christ have another written representation of me than I have of myself? Sure He is right; and if it contradict my mistaken and sinfully erroneous account of myself, ah! where am I then? But, Madam, I discourage none. I know that Christ hath made a new marriage-contract of love, and sealed it with His blood, and the trembling believer shall not be confounded.

Grace be with you.

Yours, at all obedience, in Christ,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, May 26, 1658.

CCCLIV.—*To my* LADY KENMURE.

(*PREVAILING DECLENSION, DECAY, AND INDIFFERENCE
TO GOD'S DEALINGS—THINGS FUTURE.*)



ADAM,—I should be glad that the Lord would be pleased to lengthen out more time to you, that ye might, before your eyes be shut, see more of the work of the right hand of the Lord, in reviving a now swooning and crushed land and Church. Though I was lately knocking at death's gate, yet could I not get in, but was sent back for a time.† It is well if I could yet do any service to Him; but, ah! what deadness lieth upon the spirit! And deadness breedeth distance from God. Madam, these many years the Lord hath let you see a clear difference betwixt those who serve God and love His name, and those who serve Him not. And

* A duplicate.

† Reading the Letters *chronologically*, we are now within two years of his death, but Lady Kenmure survived many years.

I judge that ye look upon the way of Christ as the only best way, and that ye would not exchange Christ for the world's god, or their mammon, and that ye can give Christ a testimony of "Chief among ten thousand." True it is that many of us have fallen from our first love; but Christ hath renewed His first love of our espousals to Himself, and multiplied the seekers of God all the country over, even where Christ was scarce named, east and west, south and north, above the number that our fathers ever knew.* But, ah! Madam, what shall be done or said of many fallen stars, and many near to God complying wofully, and failing to the nearest shore? Yea, and we are consumed in the furnace, but not melted; burned, but not purged. Our dross is not removed, but our scum remaineth in us; and in the furnace we fret, we faint, and (which is more strange) we slumber. The fire burneth round about us, and we lay it not to heart. Grey hairs are upon us, and we know it not.

It were now a desirable life to send away our love to heaven. And well it becometh us to wait for our appointed change, yet so as we should be meditating thus: "Is there a new world above the sun and moon? And is there such a blessed company harping and fingering hallelujahs to the Lamb up above? Why, then, are we taken with a vain life of sighing and sinning? Oh, where is our wisdom, that we sit still, laughing, eating, sleeping prisoners, and do not pack up all our best things for the journey, desiring always to be clothed with our house from above, not made with hands!" Ah! we favour not the things that are above, nor do we smell of glory ere we come thither; but we transact and agree with time, for a new lease of clay mansions. Behold, He cometh! We sleep, and turn all the work of duties into dispute of events for deliverance. But the greatest haste,† to be humbled for a broken and buried covenant, is first and last forgotten; and all our grief is, the Lord

* How interesting is this notice of Revival, prefacing and preparing for the days of fore trial that soon burst over Scotland!

† What we ought to lose no time about.

lingereth, enemies triumph, godly ones suffer, atheists blaspheme. Ah! we pray not; but wonder that Christ cometh not the higher way, by might, by power, by garments rolled in blood. What if He come the lower way? Sure we sin, in putting the book in His hand, as if we could teach the Almighty knowledge. We make haste; we believe not. Let the only wise God alone; He steereth well. He draweth straight lines, though we think and say they are crooked. It is right that some should die and their breasts full of milk; and yet we are angry that God dealeth so with them. Oh, if I could adore Him in His hidden ways, when there is darkness under His feet and darkness in His pavilion, and clouds are about His throne! Madam, hoping, believing, patient praying, is our life. He loseth no time.

The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Yours at all obliged observance in Christ,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Sept. 12, 1659.

CCCLV.—*To the PRESBYTERY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT, anent Union, with a desire to have Mr William Rait Professor at St Andrew's.**

(UNION—HUMILIATION—CHOICE OF A PROFESSOR.)



EVEREND,—The desire of your w[isdoms] for union to me, who am below such a public mercy, and of so high concernment to the Church of Scotland, ought to

* From the original among the Wodrow MSS., vol. xxix., 4to, No. 88. The letter is addressed on the back, "For the very Reverend and honoured of the Lord, the Moderator and Remanent Brethren of the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright." That Presbytery particularly distinguished itself by its earnest endeavours to restore harmony between the Resolutioners and Protesters; to which they were stirred up chiefly by Mr Thomas Wylie. But their laudable efforts, though partially successful in allaying animosity, failed to heal the breach. On this subject, Mr George Hutchison, in a letter to Mr Thomas

be most acceptable. The name of peace is favoury, both good and pleafant. I fo clofe with your godly and religious aim therein, as judging the Lord hath from heaven fuggested to you, and infpired your fpirits with, a fervent thirft and intention to promote the Gofpel, that though I fhould judge myfelf (as in truth I am) lower than to fuit* from either Prefbytery or Synod any favour, yet I fhall, in all humility, befeech your w[ifdoms] to profecute with the power which Chrift hath given you the work of union; and fo much the more that I muft fhortly put off this my tabernacle. I offer to your w[ifdoms'] ferious confideration, the evident neceffity of union with God, and of a ferious and found humiliation, and lying in the duft before the Lord for a broken covenant, declining from our former love, owning of fuch as we fometime judged to be malignant enemies and oppofers of the work of reformation and of the fworn covenant of God, defpifing of the offered falvation of the Gofpel, and coldnefs and indifferency in purging the houfe of God, and other caufes of the fad judgments which we now are under. And my laft and humble fuit to your w[ifdoms] is, that ye would be pleafed to take in with this union the planting of the New College† with a third mafter. It is a matter that concerns the whole Church of Scotland and feminary of the miniftry thereof, and cannot be done but by a General Affembly. If, therefore, you have, dear brethren, judged me faithful of the Lord, and regard the work of the Lord, and the promoting of the kingdom of Chrift (as I nothing doubt but it is the defire of your fouls), give commiffion to the brethren fent to treat for union, at the meeting in Edinburgh or elfewhere, to join their authority and power, fuch

Wylie, dated March 12, 1660, fays, “That little effay towards union hath been followed with the bleffing of much lefs animofity than was wont to be before, in atings and walkings one with another; though, as yet, it is to be regretted that little can be got done for healing particular ruptures of parifhes and prefbyteries, even upon feeming equal overtures; and, it fears me, fome elfewhere are more ftiff than needful in fuch an exigent. But I apprehend that either our trials or God’s appearing, among others, may prefs the neceffity of union more upon us.”—*Wodrow’s MSS.*, vol. xxix.

* Solicit.

† At St Andrew’s.

as now may be had, to call, invite, and obtest some godly and able man, to embrace the charge of Professor in the College of Divinity in St Andrew's. And because Mr William Rait, minister at Brechin, is a man for learning, godliness, prudence, and eminent authority in the Church of Scotland, fought for to the ministry by the town of Edinburgh, and also by Aberdeen, to preach the Gospel and to profess in the College, and hath the approbation of the present masters of the New College, the godly ministers of the Synod of Fife, of the Presbytery of St Andrew's, ministers of the city of St Andrew's, it is my soul's desire, and the heart-cry of students in the College, and of the godly in the city, that Mr William Rait may be the man; and that your commissioners may be moved to deal with the commissioners of the Synod of Fife and Angus for that effect; so shall you be instrumental to repair our breaches, and build His house. So praying that your labours may not be in vain in the Lord, I rest (the Lord Jesus be with your spirit!) your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, the 23d October 1659.

CCCLVI.—To MR JOHN MURRAY, *Minister at Methven*.*

[MR JOHN MURRAY was one of the Protesters; and was committed prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh for meeting with a few of his brethren to draw up a congratulatory address to Charles II. upon his restoration, expressing their loyalty, and reminding him of the obligation of the Covenant. He was summoned to appear before the Parliament on the charge of high treason, but at length was liberated. About 1672 he was apprehended and imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, for alleged house-conventicles. When set at liberty, he was confined to the parish of Queensferry, and ordained to wait upon ordinances and abstain from keeping conventicles, and to attend the parish church.—*Wodrow's History*, vol. ii.]

* From the original among the Wodrow MSS., vol. xxvii., fol., No. 42.

(A SYNOD PROPOSAL FOR UNION—BRETHREN UNDER
CENSURE.)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—I would gladly know the issue of your Synod. We did profess we could not be concluded by the Synod of Fife's [overtures] of union, but upon condition of the taking off the censures of our brethren, which we think injuriously are inflicted. Much is promised to us for the remedying of these censures. I shall believe when I see their performances. I hope you will see that the brethren get no wrong, or the house of God in their persons; and send me a line of the conclusion of the Synod in that business. The paper of union is very general, and comes to no particulars: it only tells the good of union, and contains some obtestations to us that insinuate the unfavourableness of irregular courses; yet we thought it not safe to yield to any union of that kind, so long as our brethren are under the censures.* I much doubt of their honest meaning, and that barriers in the way of entrant ministers

* Murray, and the other Protesters in the Synod of Perth, acted upon a similar principle. As an instance of this, we may adduce the following extracts from a paper entitled, "The desires of the brethren of the Protestant judgment in the Synod of Perth under-subscribing, unto the Moderator and remanent members of the Synod." They desire, "1st, That the Synod will declare and enact, that none of the Acts made by the two controverted Assemblies at St Andrew's, Dundee, and at Edinburgh, in the years 1651 and 1652, appointing censure upon such as will not acknowledge the constitution of these Assemblies, and will not submit unto the Acts thereof, shall hereafter be of force within the bounds of this Synod. . . . 3. That the Synod will declare and enact, that notwithstanding of the supposed censures inflicted upon Mr James Guthrie, minister at Stirling, and Mr James Simpson, minister at Airth, by the pretended Assembly at St Andrew's and Dundee, and of the approbation or intimation thereof by the Synod, that the said Mr James Guthrie and Mr James Simpson are lawful standing ministers of the Gospel in the respective charges of Stirling and Airth, and capable to sit and vote in the Synod and in their own Presbytery, and of every other ministerial privilege and employment."—*Wodrow MSS.*, vol. xxvii.

and elders be revived. And I see no engagement, so much as verbal, for purging; but the contrary practice is here. Mr Robert Anderson* is as much opposed as if he were the most corrupt sectary or Jesuit.

My wife remembers her to you. Remember me to your own bed-fellow. Grace be with you.

Your own brother,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Jan. 25, 1660.

CCCLVII.—*To his Reverend and dear Brethren, MR GUTHRIE, MR TRAILL, and the rest of their brethren imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh.*

[The circumstances of the case to which this letter refers are these:—On the 23d of August 1660, the following ministers, Mr James Guthrie of Stirling, Mr John Stirling and Mr Robert Traill of Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Moncrieff of Scoonie, Mr John Semple of Carsfair, Mr Thomas Ramsay of Mordington, Mr John Scot of Oxnam, Mr Gilbert Hall of Kirkliston, Mr John Murray of Methven, Mr George Nairn of Burntisland, with two gentlemen, ruling elders, met in a private house in Edinburgh, to draw up an humble address to Charles II., congratulating his return, and expressing their entire and unfeigned loyalty, but at the same time reminding him of the obligation of the Covenant which he and the nation had sworn. Whilst thus employed, their papers were secured, by the order of the Committee of Estates; and they themselves were arrested, and committed close prisoners to the Castle of Edinburgh.]

(ON SUFFERING FOR CHRIST—GOD'S PRESENCE EVER WITH
HIS PEOPLE—FIRMNESS AND CONSTANCY.)



EVEREND, NOW VERY DEAR, AND MUCH
HONOUR'D PRISONERS FOR CHRIST.

I am, as to the point of light, at the utmost of persuasion in that kind that it is the cause of Christ which ye now

* A minister who is mentioned again in Let. 365.

suffer for, and not men's interest. If it be for men, let us leave it; but if we plead for God, our own personal safety and man's deliverance will not be peace.

There is a salvation called "the salvation of God," which is cleanly, pure, spiritual, unmixed, near to the holy word of God. It is that which we would seek, even the favour of God that He beareth to His people; not simple gladness, but the gladness and goodness of the Lord's chosen. And sure, though I be the weakest of His witnesses, and unworthy to be among the meanest of them, and am afraid that the Cause be hurt (but it cannot be lost) by my unbelieving faintness, I would not desire a deliverance separated from the deliverance of the Lord's cause and people. It is enough to me to sing when Zion singeth, and to triumph when Christ triumpheth. I should judge it an unhappy joy to rejoice when Zion singeth. "Not one hoof" will be your peace.*

If Christ doth own me, let me be in the grave in a bloody winding-sheet, and go from the scaffold in four quarters, to grave or no grave. I am His debtor, to seal with sufferings this precious truth; but, oh! when it cometh to the push, I dare say nothing, considering my weakness, wickedness, and faintness. But fear not ye. Ye are not, ye shall not be, alone: the Father is with you. It was not an unseasonable, but a seasonable and a necessary duty ye were about. Fear Him who is Sovereign. Christ is captain of the castle and Lord of the keys. The cooling well-spring, and refreshment from the promises, are more than the frownings of the furnace. I see snares and temptations in capitulating, composing,† ceding, mincing‡ with distinctions of circumstances, formalities, compliments, and extenuations, in the cause of Christ. "A long spoon: the broth is hell-hot."§ Hold a distance from carnal compositions, and much nearness to the fountain, to the favour and refreshing light from the Father of lights speaking in His oracles. This is sound health and salvation. Angels, men, Zion's elders, eye

* Alluding to Exod. x. 26.

† Compromising?

‡ Mincing.

§ A proverb; "They need a long spoon who sup with the devil."

us; but what of all these? Christ is by us, and looketh on us, and writeth up all. Let us pray more, and look less to men.

Remember me to Mr Scott, and to all the rest. Blessings be upon the head of such as are separated from their brethren. Joseph is a fruitful bough by a well.

Grace be with you.

Your loving brother and companion in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, 1660.

CCCLVIII.—*To SEVERAL BRETHREN. Reasons for petitioning his Majesty after his return, and for owning such as were censured* while about so necessary a duty.*

REVEREND AND DEAR BRETHREN,—It is a matter of difficulty to me to write at this distance, not having heard your debates. It seemeth that the Lord calleth us to give information to the King's Majesty of affairs. The Lord's admirable providence, in bringing him to his throne, and laying aside others who were sworn enemies to the cause and covenant of God, so that now the Government is in a right line, is to be adored. And I judge (without prescribing) that some should be sent to his Majesty to congratulate that providence; and that reason of our being so slow in rendering should be rendered.

1. We should write, not in the name of the Kirk of Scotland, but in the name of a most considerable number of godly ministers, elders, and professors, who both pray for the King, are obedient to his laws, and are under the oath of God for the sworn Reformation.

2. It is better now, than after sentences and trouble, to have recourse to him who is by place *pater patriæ*.†

* That is, the ministers mentioned in the note prefixed to the preceding letter, who were arrested and imprisoned by the Committee of Estates.

† Father of his country.

3. We should supplicate in all humility for protection and countenance; far more for lawful liberty to fear the bond of the oath of the dreadful and most high Lord; avouching to his Majesty, that the Lord, His holy name being interposed, will own that Covenant, and bless his Majesty with a happy and successful reign, in the owning thereof, and kissing of the Son of God. And when the Lord shall be pleased to grant that to us which concerneth religion, the beauty of His house, the propagating of the Gospel, the government of the Lord's kingdom, without Popery, Prelacy, unwritten traditions and ceremonies, let his Majesty try our loyalty with what commands he will be pleased to lay on us, and see if we be found rebellious.

4. We should disclaim such as have sinfully complied with the late usurpers; produce our written testimonies against them; our not accepting of offices and places of trust from them; our testimonies against their usurpation, covenant-breaking, toleration of all religions, corrupt sectarian ways, for which the Lord hath broken them.

5. We are represented to his Majesty as such as would not consent that the Remonstrance of the western forces* should be condemned by the Commission of the General Assembly; whereas, 1. We did humbly desire that the judicature should not condemn nor censure that Remonstrance, till the gentlemen were heard, and their reasons discussed. 2. Whatever demur was as to the banding or combining part of it, we were and are obliged to believe that they had no sectarian design therein, nor levelling intention. 3. They are gentlemen most loyal, and never were enemies to his Majesty's royal power; but only desired that security might be had for religion and the people of God, and persons disaffected to religion and the sworn Covenant abandoned; otherwise they were, and still are, willing to hazard lives and estates for the just greatness and safety of his Majesty in the maintenance of the true religion, Covenant, and cause of God. The only difficulty will be, where to have fit men to send. But as it will be both sin and shame for us to

* See notice of Colonel Gilbert Ker, p. 351.

desert our undeservedly now censured brethren, so it will be our sin and reproach sinfully to comply with such things and courses as we testified against, and confessed to God.

I can say no more at present but that I am your loving brother,
S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, 1660.

CCCLIX.—*To a BROTHER MINISTER.*

Judgment of a draught or minute of a Petition, to have been presented to the Committee of Estates, by those Ministers who were then prisoners in the Castle of Edinburgh for that other well-known Petition to his Majesty, about which they were when seized upon and made prisoners.*

[“ But that no man may mistake or judge amiss of persons so fixed in the cause and faithful in their generations, know that this draught was not sent to Mr Rutherford as a paper concluded and condescended upon among these brethren, whose love to truth made them in all things so tender that they were ever fond to abstain from all appearance of evil; but it was more like the suggestion of some other men (wherein was laid before them what kind of address would most probably please, waving the just measures of what was simply duty in their circumstances), than anything flowing from themselves, as the product of a mature deliberation. And, secondly, know (which confirmeth what was said), that whatever it was, or whoever gave the rise to it, yet it was never made use of, nor presented to the Committee of Estates, by any of these faithful men, whose praise, for their fidelity, fixedness, real and untainted integrity, is in the churches of Christ.”—*Note by Mr Robert M'Ward*, the original editor of *Rutherford's Letters*.]



DEAR BROTHER,—I am, as ye know, straitened as another suffering man, but dare not petition this Committee :—

I. Because it draweth us to capitulate with such as have the advantage of the mount, the Lord so disposing for the present: and, to bring the matters of Christ to yea and no (ye being prisoners and they the powers) is a hazard.

* See note prefixed to Let. 357, p. 406.

2. A speaking to them in write,* and passing in silence the sworn Covenant and the cause of God (which is the very present controversy), is contrary to the practice of Christ and the Apostles, who, being accused or not accused, avouched Christ to be the Son of God and the Messiah, and that the dead must rise again, even when the adversary misstated the question. Yea, silence on the cause of God, which adversaries persecute, seemeth a tacit deserting of the cause, when the state of the question is known to beholders : and I know that the brethren intend not to leave the cause.

3. I know of no offence that you have given (I will not say what offence may be taken), either as to the matter or manner of your petition. For, if what you have done be a necessary duty laid aside by others, a duty can never give an offence to Christ, and so none to men ; but Christians will look upon a pious, harmless, and innocent petition to the Prince, in the matters of the Lord's honour and the good of His Church (though proffered by one or two, when they are silent whose it is to speak and act), as a seasonable duty.

4. The draught of that petition, which you sent me, speaketh not one word of the Covenant of God, for the adhering to which you now suffer, and which is the object of men's hatred, and the destruction whereof is the great work of the times. And your silence in this nick† of time appeareth to be a non-confession of Christ before men ; and you want nothing to beget an uncleanly deliverance but the profession of silence.

5. There is a promise and real purpose, as the petition saith, to live peaceably under the King's authority. But, 1. Ye do not answer candidly and ingenuously the mind of the rulers, who, to your knowledge, mean a far other thing by authority than ye do. For ye mean, *his just authority*, his authority in the Lord, and his just greatness, in the maintenance of true religion, as in the Covenant, Confession of Faith, and Catechisms, is expressed from the Word of God : *they* mean his *supreme authority*, and absolute pre-

* Writing.

† Point, juncture.

rogative above laws, as their acts make clear, and as their practice is. For they refused, to such as were unwilling to subscribe their bond, to add “authority in the Lord,” or, “just and lawful authority,” or “authority as it is expressed in the Covenant.” But this draught of a petition, under your own hand, yieldeth the sense and meaning to them which they crave. 2. That authority for which they contend is exclusive of the sworn Covenant; so that, except ye had said, “We shall be subject to the King’s authority in the Lord, or according to the sworn Covenant,” ye say nothing to the point in hand; and that, sure,* is not your meaning. 3. Whoever promised so much peaceable living under his Majesty’s authority, leaving out the exposition of the fifth commandment, as your petition doth, may upon the very same ground subscribe the bond refused by the godly; and so you pass from the Covenant, and make all those by-past actings of this Kirk and State, these years by-past, to be horrid rebellion. And how deep that guiltiness draweth, consider.

6. A condemning of the Remonstrance, simply and without any limitation and distinction, is a condemning of many precious ones in the land, and a passing from the causes of God’s wrath, which is the chief matter of the Remonstrance.

7. That nothing is before your eyes but the exoneration of your conscience, is indeed believed by the godly who know you; but a passing in silence of the honest materials in your former petition to his Majesty seemeth to be a deserting thereof, since, in all your petition, ye do not once say ye cannot but adhere to that pious petition, as your necessary duty. And, that ye intend in the petition the happiness of his Majesty, is also believed.

Dear brother, shew to our brethren, that the Lord Christ, in your persons, hath a stated† question betwixt Him and the powers on earth. The only wise God lead you now, when He hath brought you forth in public, so to act as if ye did see Jesus Christ by‡ you, and beholding you. It is easy for such as are on the

* Certainly.

† A matter of dispute set down.

‡ Beside you.

shore to throw a counsel to those that are tossed in the sea ; but, only by living by faith, and by fetching strength and comfort from Christ, can you be victorious, and have right to the precious promises “ of the tree of life,” “ of the hidden manna,” of the gifted “ morning star,” and the like, made to those who overcome : to whose strength and grace, brethren who desire with me to remember you do recommend you. I am, dear brother,

Yours, in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, 1660.

CCCLX.—*For the Right Honourable, my LADY VISCOUNTESS OF KENMURE. [On the imprisonment of the Marquis of Argyle.]*

(GOD'S JUDGMENTS CALLING TO FLEE TO HIM—THE RESULT OF TIMID COMPLIANCE.)



ADAM,—It is not my part to be unmindful of you. Be not afflicted for your brother, the Marquis of Argyle.* As to the main, in my weak apprehension, the seed of God being in him, and love to the people of God and His cause, it will be well. The making of particular reckoning with the Lord, and of peace with God, and owning of His cause when too many disown it, will make his peace with the King the surer.† The Lord is beginning to reckon with such as did forsake His cause and cove-

* A fortnight before this was written, viz., on 8th July 1660, the King had committed the Marquis to the Tower, on an unfounded charge of treason. Rutherford did not live to see the issue.

† “ His heavenly King, whom he has faithfully owned, as well as in private conscientiously served, will on that account all the more stand by him, in the question of his earthly King being reconciled to him.” The hopes of his friends, however, were not realized ; for next year (on 27th May 1661), he was beheaded at Edinburgh.

nant ; and until we return to Him, our peace shall not be like a river and as the waves of the sea. However, the opening of the bosom to take in all the Malignants can produce no better fruits. The Lord calleth us to flee into our chambers, and shut the doors, till the indignation be over.* The lily among the thorns is so served. He hideth Himself, and our mountain is removed, and we are troubled. But the Lord reigneth ; let the earth tremble, and let the earth rejoice. The Lord, without blood, broke the yoke of usurping oppressors, and laid them aside : the same Lord can settle throne and kingdom on the pillars of heaven. But, oh, the controversy the Lord hath with Edom, and those who covenanted with us, and then sold us ; and with those of whom the Holy Ghost speaketh, “ Thy prophets have seen vain and foolish things for thee ; they have not discovered thine iniquity to turn away thy captivity, but have seen for thee false burdens, and causes of banishment.”† The time of Jacob’s suffering is but short, and the vision will speak. Could we be from under deadness, and watch unto wrestling and prayer with the Lord, and live more by faith, we should be more than conquerors. Wait upon the Lord ; faint not.

The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Yours, at all respective‡ observance in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW’S, *July 24, 1660.*

* Isa. xxvi. 20.

† Lam. ii. 14.

‡ Respectful.



CCCLXI.—*For MISTRESS CRAIG, upon the Death of her hopeful Son, who was drowned while washing himself in a river in France.*

(NINE REASONS FOR RESIGNATION.)



MISTRESS,—You have so learned Christ as now (in the furnace) what drops, what shining of faith may appear, must come forth. I heard of the removal of your son, Mr Thomas. Though I be dull enough in discerning, yet I was witness to some spiritual favouriness of the new birth and hope of the resurrection, which I saw in the hopeful youth, when he was, as was feared, a-dying in this city. And, since it was written and advisedly appointed, in the spotless and holy decree of the Lord, where, and before what witnesses, and in what manner, whether by a fever, the mother being at the bed, or by some other way in a far country (dear patriarchs died in Egypt, precious to the Lord, and have wanted burials*), your safest way will be, to be silent, and command the heart to utter no repining and fretting thoughts of the holy dispensation of God.

1. The man is beyond the hazard of dispute; the precious youth is perfected and glorified.

2. Had the youth lain, year and day, pained beside a witnessing mother, it had been pain and grief lengthened out to you in many portions, and every parcel would have been a little death. Now His holy Majesty hath, in one lump and mass, brought to your ears the news, and hath not divided the grief into many portions.

3. It was not yesterday's thought, nor the other year's statute, but a counsel of the Lord of old; and "who can teach the Almighty knowledge?"

4. There is no way of quieting the mind, and of silencing the heart of a mother, but godly submission. The readiest way for

* Ps. lxxix. 3.

peace and consolation to clay vessels is, that it is a stroke of the Potter and Former of all things. And since the holy Lord hath loosed the grip,* when it was fastened sure on your part, I know that your light, and I hope that your heart, also, will yield. It is not safe to be at pulling and drawing with the omnipotent Lord. Let the pull go with Him, for He is strong; and say, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

5. His holy method and order is to be adored. Sometimes the husband before the wife, and sometimes the son before the mother. So hath the only wise God ordered; and when he is sent before, and not lost, in all things give thanks.

6. Meditate not too much on the sad circumstances, "the mother was not witness to the last sigh; possibly, cannot get leave to wind the son, nor to weep over his grave;" and, "he was in a strange land!" There is a like nearness to heaven out of all the countries of the earth.

7. This did not spring out of the dust. Feed and grow fat by this medicine and fare of the only wise Lord. It is the art and the skill of faith to read what the Lord writeth upon the cross, and to spell and construct† right His sense. Often we miscall‡ words and sentences of the cross, and either put nonsense on His rods, or burden His Majesty with slanders and mistakes, when He mindeth for us thoughts of peace and love, even to do us good in the latter end.

8. It is but a private stroke on a family, and little to § the public arrows shot against grieved Joseph, and the afflicted, but ah! dead, senseless, and guilty people of God. This is the day of Jacob's trouble!

9. There is a bad way of wilful swallowing of a temptation, and not digesting it, or laying it out of memory without any victoriousness of faith. The Lord, who forbiddeth fainting, forbiddeth also despising. But it is easier to counsel than to suffer: the only wise Lord furnish patience.

* Grasp. † Construe. ‡ Give wrong names to. § In comparison of.

It were not amiss to call home the other youth. I am not a little afflicted for my Lady Kenmure's condition. I desire you, when ye see her, to remember my humble respects to her. My wife heartily remembereth her to you ; and is wounded much in mind with your present condition, and suffereth with you.

Grace be with you.

Yours in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, *Aug.* 4, 1660.

CCCLXII.—*For my Reverend and dear Brother, Christ's Soldier in bonds, MR JAMES GUTHRIE, Minister of the Gospel at Stirling.*

(STEDFAST THOUGH PERSECUTED—BLESSEDNESS OF MARTYR-
DOM.)

DEAR BROTHER,—We are very often comforted with the word of promise ; though we stumble not a little at the work of holy providence, some earthly men flourishing as a green herb, and the people of God counted as sheep for the slaughter, and killed all the day long. And yet both word of promise, and work of providence, are from Him whose ways are equal, straight, holy, and spotless.

As for me, when I think of God's dispensations, He might justly have brought to the market-cross, and to the light, my unseen and secret abominations, which would have been no small reproach to the holy name and precious truths of Christ. But in mercy He hath covered these, and shapen and carved out more honourable causes of suffering, of which we are unworthy.

And now, dear brother, much dependeth upon the way and manner of suffering, especially that His precious truths be owned with all heavenly boldness, and a reason of our hope given in meekness and fear ; and the royal crown, and absolute supremacy of our

Lord Jefus Chrift, the Prince of the kings of the earth, avouched as becometh. For certain it is that Chrift will reign, the Father's King in Mount Zion, and His fworn covenant will not be buried. It is not denied that our practical breach of covenant firft, and then, our legal breach thereof by enaëting the fame mischief and framing it into a law, may heavily provoke our sweeteft Lord. Yet there are a few names in the land that have not defiled their garments, and a holy feed on whom the Lord will have mercy, like the four or five olive-berries on the top of the shaken olive-tree: * and their eye fhall be toward the Lord their Maker. Think it not ftrange that men devife againft you; whether it be to exile, the earth is the Lord's; or perpetual imprifonment, the Lord is your light and liberty; or a violent and public death, † for the kingdom of heaven confifteth in a fair company of glorified martyrs and witneffes, of whom Jefus Chrift is the chief witnefs, who for that caufe was born, and came into the world. Happy are ye if you give testimony to the world of your preferring Jefus Chrift to all powers. And the Lord will make the innocency and Chriftian loyalty of His defamed and depifed witneffes in this land to fhine to after-generations, and will take The Man-Child up to God and to His throne, and prepare a hiding-place in the wildernefs for the mother, and caufe the earth to help the Woman. Be not terrified; fret not. Forgive your enemies; bless, and curfe not; for, though both you and I fhould be filent, fad and heavy is the judgment and indignation of the Lord, that is abiding the unfaithful watchmen of the Church of Scotland. The fouls under the altar are crying for juftice, and there is an anfwer returned already. The Lord's falvation will not tarry.

Caft the burden of wife and children on the Lord Chrift; He careth for you and them. Your blood is precious in His fight.

* Ifa. xvii. 6.

† Such, as is well known, was the fate of Mr James Guthrie, a few months after this was written. He was hanged at the crofs of Edinburgh on the 1ft of June 1661, and his head thereafter cut off and fixed on the Nether Bow.

The everlasting consolations of the Lord bear you up and give you hope ; for your salvation (if not deliverance) is concluded.

Your own brother,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S, Feb. 15, 1661.

CCCLXIII.—To MR ROBERT CAMPBELL.

[MR ROBERT CAMPBELL was minister of a parish in the Presbytery of Dunkeld. He was a Protester, and after the restoration of Charles II. was ejected for non-conformity to Prelacy.]

(STEDFASTNESS TO PROTEST AGAINST PRELACY AND
POPERY.)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—Ye know that this is a time in which all men almost seek their own things, and not the things of Jesus Christ. Ye are your lone,* as a beacon on the top of a mountain ; but faint not : Christ is a numerous multitude Himself, yea, millions. Though all the nations were convened against Him round about, yet doubt not but He will, at last, arise for the cry of the poor and needy.

For me, I am now near to eternity ;† and, for ten thousand worlds I dare not venture to pass from the protestation against the corruptions of the time, nor go along‡ with the shameless apostasy of the many silent and dumb watchmen of Scotland. But I think it my last duty to enter a protestation in heaven, before the righteous Judge, against the practical and legal breach of Covenant, and all oaths imposed on the consciences of the Lord's people, and all popish,

* By yourself, unsupported.

† Rutherford died on the 20th of March 1661, shortly after this letter was written.

‡ Go along with ; agree with.

superstitious, and idolatrous mandates of men. Know that the overthrow of the sworn Reformation, the introducing of Popery and the mystery of iniquity, is now set on foot in the three kingdoms; and whosoever would keep their garments clean are under that command, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

The Lord calleth you, dear brother, to be still "stedfast, unmoveable, and abounding in the work of the Lord." Our royal kingly Master is upon His journey, and will come, and will not tarry; and blessed is the servant who shall be found watching when He cometh. Fear not men, for the Lord is your light and salvation. It is true, it is somewhat sad and comfortless that ye are your lone;* but so it was with our precious Master: nor are ye your lone, for the Father is with you. It is possible that I shall not be an eye-witness to it in the flesh; but I believe He cometh quickly who will remove our darkness, and shine gloriously in the Isle of Britain, as a crowned King, either in a formally sworn covenant, or in His own glorious way; which I leave to the determination of His infinite wisdom and goodness. And this is the hope and confidence of a dying man, who is longing and fainting for the salvation of God.

Beware of the ensnaring bonds and obligations, by any hand-writ or otherwise, to give unlimited obedience to any authority, but only in the Lord. For all innocent self-defence (which is according to the Covenant, the Word of God, and the laudable example of the reformed churches) is now intended to be utterly subverted and condemned: and what is taken from Christ, as the flower of His prerogative-royal, is now put upon the head of a mortal power; which must be that great idol of indignation that provoketh the eyes of His glory. Dear brother, let us mind the rich promises that are made to those that overcome, knowing that those that endure to the end shall be saved.

Thus recommending you to the rich grace of God, I remain,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

S. R.

* By yourself, unsupported.

CCCLXIV.—To ABERDEEN.

(SINFUL CONFORMITY AND SCHISMATIC DESIGNS REPROVED.)

REVEREND AND DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

There were some who rendered thanks, with knees bowed to Him “of whom is named the whole family in heaven and earth,” when they heard of “your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus;” and rejoiced not a little, that where Christ was scarce named, in favouriness and power of the Gospel, even in Aberdeen, there Christ hath a few names precious to Him, who shall walk with Him in white. We looked on it (He knoweth whom we desire to serve in our spirit in the Gospel of His Son) as a part of the fulfilling of that, “The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.”* But now it is more grievous to us than a thousand deaths, when we hear that you are shaken, and so soon removed from that which you once acknowledged to be the way of God. Dearly beloved, the sheep follow Christ, who calleth them by name: a stranger they will not follow, but they flee from him, for they know not the voice of a stranger. Ye know the way, by which ye were sealed to the day of redemption; and ye received the Spirit, by the hearing of faith. Part not with that way, except ye see there be no rest for your souls therein. Neither listen to them that say, “Many were converted under episcopal as well as under presbyterial government, and yet the godly gave testimony against bishops;” for the instruments of conversion loathed Episcopacy, with the ceremonies thereof, and never sealed it with their sufferings. But we shall desire instances of any engaged by oaths, and sufferings of the faithful messengers of God, and the

* Isa. xxxv. 1.

manifestations of the Lord's preface, in the way ye now forsake, who yet turned from it, and went one step toward sinful separation (and did it in that way ye now aim at), and did yet flourish and grow in grace. But we can bring proofs of many who left it, and went further on to abominable ways of error. And you have it not in your power where you shall lodge at night, having once left the way of God. And many, we know, lost peace and communion with God, and fell into a condition of withering, and not being able to find their lovers, were forced to return to their first Husband. We shall entreat you, consider what a stumbling it is to malignant opposers of the way and cause of God (who with their ears heard you, and with their eyes saw you, so strenuously take part with the godly in their sufferings, and profess yourselves for religion, truth, doctrine, government of the house of God, His Covenant and cause), if now you build again what you once destroyed, and destroy what you builded. And shall you not make yourselves, by so doing, transgressors? How shall it wound the hearts of the godly, stain the profession, darken the glory of the Gospel, shake the faith of many, weaken the hands of all, if you (and you first of all in this kingdom) shall stretch out the hand to raze the walls of our Jerusalem, by reason of which the Lord made her terrible as an army with banners! For when kings came, and saw the palaces and bulwarks thereof, they marvelled and were troubled, and hasted away; fear took hold upon them there, and pain as of a woman in travail. And we shall be grieved, if you should be heirs to the guiltiness of breaking down the same hedge of the vineyard, for the which the sad indignation of God pursueth this day the Royal Family, many Nobles, houses great and fair, and all the Prelatical party in these three kingdoms. And when your dear brethren are weak and fainting, shall we believe that you will leave us, and be divided from this so blessed a conjunction? The Lord Jesus Christ, we trust, shall walk in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and be with us, if you will be gone from us. Beloved in the Lord, we cannot but be persuaded better things of you; and we shall not conceal from you that we are ignorant what to answer

when we are reprov'd, on your behalf, in regard that your change to another gospel-way (which the Lord avert!) is so much the more scandalous, that the sudden alteration (unknown to us before) now overtaketh you when men come amongst you against whom the furrows of the fields of Scotland do complain. Forget not, dear brethren, that Christ hath now the fan in His hand, and this is also the day of the Lord, that shall burn as an oven; and that Christ now sitteth as a refiner of silver, purifying the sons of Levi, and purging them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness; and those that keep the word of His (not their own) patience shall be delivered from the hour of temptation, that shall come on all the earth to try them.

If ye exclude all non-converts from the visible city of God (in which, daily, multitudes in Scotland, in all the four quarters of the land, above whatever our fathers saw, throng into Christ), shall they not be left to the lions and wild beasts of the forest, even to Jesuits, seminary-priests, and other seducers? For the magistrate hath no power to compel them to hear the Gospel, nor have ye any church-power over them, as ye teach; and they bring not love to the Gospel and to Christ out of the womb with them; and so they must be left to embrace what religion is most suitable to corrupt nature. Nor can it be a way approved by the Lord in Scripture, to excommunicate from the visible Church (which is the office-house of the free grace of Christ, and His draw-net) all the multitudes of non-converts, baptized, and visibly within the covenant of grace, which are in Great Britain, and all the reformed churches; and so to shut the gates of the Lord's gracious calling upon all these (because they are not, in your judgment, chosen to salvation), when once you are within yourselves.* For how can the Lord call Egypt His people, and Assyria the work of His hands, and all the Gentiles (who for numbers are as the flocks of Kedar, and the abundance of the sea) the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, if you number infants (as many do), and all such as your charity cannot judge converts

* When you yourselves are safe within.

(as others do), among heathens and pagans, who have not a visible claim and interest in Christ? The candlestick is not yours, nor the house; but Christ fixeth and removeth the one, and buildeth or casteth down the other, according to His sovereignty. We in humility judge ourselves, though the chief of sinners, the sons of Zion and of the seed of Christ; if ye remove from us, and carry from hence the candlestick, let our Father be judge, and show us why the Lord hath bidden you come out from among us. We look upon this visible Church, though black and spotted, as the hospital and guest-house of sick, halt, maimed, and withered, over which Christ is Lord, Physician, and Master: and we would wait upon those that are not yet in Christ, as our Lord waited upon us and you both. We, therefore, your brethren, children of one Father, cannot but with tears and exceeding sorrow of heart earnestly entreat, beseech, and obtest you, by the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, by His sufferings and precious ransom which He paid for us both, by the consolations of His Spirit, by your appearance before the dreadful tribunal of our Lord Jesus, yea, and charge you before God and the same Lord Jesus, "who shall judge the quick and the dead, at His appearing, and His kingdom;" break not the spirits and hearts of those to whom ye are dear as their own soul. Forsake not the assemblies of the people of God; let us not divide.

Not a few of the people of God in this shire of Fife (in whose name I now write) dare say, if ye depart, that ye will leave Christ behind you with us, and the golden candlesticks; and shut yourselves, we much fear, out of the hearts and prayers of thousands dear to Jesus Christ in Scotland. Therefore, before ye fix judgment and practice on any untrodden path, let a day of humiliation be agreed upon by us all, and our Father's mind and will inquired, through our one common Saviour. And let us see one another's faces at best convenience, and plead the interest of Christ, and be comforted; and not be stumbled at your ways.

So expecting your answer, we shall pray that the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

may make you perfect in every work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ. And I shall remain,

Your affectionate brother in the Lord,

S. R.

ST ANDREW'S.

CCCLXV.—To MR JOHN MURRAY, *Minister at Methven*.* [See Let. 356.]

(PROPOSAL OF A SEASON OF PRAYER.)

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—If I rightly apprehend our condition, we are in a way of declining. We were, within these few years, more in the conscientious use of means, and the Lord did shine upon us in some measure; and now we are fallen from that which we were. It is judged fit by some (and many of our solidest professors) that if we cannot have in congregations, yet families and private persons may have days of humiliation, at least the last Wednesday of every month or thereabout, according to the best conveniency of Providence. And if this were gone about in your country, and in Stirlingshire, Fife, in Merse, Teviotdale, the West, in Nithsdale and Galloway, and other places, it would prove our strength and help; for we are few and very low. Our adversaries are not idle; and there is a faintness and heartless discouragement on the spirits of many. These are to entreat that you would combine with Mr Robert Campbell,† Mr John Cruickshanks,§ and other of our brethren in your bounds, to

* From the original among the Wodrow MSS., vol. xxvii., fol., No. 18.

† Reasonable; according to conscience.

‡ The minister to whom Let. 363 is addressed.

§ Mr John Crookshanks (as Wodrow spells the name), minister of Redgorton, in the Presbytery of Perth. He afterwards followed those who fought at Pentland Hills, in 1665, and was killed in the battle.

stir up one another that we may wrestle with the Lord for the remnant. I am confident the Lord will yet be inquired of us for this. Though the same particular day be not observed, yet, where many are on work, some salvation from the Lord's arm is to be expected. I am decaying most sensibly, and I should look on it as a mercy if the Lord would send a waking among His own. And blessed shall he be who shall blow the trumpet to cause other sleeping ones awake, and shall help to build the wastes, and the fallen tabernacle of David. I shall earnestly desire you do bestir yourself herein.* I shall write to J——, and to others here, and do the best I can to give you a convenient account; for nothing is left to us but that.

So remembering me to your wife, and expecting your help, I rest,

Your own brother,

S. R.

[ST ANDREW'S.]

Mr Robert Anderson is most eagerly desired for by the parishioners of Leuchars, and as strenuously opposed by our brethren here.

* Is not this the very spirit of 2 Peter i. 13, 14, "Yea, I think it meet to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle?"





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* The Rev. H. Scott of Anstruther has kindly supplied the following information:—*James Bautie*, in 1637, seems to have been preparing for the ministry. He became chaplain to the regiment of the Lord of Ards, in Ireland, and was ordained minister over the Presbyterian congregation at Ballywalter, in the county of Down, in 1642. He was clerk to the Presbytery in 1644. Refusing to take the oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth in 1650, he was first imprisoned, and then banished the kingdom. We do not know his after history. Another person is found occupying his charge in 1661.

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GLOSSARY.

[THE REFERENCES TO SPECIAL WORDS MAY SERVE THE
PURPOSE OF A VERBAL INDEX.]

(*The Figures refer to the Letters.*)

-
- Abjects*; persons in the lowest grade of society. 291.
- Account-book*; journal. 122, 124.
- Ado*; Adjective, in the sense of *aspir*. 97, 99, 181. Noun; occupation, concerns, 97, 99, 181, 226, 250.
- Affect*; to love, have affection to. 4, 67, 174, 274, &c.—So in Gal. iv. 17, &c.
- After-supper*; latest part of the day. 82.
- Agent*; advocate. 86.
- Airt*, or *airth*; quarter of the heavens, direction. 41, 167, 229, &c.
- Allow*; to give an allowance. 240, 287.
- Alone*, for only. 231, &c.
- Alongst*; along. 363.
- Alwavs*; although, notwithstanding. (Fr., *toute-fois*.) 249, 336, 337.
- And*, or *an*; the conjunction “if.” (Gr., *εαν*.)
- Anent*; concerning, over-against. 234, &c.
- Annual*; yearly rent. 119.
- Annuity*; quit-rent. 70.
- As*; than. 306.—It is the German “*als*,” and is still a common word in the south of Scotland.
- A-fwoon*; in a swoon, or faint. 110, 186, 249.
- Abhort*; athwart, across. 243.
- Aught*; to own. The Noun; possession, property. 247, 293.
- Awfome*; fitted to overawe. 190, 219, 281, 317.
- Back*. The Verb intr. means: “to be unfortunate.” 62. The Verb trans.: “to help on.” 128, 149, 200, 229, &c.
- Back-bond*; a bond given after a former bond. 118, 265, 291.
- Back-burden*. 288.
- Back-entry*; back-door. 277.
- Back-friend*; friend to help. 199.
- Back-over*; backward, quite in the other direction. 276.
- Back-set*; a thrust back. 167.
- Bairns*; children. 18, 20, 106, 293, &c.
- Bairnteme*; family of children by one mother. 105, 106.
- Balk*; beam for suspending scales. 225, 261.
- Band*; a bond, engagement. 18.—“To take band with,” is to unite, *q.d.*, bind together. 46, 189, 292.—“Keep band,” the same. 42.
- Bankful*; full like a river up to its bank. 169, 257.
- Bann*; to curse in the form of a minced oath. 147.
- Beguile*, Noun; deception, trick. 176, 205, 353.

- Behind with one*; coming short of his due. 152, 157.
- Being-place*; apparently a misprint for "bigging," i.e., building. 192.
- Bemist*; involved in mist, like *benight*. 118, 169, 176.—See also "mistled." 59, 223.
- Ben*; It is *q.d.* being in; within. 20.
- Beside*; apart from. 266, 271.
- Better cheap*.—See *Cheap*.
- Bidding*; command. "To fit a b.," to fail in prompt obedience. 43.
- Bide*; wait for, endure. 23, &c.—"Law-biding," ready to meet the law, instead of fleeing. 106, 107, 222.
- Big*, Verb; to build.
- Binding*. The phrase, "to take binding," is the same as to "take band." 43.
- Binks*; benches. 285.
- Bird-mouthed*; mealy-mouthed. 181.
In this phrase, *bird* is the *young*, or *chicken*; hence, the sense of softness.
- Black-shame*; utter shame; so very dark. 130, 272.
- Blasfume*, or *blayfume*, or *blefume*; a mere sham, air-bubble; from *blaw*, or blow. 225, 249. Same as "bellum," one good for nothing.
- Bleeze*; a sudden flaming up. 82.
- Blench*; a piece of white money; a mere peppercorn or nominal rent. 254. (Fr., "*blanc*.")
- Blenk*, or *blink*; a gleam, slight glance. 50, 57, &c.
- Blind*; a cheat, disappointment. 212.
- Block*; a bargain. The Verb; to bargain, plan, scheme. 20, 100, 106, 163, 200.
- Bloom*; blossom. 90, 184, 185, 193.
- Bludder*, or *bluther*; to bleer; disfigure the face with weeping, or the like. 105, 138.
- Blae*; pale; unsatisfactory hue. 262.
- Board*; table. "Boardhead," head of the dinner-table. 30, 104, 107, 177, 249.
- Bode*; to offer with view to a bargain. 177, 186. It is allied in sense to "bait." Sibbs uses "*baud*" (on 2 Cor. i. 3).
- Boist* or *boft*, and sometimes written *boasts*; to threaten with a blow. 101, 211, 226, 291. It is connected with "boisterous."
- Borne in*; forcibly brought into the mind. 249.
- Borrow and lend*; to have dealings with. 98, 109.
- Borroows*; security in law. "To die in borroows," to fail in security.—See *Burroows*.
- Botch-house*; house spoilt and disfigured. 237.
- Bouk*; from "*bulk*;" the corpse of man or beast. 141.
- Bound-road*; boundary-line. 273, 286.
- Brae*; declivity, slope of a hill. 141, &c.—"From bank to brae." 147, &c.
- Braird*; the sprouting up blade of young wheat, or the like. 259.
- Brangle*; to shake into disorder, shake in pieces. 41, 196.
- Brash*; a passing fit of sickness. 186.
- Broadside*; openly, frankly. 24, 81.
- Brod*; same as *board*. 328, &c.
- Brook*, or *bruke*; enjoy, possess. 140, 115, 249.
- Browden*; eagerly desirous of, warmly attached to. 77.
- Browst*; a brewing, or what one brews for himself; the consequence of the course you take. 188.
- Bud*; to bribe, try to win over by a gift. 63, 88, 277.
- Bulks*.—See *Bouk*.
- Burroows*, or *borroows*; a pledge or security. *Law-burroows*; security given not to injure the person or property of one. 61, 163, 184, 222.
- Bushy-biel* (see *Life*). In Scotch, *biel* is a *shelter*. The name of Rutherford's house was properly "*Bush o' Biel*," the bush of shelter. In old Scott. Prov., we find, "Every man bows to the *bush* he gets *biel* frae."

- Busk*; adorn, deck. 22, 133, 143.
Buy a plea; get up a charge, when properly it is none of ours. 74, 75, 161, 171.
 "Buy by;" to buy so as to set another aside. 261, 265.
By, or *bye*; aside from, past. 23, 148, 160, 175, 105. Also: Without, 96; beside, 359.—"*Lock by*," 218, mislock.
By-board; side-table. 77, 111, 197.
Bye-errand; message done at leisure time. 191, 199.
By-gone; passed away. 71, &c.
By-good, or *bye-good*; an object in addition to some other good. 195.
By-hand; aside. 72, 276.
By-look; side-look. 249.
By-purse; a side purse, away from the other. 284.
By-work; work done at leisure time only. 191.
Canny; prudent, cautious. 69, &c. Adv., *canniely*.
Card; chart or map. 69, 232.
Cast; participle, *casten*: throw or fling. —"*To cast at*;" be sulky, quarrel with. 4, 23.—"*To cast up*;" to upbraid.—"*To cast out with*;" quarrel. 224, 254.
Cast, a Noun; lot, fate. 185.
Casualty; emoluments beyond the stated yearly dues paid to the superior. 240, 253.
Cauldrife; susceptible of cold; lukewarm. 198.
Caums; a mould. 282.—*Moulds* being often made of pipe-clay, it became customary to call pipe-clay "*caum-stone*." Baillie in his Letters spells it "*caulms*." In Gaelic, *cuma* means a *pattern*, or shape.
Causey (Fr., *chausée*); the public street. "*To keep the crown of the causey*" is to make bold appearance, in open day. 52, 59, 69, 181.
Caution; security, surety. 2, 19, &c. —Adj., *Cautionary*. 187.
Challenge; charge, upbraiding, accusation. 2, 10, &c.
Cheap is connected with "*chapman*," and seems to mean a *bargain* in the phrase "*Better cheap*." 216, 293.—See *Good cheap*.
Chirurgion; surgeon. 293, 295. Greek and Latin word.
Clap; something done unexpectedly. "*In a clap*;" like thunder suddenly heard. 264.
Clay; earth, earthenware. 291, &c.—"*Clay-banks*," 300. So "*Clay-heavens*," 294; "*clay-pawns*," 300, bodies of dust.
Cleck; to hatch a brood, swarm. 281.
Clog; to adhere, coalesce with. 249. —Used in old English.
Clofe, a Noun; the lane or porch leading into the house. 157.
Clofe, Adv.; "*close off*," completely. 82 (like the phrase *close-shaven*), 50, 88.
Closet-ward; guard-room. 254.
Coast; to sail near land, sail from one port to another. 301.
Coastful; full to the utmost border. 201.
Cog; to fix the teeth of a wheel, and so stop its motion. 51, 194, 229.
Coldlike; like a fire going out. 179.
Coldrife. 198.—See *Cauldrife*. "*How coldrife and indifferent are ye!*" (Serm. on Isa. xlix. 1-4.)
Common; alluding to persons sharing at a common table in College. "*To be in one's common*," is to be indebted to, under obligation to. 42, 52, 157, 252, &c.—"*To quit commons*" (214); to be freed from obligation by requiring the person.
Companionry; companionship. 147, 280.—The termination "*ry*" marks plurality in old English.
Compear; appear judicially, at the bar. 3, &c.
Compearance; the act of appearing in court or at the bar.
Compose; compromise. 357.—*Composition*, in same sense.

- Comprize*; to arrest by writ, attach by a legal process. 130, 160, 171, 184, 206, &c.
- Communion*; the dispensing of the Lord's Supper. 20, &c.
- Concial*. 179.—See *note*.
- Concredit*; entrust. 260.
- Conquest*; written also, *conquess*: acquisition, made not by inheritance, but by purchase and exertion. 2, 54, 79, 182, 190, 191.
- Considerable*; worthy of consideration. 321, 331.
- Construct*; for construe. 361, &c.
- Contestation*; strife. 189.
- Contrair*; contrary to. 6.
- Conscionable*; according to conscience, just. 365.
- Convoy*; to accompany on the way. 210, 230, 231.
- Couchers*; cowards, or lazy fellows. Fr., *coucher*, to lie down. 251.
- Country*, in opposition to city; common, in contrast to fine. 153.
- Coup*; to upset, tumble over. 120.
- Court*. "No great court;" no influence. 148, 151, 158, 183, &c.—"To be in court," in favour.
- Cow*; to cut off, eat up (Fr., *couper*). 170, 178.
- Crook*; to walk crookedly, lamely; halt. 233, 299.
- Cry down*; depreciate. 280.—As a Noun. 289. "Cry," proclamation.
- Cumber*; trouble. 196.—Adj., "cumberfome." 292.
- Daft*; foolish. 93, 285.—"A daft young heir" (Serm. on Zech. xi. 9).
- Dawted*; made a favourite, or pet. 89, 98, 166.—"Dawted Davie;" a petted child. 110.—"Better be God's fons than the world's dawties" (Serm. on Isa. xlix. 1).
- Daylight*; note in 315.
- Dead*; in the expression, "Dead-faveer," thoroughly lazy; as incapable of moving as one dead. 105.
- Deaf nuts*; no kernel in them. 138.
- Deave*, from *deaf*; to make deaf; distract. 286.
- Decore*; to adorn. 42.—(Lat., *decorus*.)
- Decourt*; to discard, send out of court. 188, 197, 284.
- Decreet*; a judicial sentence. 3, 12, 132, &c.
- Depursement*; same as disbursement. 59.—Q.d., taking out of the purse, or *bourse* (291).
- Din*; noise. 59, 154, 249, 282, 325.
- Ding*; knock in with violence. 248.
- Dint*; the stroke, or force. 332.
- Dispone*; make over. 19, 261.
- Disrespective*; disrespectful. 300.—See *Respective*.
- Ditty*, or *Dittay*; indictment, ground of accusation. 12, 44, 180, 233.
- Do*. "To do for;" to act for; accomplish a thing. 93, 116, 135, 162, 228, 244.—See *Ps.* cix. 21.
- Dool-like*; in mourning guise. 268.—*Dool*; grief; "Dolor." 272.
- Doomster*; pronouncer of sentence. 229.
- Dorts*; the fulks, offence taken. 23, 70, 89.
- Double*; a duplicate. 353.
- Down*; to be able, can. 23, &c.—Hogg's *Queen's Wake* uses the perf.: "She turned away and dought luck nae mair." So *Let.* 74, "dought."
- Draff-poke*; the beggar's bag, for carrying anything put in. 249.—*Draff*, a useless thing; "draught," *Matt.* xv. 17.
- Draw*, in the sense of "remove;" table drawn. 146.
- Draw-knot*; a slip-knot. 51.
- Drink over the board*; renounce.—See *note*, 190.
- Drink-silver*; gift, or token of regard for kindness shown or service done, —a gift to servants. 119.—*Drink-money*, 277; the same.
- Drouthy*; thirsty. 256.

- Drumbled*; made muddy; troubled water. 153.
- Dry*; reserved, backward. 181, 182, 187, 206, &c.
- Dwine*; to pine away. 169, &c.
- Dyke*; a wall. 194, 276, &c.
- Dyvoor*; a debtor; bankrupt, also.—Fr., “*Devoir*.”
- Eafe-room*; a room for pleasure. 5, 247, 311.
- Ebb*, Adj.; shallow, like tide going back. 94, 129, &c.—*Ebbness*. 175.
- Edge by*; push aside. 225.
- Empavon*; lay down as pledge. 229, 268.
- Enact*; to decree. 291.
- Engyne*, or *ingyne*; disposition, ability, policy. 84, 94.
- Entire*; no division or half-heartedness. 119, 280.
- Errand*; business. 210, 250.—“Ride his errands,” 249, go on with his work.
- Evangel*; good news generally. 224.
- Even*; to put down one as capable of a thing; propose as fit for a person. 70.—The phrase, “*Be even with*,” have accounts settled, be quits. 113, 114.
- Evil-worthy*; unworthy, ill-worth. 336.
- Expone*; explain the sense. 165.
- Eye-sweet*; pleasant to the eye. 213, 277.
- Eye*, Verb; to look for. 276.
- Fail*, or *feal*; turf. 194.
- Fain*; glad. “*Fain not twice*” is glad to remain settled; not caring to rise after sitting down.
- Fair*, in the phrase, “*fair fire*,” is commonly in Scotland “a fair lowe,” i.e., all a flame together. 204.—“*Fair fall you*,” good betide. 337.
- Faird*, or *fard*; to paint (*q. d.*, make *fair*), embellish, disguise. 82, 83, 88, 191.
- Fall about*; search about. 21.—“*Fall by*,” be lost. 291.—“*Fall to*,” engage in. 72, 288.—“*Fall off*,” forsake. 246.
- Far*. “*The far end*,” the final issue. 184.
- Farm-room*; a rented room. We speak of “farming the public revenues,” i.e., renting them, gathering them for a stipulated remuneration.
- Fash*; trouble by importunity. 145, 249, &c.—“*Fashery*.” 196.
- Fass*; firm. 74.
- Feckless*; worthless, useless, pithless. 23, 24, &c.
- Feared*; alarmed, timid. 293.
- Fenced*; guarded, constituted. 77, 82, 112, 146.
- Fend*; provide for, maintain, shift for. 87, 114, 129, &c.
- Fetch*; to make for a place. 83, 106, 184.
- Find*; to feel, or find out. 155, 169, 192, 334.
- Fire-flaught*; a flake of fire, a flash of lightning. 104.—In Row’s Hist. of Scot., “extraordinary thunder and fire-flaught,” p. 333.
- Flitting*; removing furniture and goods to another place. 250, 277. (It is A. S.)
- Flourish*; to blossom. 50.
- Flyte*; to scold. 189.—“*Flying free*.” See note in 118.
- Foot*. The phrase, “*hold the foot to it*,” go on in the march. 249.
- Foot-mantle*; a riding habit reaching to the feet. 268.—In a sermon on Zech. xi. 9, “Gold, silks, velvets, and foot-mantles, and high horses.”
- For*; notwithstanding. 307.
- Fore*, seems to mean *surplus*, something over and above; also, something still reserved. 70, 89, 158.
- Forecasten*; cast away, neglected. 167, 177, 285.
- Foregainst*; opposite. 289.
- Forlorn*; prodigal. 167, 285.—“The

- forlorn son" is the prodigal. (So in German.)
- Forthcoming*; ready to come forward and speak. 250.
- Four-hours*; the afternoon meal, taken four hours after the forenoon's. 118, 285.
- Frame*; to fit or fet (Judg. xii. 6), fet in a proper position, turn out, or succeed. 32, 41, 187.
- Fraught*; the same as *freight*. 153, 195, 217.—"Fraught-free;" no fare to pay. 265.
- Freeholding*; lands held for life. 203.
- Free-warders*; prisoners who have right to go free. 265.
- Frem*, A. S., "*fremd*;" hence written "*fremd*" or "*fremmyt*;" strange, foreign, distant. 69, 165.
- Friend-fled*; to befriend. 188, 275.
- Fryst*, or *frist*; to postpone possession or action,—the opposite of *tryst*. 176, 205, &c.
- Fyle*; to defile, *find* guilt. 212.
- Gaddy*; fond of gadding about. 270.
- Gardies*, or *gardefs*; arms. 18.—It is the Gaelic word "*gairdean*," an arm. In Row's Life of Blair (p. 154), "Mrs Hamilton came up to Traquair, and fest-grip his *gardie*."
- Gate*; road, way, manner of doing. 29, 38, &c.—The phrase, "*start to the gate*," begin early, soon on the road. 136, 148, 186, 294.
- Gawd*; trick, bad custom. 240.—Used by Gawin Douglas and by Chaucer for a freak, and said to be from Fr., "*gaudir*," to be merry.
- Gear*; goods, substance, money. 120.
- General*; not at all familiar. 205.
- Gifted*; bestowed as a favour. 353, 359.—Often so used in his "Covenant of Life Opened."
- Glaiked*, or *glaiKET*; giddy, light, 284.
- Glance*; bright as glowing metal. 287, 295.
- Gliffer*; glitter. 51.—See *Luke* ix. 21.
- Gloom*; frown, Verb and Noun. 266, 187, &c.—"The sad and glooming cross" (Christ Dying).
- Goodman*, or *gudeman*; one who holds his house or lands from a superior; unlike *laird*, who owns no superior but the king. 17, 18, &c.—*Good-wife*; 34.
- Good cheap*; very cheap, gratuitous. But probably *cheap* is here a Noun, equivalent to "*bargain*." 104, 105, 121, 215, 186, 245, 249.—"*Better cheap*," 216; see *Cheap*.
- Gone*; ruined, hopeless. 183.
- Gowk*; a simpleton.—"*Gowket*," acting like a simpleton. 151, 232 (256, the cuckoo, used for a *fool*).
- Grace*; to give grace to. 237, 275.
- Grammercy*; thanks. 249.—French, "grand-merci."
- Green*; to long after. 85, 160, 213, 226, &c.
- Grip*; a grasp, firm hold, clasp. 22, 24, &c.—"*Grips*," close quarters, fight, 294.
- Ground*; bottom. 85, 99, 203, 287.—"*Ground-stone*;" foundation-stone. 74, 82, 248.—"*Grounds*;" dregs of a cup. 251.
- Guide*; to manage or make use of. 256, 275.
- Guise*; manner, way (French). 101, 164.—Bunyan, in his History of Badman: "One *guise* for abroad, another for home."
- Gutters*; pools of dirty water, marks made by the tears that soil the face. 138, 194.
- Hable*; able. Fr., *babile*. 325.—Rollock (51st Lect.), "hability and strength."
- Halfer*; an equal sharer. 200, 245, 249.—Written "*halver*," also.
- Half-marrozw*; a married partner. 183, 270.
- Hall*; the *ball-houfe*, or *ba-houfe*, the mansion-house. 285.—*Hall-binks*; seats of honour.

- Handfast*; to join hands in betrothing, to affiancé. 143, 173, 225.
- Handgrips*; grasping close. 87, 106.
- Handfel*; to use for the first time. 239.
- Handwrite*; written with one's own hand. 270.
- Hard*.—See *Heads*.
- Hardly*; with difficulty. 232.
- Haunt up*; be up alone in his company. 84.
- Haufe*; to clasp or close with. 69.—Gawin Douglas uses it for “embrace;” from “hals,” the neck or throat.
- Have*; to “*have over*,” to let alone, be done with. 87, 106.
- Head of Wit*; a wiseacre, one who affects to have much wisdom. 230, 234.—“*Hard-heads*,” the name of a small coin. 270.—Knox's History, &c.
- Heap-mete*; heaped up measure, full measure. 249.
- Hear*; to attend, to allow. 115.
- Heartfome*; happy, cheerful. 32, 51, 167.—“Clear, bright, and heartfome morning” (Sermon on Zech. xi. 9).
- Hell-hot*; hot as hell. 357.
- Hereaway*; in this quarter. 50, 286, 336, &c.
- Herry*; cruelly spoil, or rob. 52.
- Hesp*; hank or hasp of yarn. 196.
- Hide*; the skin. 198.—In “Christ Dying,” he speaks of the “skin or hide of the visible hearers.”
- Hing*; for hang. 104, 249.
- Ho*; cessation, to cause to stop. 167.
- Holding*; tenure. 284.
- Hole* (sometimes spelt “holl”); to make a hole, to pierce, dig out. 177, 196.—“*Holey*,” or “*holie*,” full of holes. 83, 196, 258.
- Hook*; fickle, reaping-hook. 21, 224, &c.
- Homely*; familiar, at home with one. 59, 105, 130, &c.
- Home over*; homewards. 28, 205, 211, &c.
- Horning*; a legal demand for payment of a debt under threat of imprisonment and proclaimed rebels. It used to be proclaimed by sound of horn. 130.
- Horologue*; a watch. From the Greek.—An old tower at Montrose bore the name of “The Horologue Tower.” 238, 289.
- Howbeit*; although.—See our Version of the Bible.
- Huge*; vast, very great.—“I am *hugely* pleased with your letter,” says Waterland, in a letter to T. Boston (App. to Life). In Forbes, on Rev. xix., “huge matter of God's praise.” In Rutherford's Treatise on Prayer, “heaven is a *hugething*,” p. 97. 305.
- If*; but that. 342.
- Ill*; in the phrase, “*Ill to please*,” difficult to please. 131.
- Ill-flitten*; misplaced. 106. *Q.d.* removed to a wrong place.
- Ill-friended*; without friends. 96.
- Ill-learned*; taught evil. 276.
- Ill-ravelled*; sadly entangled. 196.
- Ill-wasben*; dirty. 227, &c.
- Ill-waled*; ill-selected. 326.
- Improbation*; action to prove forgery, or the like. 78.—See *note*.
- Incontinently*; immediately, as if unable to restrain himself. 241.
- Indent*. Its common English sense occurs in Let. 288, to set in corresponding notches. But also, to sign a paper containing agreement to certain articles. 173.—Zachary Boyd's Samson has, “As I indent, so I'll undertake.”
- Ingyne*.—See *Engvne*.
- Instruct of*; instruct concerning. 225.
- Instruments, to take*; to take documents from the hand of the proper party by way of attestation. 107, 110, 144, &c.
- Interdict*; forbid by positive injunction to do or use a thing for a time.
- Into*; for *in*. 336.—Rollock (47th

- Lect.*: "When the Spirit is wrestling *into us*."
- Intromit*; intermeddle, feize upon, handle. 82, 105.
- In-under*; close under. 260.
- Irresponfal*; not able to pay, insolvent. 104, 204.
- Jealousy*; fuspicion. So the Adjective. 144, 148, 152, &c.
- Jouk*; to bend down, to jerk and shift in so doing; to dissemble, compromise. 16, 181, 284.
- Kep*; intercept, catch when falling. 165.
- Kind*; nature. 276.—"Man doth *his kind* in committing evil," says Trappe on Gen. vii. 21; that is, does what his nature leads to.
- Kindly*; what our kindred give us right to. 261. Also, according to nature. 98, 102, 254.—In "Christ Dying" (p. 30) we find, "The life of Christ had infirmities *kindly* to it."
- Knot*; difficulty to be solved. 312.—Rollock (51st *Lect.*) speaks of "getting office with a knot"—a difficulty accompanying it.
- Lair*; a bog. 110.
- Laird*.—See *Goodman*.
- Lap*; to loofe part of a garment. 78.
- Laureation*; obtaining academic honours. 274.
- Law-biding*. 106, 231, 299.—See *Bide*.
- Law-burrows*.—See *Burrows*. 61, 163, 184, 275, &c.
- Lea*; an unploughed part of a field, where the grafs grows. 75, 234.
- Lead*. In the phrase, "*Lead stones* to a wall;" convey them, *q.d.*, by leading the horse and cart. 24.
- Leal*; honest, genuine, loyal. 182, 225.
- Learn*; in the sense of "to teach." 175, 222.—(German, "*lehren*.")
- Leave*; dismissed. 277, 311.
- Leck*; a leak. 130.—In Row's History (398) we find, "The ship being *leck*."
- Lee-side*; sheltered side. 115.
- Leme*; earthen; our "*loam*." Lat., "*limus*." 182.—In Row's Hist. (260), "A *leme pig*" is an *earthen jug*.
- Let*; to hinder.—"To *let in*," to admit.
- Lift*; part of a load. 298.
- Lightly*, a Verb; to trifle with. 201, 260, 272.
- Like*; fame as *likely*; probable. 267, 348.—"*The like of*;" such as. 284, 336.
- Lippen*; to trust, entrust. 182, 260.
- Lith*; a joint.—The A. S. word for the joints of the body. 167.
- Lone*; one's self, alone. 162, 192, &c.
- Long*. "Think long;" to weary for. 14, &c.
- Loof*; the palm of the hand.—Gaelic, "*lambh*." 77, 122.
- Loun*; a rogue, worthless fellow; *q.d.*, low one. 160, 232, 241.
- Love-blinks*; love-glances.
- Low*; of low stature. 236.
- Luck's-head*; chance of winning. 178, 182.
- Lust*; to desire a thing. 226, 276.
- Lustred*; made to shine by art. 117, 191.—Noun, 260, 295, 298.
- Mail*; rent, tax.—"*Mail free*;" rent free. 29, 50, 284, 321.
- Mailing*; sometimes written "*meal-ing*;" a farm, for which rent is paid. 29, 50.
- Make*; to mould, turn to use. 145.
- Make on*; to make up by putting in order. 32.
- Man*, a Verb; "to man the house," act as the Goodman of the house. 142.
- March-boundary*; limit. 82, &c.—"*March-stones*;" 278. In his Treatise on Prayer, he calls Christ, as God-man, "the common march-stone."
- Market-sweet* (like "*eye-sweet*"); pleasing to the frequenters of the

- market; suitable for sale, and so set up in open market. 213, 216, 237.
- Marrou*; a match, companion. 26, 133, 148, &c.—“*Marrowlefs*” occurs, 180.
- Mayk*; to infuse. 287.
- Masterlefs*; owned of no one. 120.
- Mealing*.—See *Mailing*. 50.
- Mean*; to confider, reckon. 86.
- Meikle*; much. “*Meikle world’s good*.” 165, 180, 225.
- Melancholious*; melancholy. 293.
- Mends*; reparation of a wrong. 14.—“*To the mends* ;” to boot, besides, add to that.
- Midfes*; means, instrumentality. 190, 317.
- Mind*; remember. 333, 334, 342.
- Mint*; to attempt, intend and aim at doing. 29, 92, 188, &c.
- Mired*; plunged into mire, foiled. 174.
- Misbelief*; wrong belief. 112, 143.
- Miscall*; give wrong name to. 322, &c.
- Miscount*; erroneous calculation. 133.
- Misconſtrued*; misconſtrue. 285.
- Misken*; to overlook, to treat as if unknown. 89, 99, 102, 148, 181, &c.
- Misleard*; indifcreet, rude; *q. d.*, *mislearned*. 112, 181.
- Mismannered*; unmannerly. 106.
- Misnurtured*; ill-disciplined, ill-trained. 181, 234.
- Mifted*.—See *Bemifted*. 146.
- Moderate*, a Verb; to rule over a meeting. 203.—An eccleſiaſtical phraſe from the Latin.
- Moyen*; means, intereſt, influence. 59, 116, 119, &c.
- Muir-ground*; waſte land. 157.
- Naughty*; vile, worthleſs. 77, 81, &c.—Bunyan calls Badman, “a man left to himſelf, a *naughty* man.”
- Nay-fay*; denial. 80, 231.—In a ſermon on Zech. xiii. 7, “Chriſt gave the devil three nay-fays.”
- Near-hand*; near at hand. 79, 191, &c.
- Need-force*; by their neceſſity; or, by hook or crook. 71, 179, 205, &c.
- Neavings*; novelties; *q. d.*, *new things*. 29.
- Nice*; chary, capricious, ill to pleaſe. 81, 226.
- Nick*; the mark or point. 70, 249, &c.
- Niffer*; exchange, barter. 140, &c.
- Nigh-band*; near. 183, 347.
- Night-glaſs*; hour-glaſs. 281.
- Non-entry*; money, or rents, due to the ſuperior by an heir on coming to his property; or, the ſtate of one who is heir, but has not yet got the legal inveſtiture. 222, 256.
- Nor*; than. 144, 307.
- Noughty*; uſeleſs, worthleſs, nothing in it. 175, 200, 225.—Sibbs, “Others that are nought” (on 2 Cor. i. 4).
- Nurture*; diſcipline. 70, 98, 206, 299.
- Odds*; difference. 294.
- Off-fallings*; droppings, remnants. 70, 285.
- Oh that!* in the ſenſe of *Alas!* 189.
- Old-dated*; antiquated. 320.
- Once*; one time or other, ſooner or later. 112, 152, 170, 255, 330.
- Once-errand*; on the ſole buſineſs. 210, 301.
- Or*.—See *Then*.
- Ordinarily*; uſually. 144.
- Other*; ought elſe. 77.—*Others*; each other. 82.
- Out*, a Verb; to lay out, to exhibit. 277.
- Outcaſt*; a contention, quarrel. 239, 274, 275.
- Outfield*; waſte land. 256, 261.
- Outgate*; way of eſcape, outlet.
- Over*; in the phraſe “over-little,” too little. 257.
- Overmiſt*; riſe over like a miſt. 189.
- Over-watered*; plated over. 299.
- Oyeſ*; the French *Oyez*; the crier’s “Hearken.” The Verb, to denounce one by public proclamation. 249.
- Paces* (from French “peſer,” to weigh, and old Engliſh “to

- paife"); the weights of a clock. 189, 197, 199, 292.
- Packs*, or *paiks*; a severe blow. "*Paiks* the more," the more soundly beaten. 138.
- Packald*; burdens, things packed up. 138
- Paiks*.—See *Packs*.
- Painful*; taking pains, laborious. 188. (See *Baxter*, &c.)
- Paintry*; painting. 83.
- Panged*; quite full. "*Pang-full*." 225.
- Pantry*, a Verb; to lock up in the cupboard. 110.
- Pasch*; Passover, or Easter. 51. (Acts xii. 4; *πασχα*.)
- Passments*; strips of lace sewed on drefs by way of ornament. 42, 75, 275.
- Patwn*; pledge. "*Patwn-clay*," a thing of dust, and that is only partly ours. 130, 139.
- Pertinacy*; same as pertinacity.
- Perqueer*; the French *par cœur*; by heart, perfectly. 204.
- Pickle*; grain. 186, 197.
- Pinning*; a small stone to fill up a crevice. 211, 239.
- Playmaker*; director of the play. 70.
- Plea*; a quarrel between parties. 240, &c.
- Plenishing*; furniture, possessions. 4, 133, 258. The Verb, fill, 247, 250, 326.
- Ply*; a fold or turn. Verb; to ply, applied to a ship. 95, 105, 152.
- Poind*; to distrain, make seizure of goods. 160.
- Point*; to fill up crevices in a wall with lime and little stones. 299.
- Port*; gate. 241, 336, 339.—"He went out at the ports, bearing His cross." Sermon on Heb. xii.
- Pose*; a hoard, store. 206.—In a sermon by Rutherford, we find the "*miser's board*" called "the wretch's pose."
- Prig*; to higgie about a thing. 20, 81.
- Proctor-fee*; a fee paid to one who manages a cause. 285.
- Professer*; in the sense of confessing or professing the faith. 105, 284, 292, 304.
- Propine*, Noun and Verb; hold out a gift, to present. 37, 88, 130, 165.
- Put*; to "put" as a ram, push, help.—"*Put by*;" to put away from, cause to pass by. 111.—"*Put off*;" spend time. 162. Also, put aside as finished. 190.—"*Put to*;" apply, put forth. 275.—"*Put upon*;" urge, to set on one in the way of importunity.—To cause difficulty. 319.—"*Put up*;" push up, 29.
- Quarrelous*; fault-finding, provoking to quarrels. 184, 189, 239.—He writes it "*querulous*" in his "*Christ Dying*," p. 179: "*Querulous* love-motions against the reality of Christ's love."
- Quit*; renounce. 268.
- Ragged*; torn and incomplete. 151.
- Reckon*; consider of importance. 230, 233.
- Red*, Adj., in the phrase, "*red hunger*," intensive. 213.—See *note*.
- Redd up*; to clear up, settle. 34, 38, 48, 136, &c.
- Refreshful*; full of refreshment. 333.
- Registrate*; to register. 249.—See *note*.
- Repair*; make amends. 312.
- Respective*; to each individual. 136.—Is this Sibbs' meaning, "Every faint has something lovely and respective in him" (on 2 Cor. i. 1)? But, also, Sibbs uses it for *respectful*: "Dependency is always very respective." (See *Disrespective*.) Lets. 321, 360.
- Responfal*; solvent, able to pay. 231.
- Reverence*; *q. d.*, rendering homage, power. 30 (see *note*), 43, 232, 298.
- Rid* (see *Redd*); Participle, put away. 133.

- Ridable*; can be crossed on horseback. 160.
- Rifle*; same as *ruffle*. 158.
- Rift*; a rent, crack. 241, 284.—
Verb, to come back with violent retching. 72.—*Rifty*; broken. 120.
- Right*, Verb; to put right. 196.
- Rink*; the ring, or race-course. 122, 276, 286.
- Ripe*; to search carefully. Connected with "rip up," 203.
- Rive*; rend, tear. 16, 50, 72, &c.
- Roof-tree*; the beam that runs across the roof, and supports the rafters. 270.
- Round*; whisper, or sing in the ear. (German, *raunen*.) 293.
- Roup*; fet up to sale by auction. 37, 131, 199, &c.
- Rowing*; wandering through excitement of mind, raving. 161.
- Rovers*; "at rovers," at random. 182.
- Rue*; to repent, be sorry. 115.—
"Rue upon;" take pity. 69, 186, &c.
- Rush*; to push forward with violence. 270.—See *note*.
- Sad*; serious. 75, 99, 163, 191, 203.—
It is from old English "*set*," settled down. Wickliffe's Bible, Rom. xv. 1, "We that are *sadder* men" (stronger).
- Salt*; bitter, unpleasant. 115.—In his "Christ Dying," p. 690, he says, "A violent death hath a *salter* bite."
- Sanded*; sand cast upon. 217.—See *note*, 284.
- Scad*; the red tinge of a burn. "*Scaded* and burnt in the furnace" (Rutherford's Cov. of Life, p. 69). The tinge given by reflected light. 291. It is connected with "*scald*."
- Scaur*; to boggle, startle, take fright. 119, 183, &c.
- School-heads*; worldly wife. 337.
- Second*, Noun and Verb; one who helps.—Often used by Lord Kenmure in "Laft Speeches." 2, 91, 247.
- Set*; it becomes, 260, disposed, 120.—
—"Set to;" engage, fet about. 110, 145, 179.
- Shake*; to push aside, push out.
- Shell* of a balance; the scale. 268.
- Shute*, sometimes written *shoot*; to push in. 20, 158, 163.—"Satan shutes in his teeth," occurs in Rutherford's "Christ Dying."
- Short*; in temper hafty. 153.—
"Shortly;" forthwith. 249.
- Sib*; nearly related to. 106, 212, 245, &c.
- Sicht*, or *fight*, a Verb; to examine narrowly, *q. d.*, by close fight. 12. It occurs in Row's History often.
- Sicker*; strong. 107.
- Silly*; poor, frail, meagre. 27, 184.
- Silver*, or *filler*; money. 254.
- Sing*; in the phrase, "*Sing dumb*," be reduced to silence. 128.
- Sink*; a common sewer. 272.
- Sit with*; to endure in patient silence. 52, 63.
- Skaill*; disperse, scatter. 160, 190, 241, &c.
- Skaith*; harm. 285.
- Skaur*.—See *Scaur*.
- Skink*; formally renounce. 85, 88.—
In A. S., the Verb is "to give drink;" in German, "*schenken*," to give. It is *q. d.* take leave by giving a present, or by drinking a farewell.
- Slot*; a bolt, bar. 29, 47, 48.
- Sned*; to prune, lop off, make tidy.
- Soldiers-stately*; in Let. 63. It might have been noticed that old editions make this one word, equivalent to "a spirit becoming a foldier;" like Milton's "timely-happy spirits." Others point thus, "Your foldier's, (your) stately spirit."
- Solacious*; full of cheer, or comfort. 105.
- Sometimes*, properly "*some-time*;" on former days, once on a time. 28, &c.—In our Version of the Bible, Eph. ii. 3; 1 Pet. iii. 20.
- Soon-saddled*; hafty in temper. 189.—
—See *note*.

- Soul-couper*; a jobber in fowls. 330.
—See *Coup*.
- Souple*; fame as *supple*.
- Spaits*.—See *Speat*.
- Spark*; to squirt out. 163.
- Sparkle*; to spark out, scatter sparks. 263.—Chaucer speaks of the shepherd seeking his "*sparkeland sheep*," i.e., scattered.
- Speat*; a flood, overflowing stream. 37, 248, 285. (Gaelic.)
- Speir*, or *speer*; ask questions at.—"*Speer out*," search out by questions. 180.
- Spelk*; to trufs, support by splinters. 107, 128. (Saxon word.)
- Spill*; spoil, mar or injure. 22, 310, &c.—So Ps. lxxiii. 9, in Rous' version.
- Spring*; a tune, sprightly air. 181, 182, 214.
- Spunk*; a spark. 215.
- Stalks*. In Let. 17, "to keep the stalks," is the reading of some old editions; but in another Let., 194, "keep the stakes." If the former, the sense is, "keep only the withered stalks in the end;" if the latter, "get what they deposited."
- Standing-drink*. 177.—See *note*.
- Startle*; run up and down in excitement, act extravagantly. 69 (see *note*), 75, 182, 258.
- Starts*. "At starts;" by fits, occasionally. 7, 293.—"*Start to the gate*;" see *Gate*.
- State*; the mode of putting or stating a question. 333, 359.
- Sted*; a place, a foundation for a house. 18. So used by Gawin Douglas.—"Stedable," *q. d.*, able to furnish a foundation, available, serviceable. 170, 252.
- Stent*; to fix at a certain rate, and no more. 249.
- Still*; always, ever. 133, 108, 285.—In our metre version of the Psalms, it occurs, *e.g.*, Ps. ciii. 9, "Keep His anger still."
- Stob*; a stake sharpened at the end. 240.
- Stop-hole*; anything to fill up a hole. 239.
- Stot*; a rebound. 249.—"*To keep flots*;" keep pace with, to rebound regularly. 236.
- Stoup*; a stake, post, prop. 84, 196.
- Sundry*; separate. 247.—"*Sunder*," the Verb. 264.
- Sure*; surely. 359, &c.
- Suspension*; an act in law, suspending final execution of a sentence. 230.
- Suit*; urge a suit, woo, solicit. 26, 19, 355, &c.
- Swatter*; to move, or tofs about, as a duck in the water. 178.—R. Blair (see *Life*, by Row) uses it in a poem,—
"Out of the dreary vale of tears
My foul hath *fwattered* out."
Rollock (38th Lect.): "He *fwatters* and *fwims*."
- Swear*; lazy. 178, 230, 285.
- Tack*; fitch, hold, tie. 275. Also, possession by lease. 284.
- Take up house*; enter on housekeeping. 250.
- Taking*; that is, attractive. 305.
- Tailzie*; a Scotch law term for entail. 32.
- Tarrow*; to be pettish at, reluctant. 23, 118.
- Tell*; count over. 167, 241.
- Testificate*; certificate. 149.
- That*; often for "fo;" *e.g.*, *that* much. 293.
- Then*; in that case. 39, 220, 238, 241.—"*Or then*;" if that be not fo, otherwise. 45, 46, 323.
- Thereaway*; in that quarter. 133.
- Therefor*; on account of this. 34.—See *note*.
- Thick*; a crowd or throng. 209, 225.—Adjective; very familiar with one. 94, 128.
- Thieves'-hole*; a prison. 178.
- Think long*. 16, 207, 133, 151, &c. See *Long*.—It is still common to write, "I think long after you."

- Threap*; to assert vehemently, over and over. 85.
- Thring*; to push in by force. 147, 226, 282.
- Thronging*; crowding in. 180, 206.
- Through other*; one thing blended with the other, promiscuously.
- Tig*; dally. 48.—Also, a civil sort of begging, when a new-married person brought his cart to the house of friends, that they might put in something to his store.
- Timeous*; early, seasonable, opportune. 180, 212, 275.—So Knox uses it; and metre version of Psalms, cxix. 148.
- Tine*; to lose. 226, &c.
- To*; used for “in comparison of,” in the phrase, “little to.” 361.
- Tocher*; a marriage dowry. “Tocher-good.” 265, 285.
- Toom*; quite empty. 138, 178, 188, &c.
- Tops*; to be “on one’s tops,” to assault or oppose. 231.
- Totch*; a push. 183.
- Touches*; to “keep touches,” 121, an English phrase for the exact performance of an engagement.
- Tow*; rope made of tow. 196.
- Train*; to draw, entice. 30.—It is French, *trâiner*.
- Trance*; passage. Latin, *transitus*. 26.
- Tree*; for the wood of a tree. 225.
- Trindle*; same as *trundle*. 107.
- Tryst*; to appoint a meeting at a certain place and time. Noun and Verb. 176, &c.
- Tutor*; to discipline. 282.
- Turnpike*; stair that winds. 300.
- Twin*; to separate. 82.—It is *q.d.* to make into two.
- Unco*; strange. Same originally as *uncouth*. See Let. 26, note.—Noun: *Uncofs*; 179.
- Undercote*, or *undercoat*; fester under the skin (coat is “cutis,” skin). 66, 82, 151, 284.
- Under-water*; bilge-water. 82, 86, 203, 284.
- Unfriend*; less than friendly. 178.
- Unheartsome*; sad. 277.
- Unlaw*; transgress the law; also, to fine for transgressing the law. 201.
- Unrid*, or *unred*. 133.—It is *q.d.* *unred-up*; the boundaries not fixed.—In A. S., *unrid* is “disorderly.”
- Upsun*; the sun above the horizon.
- Uptaking*; as a Noun, apprehension, 275; as an Adjective, exhilarating, or exalting, 210.
- Vaccane*, or *vacanse*; vacation, holidays. 84.
- Vively*; in a lively manner. 4.
- Voyage*; journey. 226.—The French “voyage,” from *via*.
- Wad-fee*; the sum paid in hiring, as a pledge of the person being engaged.—*Wad*, is a pledge. See *Wed*.
- Wadset*; to pledge in mortgage, alienate by reversion. 79, 191, 201, 206, &c.
- Wager*; something hazarded, 220; a pledge, 170.
- Wair’d*, or *warded*.—See *Ware*.
- Wale*; to choose; Noun and Verb, select out of other articles. 39, 192, &c.
- Walkings*; movings. 199.—Possibly the *waggings* (see Let. 292) of the pendulum. It is connected with *motions*, 342.
- Wandband*; the hand that holds the rod, or whip. 186.
- Ware*; to expend, use. 36, 104, 201, 228, &c.
- Warmly*; heartily. 227.
- Waster*, Adj.; prodigal, wasteful. 226.
- Watch-glass*; hour-glass. 276.
- Watered*; plated over. 206 (see note there), 280.
- Wed*; a pledge or fee. Written also *wad*.—Our “wedding” is a derivative, signifying the security or pledge given by the parties.
- Weight*, or *wecht*; to put on a weight or burden. 115, 159.

- Well*; a Noun for *weal*, welfare. 72, 202.—“*Well is me*,” it is good for me. 120, 222, 250, &c.—“*Well-come*,” come in an honest way. 182.
- Werfb*; saltless, insipid. 182.
- Whill*; till. 24, 44, &c.
- Whiles*; at times. 182.
- White*; the *white* is the mark aimed at. 194.
- Whitfunday*; term-day. 21.
- “*Who but he?*” a non-such. 23 (see note).
- Why but?* why object although? 295.
- Win*; reach, attain to. 21, 30.—“*Win away*,” to escape from. 6.
- Windlestraw*; a withered stalk of grafs; metaphorically, a mere trifle. 63, 190, 192, 212.—In the Life of Pringle of Greenknow, a place is mentioned called “The Windlestraw Law.”
- Wit*; to know. Noun; wisdom, intelligence. 184, 282.—“*Wit’s-head*,” a wiseacre. 232, 235, 239, 249, 258.
- Wo*, an Adjective; sorrowful. 116, 178, 196.—Generally written “*wae*” by Scotch writers.
- Wombful*; bellyful. 225.
- Wrack*; ruin, wreck. 284.
- Wring*; squeeze out water; as Judges vi. 30. 300.
- Writ*; a writing in law. 59, 285, 359.
- Yoke*; yoke for work, set to, engage or bound. 94, 119, 181.—Noun, *yoking*; a setting to, contest. 117. “He yoked to the Jews early” (sermon on Heb. xii. 1).
- Yonder*; far off in the distance. 245.—“The yonder end.”

EDITIONS OF RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS.

Row, in his “History of the Kirk of Scotland” (p. 396), wrote, in 1650, regarding these Letters,—“Sundry have whole books full of them, whilk, if they were printed, I am confident, through the Lord’s rich mercy and blessing, would not fail to do much good.” This was written fourteen years before any attempt had been made at collecting them for publication.

1. The *First Edition* appeared in 1664, in duodecimo. The place of publication is not given on the title-page, these being days of persecution; but it is known to have been *Rotterdam*, in Holland, under the superintending care of Mr Robert M’Ward, who was once Rutherford’s amanuensis. It is divided into two Parts, the one containing 215 Letters, the other 71. It has a long commendatory Preface, containing matter that is of no great interest to us now; but it preserves one weighty saying of this man of God on his death-bed. “When he was on the threshold of glory, ready to receive the immortal crown, he said, ‘Now my tabernacle is weak, and I would think it a more glorious way of going home to lay down my life for the cause, at the Cross of Edinburgh or St Andrew’s; but I submit to my Master’s will.’” Here is the original title-page:—

JOSHUA REDIVIVUS.

OR,

Mr Rutherford's Letters,

Divided in two Parts.

The First,

Containing those which were written from Aberdeen,
 where he was confined by a sentence of the High
 Commission; drawn forth against him, partly
 upon the account of his declining them, partly
 upon the account of his Non-Conformity.

The Second,

Containing some which were written from Anwoth
 before he was by the Prelates' Persecution thrust from
 his ministry; & others upon diverse occasions
 afterward, from St Andrews, London, &c.

Now published for the use of all the people of God,
 but more particularly for those who now are or afterward
 may be put to Suffering, for Christ and His cause.

By a Wellwisher to the Work & People of God.

John xvi. 2. "They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. V. 3. And these things will they do, because they have not known the Father, nor me."

2 Thes. i. 6. "Seeing it is a righteous thing with God, to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you; V. 7. And to you who are troubled rest with us: when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with His mighty angels," &c.

Printed in the Year cId Idc LXIII.

By some mistake in reading the numeral letters, booksellers' catalogues have spoken of editions in 1662 and 1663; but there were none such. Such a mistake might easily occur in writing the numerals. In a *Manuscript of the Letters* (kindly forwarded to the Editor by Rev. A. B. Grofart, Kinross), the date of the First Edition is written thus: cLo lco LIIII. Here there is, beyond doubt, a mistake; the X is omitted from LXIIII.; for the MS. is merely a copy of the First Edition. It copies out the title-page in full, and then appends this note: "*Intended to be wryten from the printed book, by the wryter, for particular use, and for several reasons unnecessary to be inserted.*" Some of the "Testimonies of the Martyrs" are appended, as they appeared in the "Cloud of Witnesses" afterwards. There are now and then marginal notes, all of which are simply hints as to what the Letter contains, thus: "Cause of Rutherford's confinement;" "Comfort for the servants of God and for ministers." The existence, however, of such a MS., copied with such pains from a printed volume, tells the high esteem in which the Letters were held. We may note one small matter. In this MS. the name "*Bethaia*" (so written in all the printed editions) is given, "*Bethia*;" showing that the name was so written at that time also, as it is always now.

2. The *Second Edition*.—It appeared in 1671, an exact reprint of the first, with the same title-page, etc. But it is very inaccurate; e.g., there are ten obvious misspellings of common words in the two first pages, not to speak of *bad punctuation*, which is a fault common to all the early editions.

3. The *Third Edition*, in 1675, retains the original title-page, except that it has, "In Three Parts," and "The Second and Third." This last Part contains sixty-eight additional Letters. This edition is the one which subsequent editors follow. It omits the original "Preface to the Christian Reader," and has only four introductory pages, two of which are the advertisement about the last MS. of Rutherford on *Isaiah*. It has a long "Postscript," in which we cannot say there is much that is important.

4. The Edition of 1692.

5. The Edition of 1709. Edinburgh.

6. The Edition of 1724. Edinburgh. 12mo. "Printed by T. Lumfden and J. Ritchie, and sold at their printing-house in the Fish Market, and by John Paton and James Thomson, booksellers, in the Parliament Clofs; and sold at Glasgow by John Robertson, James and John Browns, and Mrs Brown, booksellers. 1724." It is marked "The Fifth Edition." If this means the "fifth" of those editions that contain the "Three Parts," then our list is not complete. But it seems as if the editor had overlooked one of the earlier editions; and if so, this is the *sixth*.

7. The Edition of 1738. Edinburgh. Marked "Sixth Edition."

8. The Edition of 1761. Edinburgh. In two vols.

9. The Edition of 1765. Glasgow. A good edition. It has the author's

Testimony and Dying Words, as well as the original Preface of the earliest edition. It is marked "*Ninth* Edition."

10. The Edition of 1783. Glasgow. Marked "*Tenth* Edition." 8vo. Printed by John Bryce.

(The Eleventh Edition we have not seen.)

11. The Edition of 1802. Aberdeen. Marked "*Twelfth* Edition."

12. The Edition of 1809. Edinburgh. Marked "*Thirteenth* Edition."

13. Another in 1818.

14. Another in 1821. With a brief notice of the author.

15. The London Religious Tract Society's Edition, first published in 1824. It is properly only a *selection* of sixty Letters, with extracts from many others. It has "*Contents*" prefixed to each Letter.

16. Another, 1824. Glasgow. With brief notice of the author.

17. The Edition of 1825. One of "*Collins' Select Christian Authors*." It has a Preface by Thomas Erskine, Esq., and gives about one half of the Letters. It has not retained all the peculiar phraseology of the original; but it appends his "*Last Words*," and his "*Testimony to the Covenanted Work of Reformation*." *Kenmure* is throughout misspelt "*Kenmuir*," in this edition.

18. The Edition of 1830. Glasgow.

19. Another in 1834.

20. The Edition of 1836. London: Baillie. Edited by Rev. Charles Thomson. In two vols. It has valuable explanatory notes, and the Letters are, for the most part, arranged chronologically,—a great improvement on the "*Three Parts*" of so many former editions.

21. The Edition of 1839.

22. The Edition of 1846. Aberdeen: King. This edition is in double columns.

23. The Edition of 1848. Edinburgh: Whyte and Kennedy. With historical and biographical notices, by Rev. James Anderson. The Letters, so far, chronologically arranged, and ten additional Letters given. Contents, also, and indices; and a Sketch of Rutherford's Life.

24. The Edition of 1857. London: Collingridge. Edited by Rev. D. A. Doubdney. It has the long Original Preface of 1664, and the Postscript of 1675; also, a synopsis of each Letter. But it is not accurate, especially as to proper names.

25. This present Edition of 1862. In it, Lets. 283, 290, 307, 325, 327, 336, 337, 340, 343, 355, 356, 365, are not found in any edition but that of 1848; and 283 and 307 only in this. There are 365 in all; one for each day of the year, if any one chooses.

26. *Extracts*.—There have been abridgments in the form of "*Extracts*," from time to time. We might give as samples, Jo. Wesley's *Extracts* (an edition in 1825); John Brown of Haddington's "*Pleasant and Practical*

Hints," selected from the Letters; and recently, "Last Words of S. R., in verse, by A. R. C., with some of his sweet sayings." A variety of such have appeared.

27. *Foreign Editions*.—1. There is an *American* Edition; a reprint, by Carter, New York, of the Edition of 1848.—2. A *Dutch* translation appeared at Flushing in 1674. The translation made by Mr Koelman, minister of Sluys, with a brief Life. Of this there have been frequent reprints; that of 1754 is in three vols. octavo.—3. There is also a *German* translation (see "Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, 1839," ch. v.); but we are not able to give any account of it.

While remarking upon editions, we may refer back to the List of Rutherford's Works, which was given at the close of the Sketch of his Life. Let us mention, that the proper title of the "Treatise on Prayer" is as follows:—"The Power and Prevalency of Faith and Prayer, evidenced in a Practical Discourse upon Matt. ix. 27, 31. Printed in the year 1713." It is a small duodecimo, of pp. 111, and has this note appended: "The rest of this Discourse cannot be found, it being above fifty years since the author died."

In the "Scottish Nation" (Fullarton and Co., 1862), mention is made of one other work that appears in our list, viz., "On Civil Polity, London, quarto, 1657." Now, this is not another work; but what is meant is, one of the editions of his well-known "Lex Rex." It is the Edition of 1657, which has the following title-page:—"Lex Rex; a Treatise of Civil Polity, being a Resolution of Forty-three Questions concerning Prerogative, Right, and Privilege, in reference to the Supreme Prince and People."



