

# LAST WORDS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD

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

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

There the Red Rose of Sharon  
Unfolds its heartsome bloom,  
And fills the air of heaven  
With ravishing perfume.  
Oh! to behold its blossom,  
While by its fragrance fanned,  
Where glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

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

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

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

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

The little birds of Anwo'th—  
I used to count them blest;  
Now, beside happier altars  
I go to build my nest;  
O'er these there broods no silence—  
No graves around them stand,  
For glory, deathless, dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anwo'th, by the Solway,  
To me thou still art dear;  
E'en from the verge of heaven

I drop for thee a tear.  
Oh, if one soul from Anwo'th  
Meet me at God's right hand,  
My heaven will be two heavens  
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven  
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;  
Now, like a weary traveler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening,  
While sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immanuel's land.

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

With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dew of sorrow  
Were lustered with His love.  
I'll bless the Heart that planned,  
I'll bless the Hand that guided,  
When throned where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

Soon shall the cup of glory  
Wash down earth's bitt'rest woes,  
Soon shall the desert briar  
Break into Eden's rose;  
The curse shall change to blessing—  
The name on earth that's banned  
Be graven on the white stone  
In Immanuel's land.

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

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
Filled with His likeness rise  
To love and to adore Him,  
To see Him with these eyes.  
'Tween me and resurrection  
But paradise doth stand;  
Then—then for glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's land.

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

I have borne scorn and hatred,  
I have borne wrong and shame,  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me  
For Christ's thrice blessed name!—  
Where God's seal sets the fairest  
They've stamped their foulest brand,  
But judgment shines like noonday  
In Immanuel's land.

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

\*At the instigation of the king, Charles II., who hated Rutherford, Parliament had deposed him from all offices, and then summoned him to appear before it on a certain day. But when the summons reached him in St. Andrew's (Scotland), Rutherford was on his death-bed, and, on hearing it, calmly remarked, "I have a summons before a superior Judge," and to Parliament he sent the message, "I have to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come."  
—Selected.

## THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING

The private and personal blessings we enjoy, the blessings of immunity, safeguard, liberty, and integrity, deserve the thanksgiving of a whole life.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

\* \* \* \*

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meet; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." *Habakkuk 3:17, 18.*

\* \* \* \*

Did you ever think of the reason why the Psalms of David have come, like winged angels, down across all the realms and ages—why they make the keynote of grateful piety in every Christian's soul, wherever he lives? Because they are so full of gratitude. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"—*A. A. Willets.*

\* \* \* \*

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my fingers in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessing; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

\* \* \* \*

What are the poor to whom we give but our carriers by whom we convey our goods from earth to heaven? Give then; thou art but giving to thy carrier; he carrieth what thou givest to heaven. How, sayest thou, does he carry it to heaven? What, hast thou forgotten, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat," and, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of mine, ye did it unto me"? If thou hast not despised the beggar that standeth before thee, consider to whom what thou gavest him hath come. "Inasmuch," saith He, "as ye did it unto the least of one of mine, ye did it unto me." He hath received it who gave thee wherewith to give. He hath received it who in the end will give His own self to thee.—*St. Augustine.*

*Wesleyan Methodist*