撒母耳·卢瑟福出生于1600年苏格兰的尼斯贝特附近，他在1627年成为了安沃斯教会的牧师。

安沃斯是一个乡村教区，会众们分散在山上的农场里工作，卢瑟福在这里孜孜不倦地牧养。他有一颗真正的牧者之心，总是为羊群不停地工作。会众谈到卢瑟福时会说："他总是祈祷，总是教导，总是探访病人，总是写作和学习。"

然而，他在安沃斯的最初几年，却被悲伤所吞没。他的妻子病了一年零一个月，在他们的新家去世。他的两个孩子也在此期间死亡。但是，神却用这段苦难的时间来预备卢瑟福，使他格外能安慰心灵破碎的人。

1636年，卢瑟福出版了一本书捍卫恩典的教义的作品以对抗阿米念主义。这使得他与英国主教制统治的教会当局发生冲突，进而被流放到阿伯丁。

这次流亡对这位可爱的牧师来说，是一次痛苦的考验，因为他觉得与自己的羊群分离是难以忍受的。然而，正是因着他的流亡，我们现在有许多他写给他羊群的书信——他遭遇放逐的邪恶，变成了一个伟大的祝福，为世界各地经历不同伤痛的人带来深切的安慰。

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尊敬的罗伯特·戈登先生：

我亲爱的挚友，愿你蒙恩惠、得怜悯、享平安。虽然或许加洛威的居民早就把我忘掉了，但我还是期待着你的来信。

我亲爱的兄弟，我现在无法向你言说，我与我的主之间的亲密关系。我发现，我的主一天从我这往返七次，祂的拜访时间虽短，但祂的拜访既频繁、又甜蜜。我在试探者和我的肉体那儿，听到了诸多关于我主的恶言恶语，但爱使我不相信这些话。我可以发誓，这些话是出自那位说谎者之口，试图将主对我真实无伪的爱编造成谎言。

我不敢说我是一棵远离溪流的枯树，也不敢说我是被挤占到葡萄园外的一串葡萄，但我的确会常常羡慕麻雀，因为它们是有福的，它们可以飞到我被逐出的那安沃斯去，那里有祂的百姓，那里是祂的家。

我原以为已经被打死的试探，竟然又在我身上复活了。我也知道，只要我将自己看做是活着的，试探就永不会死。嗐！魔鬼好像总是自夸、吹嘘，向我夸耀牠自己在主面前比我更殷勤。并且牠仿佛又对我的事工施了邪 术，并且对我进行了攻击，使我相信自己不能再造就众人了。

哦！但牠的风吹不倒稻谷，我不相信主为我创造如此巨大的财富，将我归给祂，又在我身上费了这么大的劲，最后却如此轻易地离开我，丢弃祂所做的一切的荣耀！

自从我被放逐到阿伯丁，我就被祂带领到那片新的土地——那荣美羔羊的宫殿；是哦！难道主会让我看见天堂，使我心碎，却又永远不将我领到那儿吗？我不这样认为！我不认为祂给我的是空空的承诺，或只是将祂的印印在一张空白的纸上，或有意用美丽和虚假的应许来搪塞我。现在，我真的看到了前所未见的东西：

1.我看到，在阳光明媚的日子里，信心的必要性总是不被看重。因此现在，我最想念的莫过于信心。我因饥饿而奔向祂美丽甜蜜的应许，但当我来到这应许面前时，我就像一个缺牙少齿、胃口孱弱的人，无法使自己得到饱足；我又像在深水里受寒发冻的人，恨不得立即爬上岸，却抓不住任何扔给自己的东西。唉，祂可以紧紧抓住我，但我却不能紧紧抓住祂。我犹如溺水之人，可怜的双脚始终不能触碰到土地，因为苦难使我的信心的肌肉痉挛、抽搐。我所能做的，只是向祂揭露自己歪瘸的双腿，或向祂举起乞丐般枯干的手，呼求祂说：“主啊，求你怜 悯我吧！只要我能有一双有力的手和胳膊，让我抓住你，我愿为此付上任何代价。”

2.我又看到，在世人面前被钉十 架的屈辱，并没有受到我们应有的重视。哦，对尘世动听的音乐麻木不仁、充耳不闻，是一件多么美妙的事啊！甚至，就我现在被放逐的惨境而言，我也决不愿向这世界屈膝，以此换取这世界的一丝怜悯！我现在已经成为瞎眼的和耳聋的，看不见也听不见这世界给了我什么。我知道，世界能给我的已经不多，能从我心里拿走的也很少了。

请纪念我对你妻子、你弟兄的爱。盼望他能变得忠信，并为自己的虚伪悔 改；请告诉他，这是我在信中写给你的话，我切切盼望他能得救。请写信告诉我C.E.和C.Y.和他们的妻子，以及I.G.或者我教区的其他人的情况。我担心我在他们中间被遗忘了，但是我不会忘记他们。

愿被流放之人的祈 祷和祝福临到你们身上，愿恩 典与你们同在！

你在主里的弟兄，撒母耳·卢瑟福

1637年2月9日于阿伯丁

https://mp.weixin.qq.com/s/QLeZ8-d\_O4o2fhKBK9VUnQ

XVII. To ROBERT GORDON OF KNOCKBREX

　　Robert Gordon lived in the next parish to Anwoth. He was a prominent figure in Church life in Scotland.

　　MY VERY WORTHY AND DEAR FRIEND, -- Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. Though all Galloway should have forgotten me, I would have expected a letter from you ere now; but I will not expound it to be forgetfulness of me.

Now, my dear brother, I cannot show you how matters go betwixt Christ and me. I find my Lord going and coming seven times a day. His visits are short; but they are both frequent and sweet. I dare not for my life think of a challenge of my Lord. I hear ill tales, and hard reports of Christ, from the Tempter and my flesh; but love believeth no evil. I may swear that they are liars, and that apprehensions make lies of Christ's honest and unalterable love to me. I dare not say that I am a dry tree, or that I have no room at all in the vineyard, but yet I often think that the sparrows are blessed, who may resort to the house of God in Anwoth, from which I am banished.

Temptations, that I supposed to be stricken dead and laid upon their back, rise again and revive upon me; yea, I see that while I live, temptations will not die. The devil seemeth to brag and boast as much as if he had more court with Christ than I have; and as if he had charmed and blasted my ministry, that I shall do no more good in public. But his wind shaketh no corn. I will not believe that Christ would have made such a mint to have me to Himself, and have taken so much pains upon me as He has done, and then slip so easily from possession, and lose the glory of what He has done. Nay, since I came to Aberdeen, I have been taken up to see the new land, the fair palace of the Lamb; and will Christ let me see heaven, to break my heart, and never give it to me? I shall not think my Lord Jesus giveth a dumb earnest, or putteth His seals to blank paper, or intendeth to put me off with fair and false promises. I see that now which I never saw well before.

　　(I) I see faith's necessity in a fair day is never known aright; but now I miss nothing so much as faith. Hunger in me runneth to fair and sweet promises; but when I come, I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak stomach having a sharp appetite that is filled with the very sight of meat, or like one stupefied with cold under water, that would fain come to land, but cannot grip anything casten to him. I can let Christ grip me, but I cannot grip Him. I cannot set my feet to the ground, for afflictions bring the cramp upon my faith. All I dow do is to hold out a lame faith to Christ, like a beggar holding out a stump instead of an arm or leg, and cry, 'Lord Jesus, work a miracle! 'Oh what would I give to have hands and arms to grip strongly.

　　(2) I see that mortification, and to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be. Oh how heavenly a thing it is to be dead and dumb and deaf to this world's sweet music! As I am at this present, I would scorn to buy this world's kindness with a bow of my knee. I scarce now either see or hear what it is that this world offereth me; I know that it is little that it can take from me, and as little that it can give me.

(3) I thought courage, in the time of trouble for Christ's sake, a thing that I might take up at my foot. I thought that the very remembrance of the honesty of the cause would be enough. But I was a fool in so thinking. Christ will be steward and dispenser Himself and none else but He; therefore, now, I count much of one dram weight of spiritual joy. Truly I have no cause to say that I am pinched with penury, or that the consolations of Christ are dried up. Praise, praise with me.

　　Remember my love to your brother, to your wife, and G.M. Desire him to be faithful, and to repent of his hypocrisy; and say that I wrote it to you. I wish him salvation. Write to me your mind agent C.E. and C.Y., and their wives, and I.G., or any others in my parish. I fear that I am forgotten amongst them; but I cannot forget them.

　　The prisoner's prayers and blessings come upon you. Grace, grace be with you.

　　　　Your brother, in the Lord Jesus.

　　ABERDEEN, Feb. 9, 1637