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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我最亲爱的罗伯特·斯图尔特弟兄：

衷心欢迎你来到我的苦难世界里，也衷心欢迎你进入我父的家中！父会让你因你的新主人而欢欣鼓舞！弟兄啊，我若比你先进入这殿，但愿我没有太过败坏，以至毁坏这殿的名声，或给这家的主招来非议。愿祂的灵将这殿荣耀的样式指示给你，你就能因自己的罪孽感到惭愧(结43.11)。

有一件事是确定无疑的：通过等待，你将在家主面前长成高大的身量——你要忍耐到底，直到你从祂那里得到好处。放心吧，祂会担当一切，你只要藉着信，把肩上所负的一切重担，都放在祂身上；祂能，并且也愿意忍受你的重担。我为祂在炉中拣选了你而感到欢喜，祂更愿意与你在这炙热难耐的火炉中相会，因祂将何西阿时代的美好作为延续在你身上(何2.14)——“后来我必劝导她，领她到旷野，对她说安慰的话。”

是哦！当我们在美丽的繁华的城市里，安逸自在的时候，我们的心是总是难以被打动；但当我们在难以忍受的旷野中，处于饥寒交迫的窘迫困境时，祂就更能吸引我们；那时，祂在我们耳边发出轻柔的爱语，告诉我们这个极好的消息：“你是我的。”

你在天路历程上占有极大的优势，因为你在清晨就早早地来到了天 堂的大门口，而我却像个傻瓜一样，在太阳高高挂在天上，快接近下午了，还没有来得及迈入这城的大门。我恳求你保持现有的优势，哦，我的心呐！愿你不要偷懒！弟兄啊，你要非常小心，留心你的脚，因为你正走在年轻人湿滑危险的道路上。是哦，干燥的木材总是更容易很快着火。

你要贪婪地抢夺神的恩 典，并要谨防那些不是唯独从十字 架来的虚假圣洁，因有太多人有这样的倾向。“祂杀他们的时候，他们才求问祂，回心转意，切切地寻求祂......”然而不久之后，“他们却用口谄媚祂，用舌向祂说谎”（诗78：34，36），是哦，这是我们伪善的一部分......你要留意自己究竟爱祂的什么，如果你在去往天堂的路上，只愿意走那阳光明媚的陆路，而不愿意走那波涛汹涌的海路，那么即便你走得再好，最终也难免会失足，你在冬天的积蓄雨水的井，会在夏天再次干涸。

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唉，我每天都在悲伤，因为祂为我的灵魂做了这么多伟大的事情，而祂却从来没有从我这，得到任何值得一提的东西，这使我每天都越来越难过。先生，我嘱咐你，帮助我赞美祂。如果人们认为自己不能更爱祂，要让这样的人怀疑自己——如果我们不能被祂的爱充满，我们则要怀疑自己。我会为你祈祷，请你也为我祈祷，请不要忘记赞美祂。

您的撒母耳·卢瑟福

1637年6月17日于苏格兰阿伯丁

https://mp.weixin.qq.com/s/7hNb9K8dXFBFewTUf3tykw

XL. To ROBERT STEWART, on his decision for Christ

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER, -- You are heartily welcome to my world of

suffering, and heartily welcome to my father's house; God give you much

joy of your new Master. If I have been in the house before you, I were

not faithful to give the house an ill name, or to speak evil of the

Lord of the family: I rather wish God's Holy Spirit (O Lord, breathe

upon me with that Spirit!) to tell you the fashions of the house (Ezek.

43.11). One thing I can say, by on-waiting, ye will grow a great man

with the Lord of the house. Hang on, till ye get some good from Christ.

Take ease yourself, and let Him bear all; lay all your weights and your

loads, by faith, on Christ; He can, He will bear you. I rejoice that He

has come, and has chosen you in the furnace; it was even there where He

and ye set tryst. He keepeth the good old fashion with you that was in

Hosea's days (Hos. 2.14). 'Therefore, behold I will allure her, and

bring her to the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her.' There was

no talking to her heart while she was in the fair flourishing city, and

at ease, but out in the cold, hungry, waste wilderness, He allureth

her; He whispered news into her ear there, and said, 'Thou art Mine'.

What would ye think of such a bode? Ye may soon do worse than say,

'Lord, hold all; Lord Jesus, a bargain be it, it shall not go back on

my side'.

Ye have gotten a great advantage in the way of heaven, that ye have

started to the gate in the morning. Like a fool, as I was, I suffered

my sun to be high in the heaven, and near afternoon, before I ever took

the gate by the end. I pray you now keep the advantage ye have. My

heart, be not lazy; set quickly up the bras on hands and feet, as if

the last pickle of sand were running out of your glass, and death were

coming to turn the glass. And be very careful to take heed to your

feet, in that slippery and dangerous way of youth that ye are walking

in. Dry timber will soon take fire. Be covetous and greedy of the grace

of God, and beware that it be not a holiness which cometh only from the

cross; for too many are that way disposed. 'When He slew them, then

they sought Him, and they returned and inquired early after God.'

'Nevertheless, they did flatter Him with their mouth, and they lied

unto Him with their tongues' (Ps. 78.34,36). It is part of our

hypocrisy, to give God fair, white words when He has us in His grips

(if I may speak so), and to flatter Him till He win to the fair fields

again. Try well green godliness, and examine what it is that ye love in

Christ. If ye love but Christ's sunny side, and would have only summer

weather and a land-gate, not a sea-way to heaven, your profession will

play you a slip, and the winter-well will go dry again in summer.

Make no sport nor bairn's play of Christ; but labour for a sound and

lively sight of sin, that ye may judge yourself an undone man, a damned

slave of hell and of sin, one dying in your own blood, except Christ

come and rue upon you, and take you up. And, therefore, make sure and

fast work of conversion. Cast the earth deep; and down, down with the

old work, the building of confusion, that was there before; and let

Christ lay new work, and make a new creation within you. Look if

Christ's rain goes down to the root of your withered plants, and if His

love wound your heart whill it bleed with sorrow for sin, and if ye can

pant and fall aswoon, and be like to die for that lovely one, Jesus. I

know that Christ will not be hid where He is; grace will ever speak for

itself, and be fruitful in well-doing. The sanctified cross is a

fruitful tree, it bringeth forth many apples.

If I should tell you by some weak experience, what I have found in

Christ, ye or others could hardly believe me. I thought not the

hundredth part of Christ long since, that I do now, though, alas! my

thoughts are still infinitely below His worth. And for Christ's cross,

especially the garland and flower of all crosses, to suffer for His

name, I esteem it more than I can write or speak to you. And I write it

under mine own hand to you, that it is one of the steps of the ladder

up to our country; and Christ (whoever be one) is still at the heavy

end of this black tree, and so it is but as a feather to me. I need not

run at leisure, because of a burden on my back; my back never bare the

like of it; the more heavily crossed for Christ, the soul is still the

lighter for the journey.

Now, would to God that all cold-blooded, faint-hearted soldiers of

Christ, would look again to Jesus, and to his love; and when they look,

I would have them to look again and again, and fill themselves with

beholding Christ's beauty: and, I dare say, then He would be highly

esteemed of many. It is my daily growing sorrow, that He does so great

things for my soul, and He never yet got any thing of me worth speaking

of. Sir, I charge you, help me to praise Him. If men could do no more,

I would have them to wonder -- if we cannot be filled with Christ's

love, we may be filled with wondering. To Him and His rich grace I

recommend you. I pray you, pray for me, and forget not to praise.

ABERDEEN, June 17, 1637